

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

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*Photograph by Rinehart.*

ENTRANCE TO THE MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

## THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

"IT will be either a colossal success, or a colossal failure," said Edward Rosewater, of Omaha, to a very grave little company of Omaha business men who were discussing the possibility of a Trans-Mississippi Exposition, "and time alone can decide which."

Time has decided; one is keeping within bounds in saying the Exposition is a colossal success. Of course, the Trans-Mississippi is not the World's Fair. The visitor may as well give his fancy a hint. The Columbian Exposition concerned itself with the whole world; here is, in the main, an ex-

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hibition of the resources of the states beyond the Mississippi. Compared with the displays at the Chicago great fair, the foreign nations, and even the states east of the Mississippi, here, make only a passing allusion to themselves. The Exposition is in fact, as well as name, the display of the productions of the Trans-Mississippi states. Nevertheless, with one exception, it is the finest, the most interesting and the most wonderful, as well as the most beautiful, of American expositions.

And does one consider the meager resources, comparatively, at the command

men were cool, even the Trans-Mississippi states were cool, and thought the time ill-judged; but the plucky Nebraskans argued: "We shall not always have hard times; we are bound to have good harvests some day. By the time the Exposition is ready the people will have money in their pockets to pay to see it; it will be a revelation to the world of what we have and an education to our own people. We know it will be a success; and we think we can pay expenses." Whereupon the business men of Omaha and Nebraska, the great railways and the great manufacturers put their



*Photograph by Rinchart.*

ADMINISTRATION ARCH.

of the makers of the Exposition, and the enormous and persistent obstacles in the way of the undertaking, the result must give a thrill of admiration for Western energy.

Omaha is a city of under a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; and on Omaha, during the critical first months, fell the weight of the enterprise. Moreover, at the time of its inception, the whole country was in the wake of a commercial panic; and Nebraska was scorched by the most intense and longest drouth in her history.

The government was cool, the Congress-

hands in their pockets; and quite as liberally in proportion, the men of small means gave of their savings and their earnings.

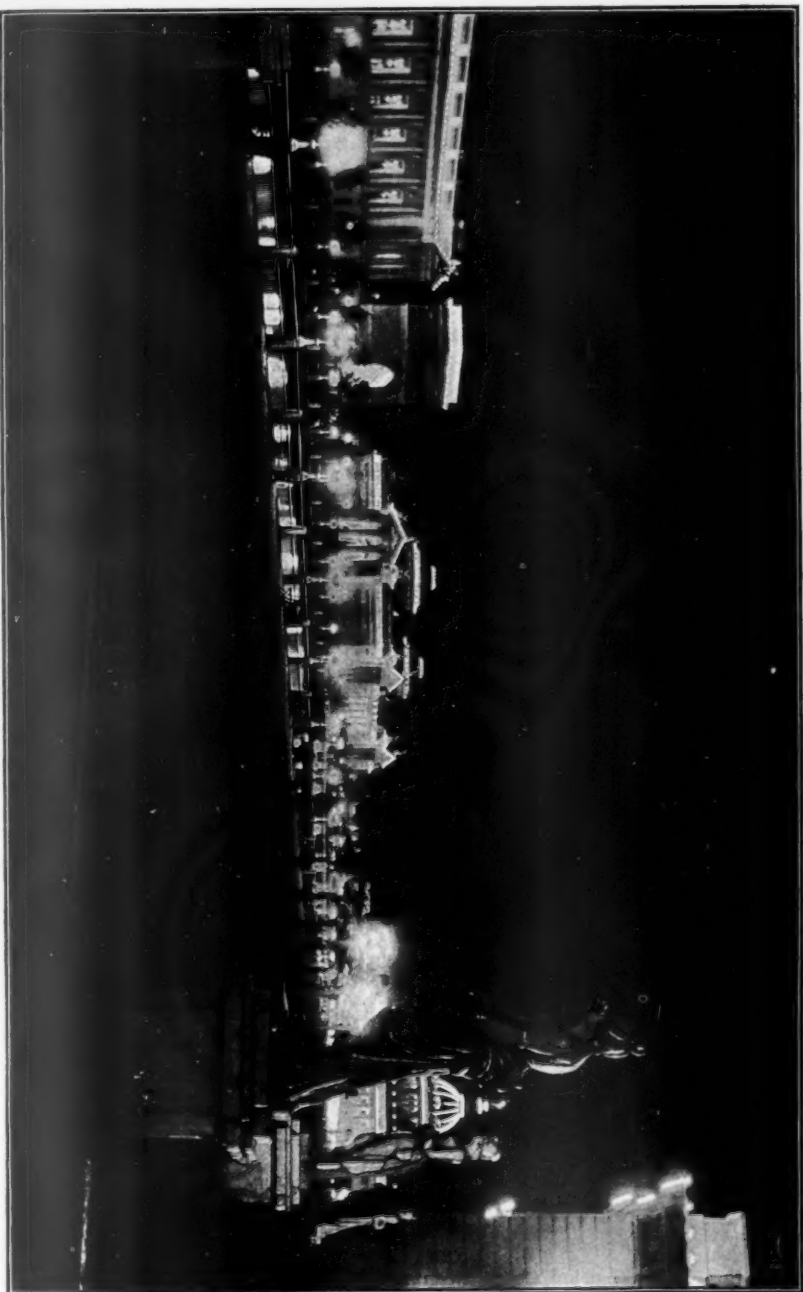
Then, when the city was built and the first rough places were past, when states and principalities and powers had been interested, when hundreds of thousands of dollars had been sunk in the project; then—came the war.

This meant that the newspapers which had promised their good word would be too crowded with war news to give any



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THE GRAND COURT AT NIGHT.



space to the Exposition. But the unconquerable Nebraskans only worked the harder. "The war with Spain isn't going to last forever!" said they; "a little thing like a war with Spain isn't going to distract the American people from a big thing like the Trans-Mississippi Exposition." And they opened punctually on the appointed day.

Really, there is nothing in the Exposition more typical of the West than the indomitable faith of its managers.

The Board of Managers has some fifty names, prominent business men of Omaha.

There are, also, besides the United States Commission (which has representatives from the Departments of Agriculture, Treasury, Interior, State, Justice, Post-office, War, Navy, the Life Saving Service, the Fish Commission and the Smithsonian Institute), an impressive body of Vice-Presidents, from all the Trans-Mississippi states, each state having a Vice-President. The officers of the Exposition are: President, Gurdon F. Wattles; Vice-President (resident), Alvin Saunders; Treasurer, Herman Kountze; Secretary, John A. Wakefield, and General Counsel, Carroll S. Montgomery. The Ex-

ecutive Committee consists of Zachary T. Lindsay, Edward Rosewater, Freeman P. Kirkendall, Edward E. Bruce, Abram L. Reed and William N. Babcock. The Exposition Manager is Col. T. S. Clarkson. The Bureau of Entertainment is composed of women; and the Bureau of Education is under the control of the Woman's Board of Managers. This has worked very happily. There is no Woman's Building at Omaha; in compensation the women have the entire educational exhibit, which is uneven but very important.

It may be admitted at once, that the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in landscape and architecture is modeled on the lines of the World's Fair. The architecture of the Main Court has the same Romanesque and Grecian features which every American remembers fondly. There are the same free-hand classic treatment, the same combination of the basilica and the colonnade, the same noble domes and graceful porticoes, the same lavish use of sculpture and carving breaking the sky-line with colossal groups and decking plinth and capital and frieze and architrave with fantastic luxuriance of plant and flower and symbol.



Photograph by Rinchart.

PEACE DANCE BY SIOUX, CHEYENNES AND APACHES.



Photograph by Rinchart.

PORTICO OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

This was to be expected; for a long time the Columbian will remain the archetype of our great expositions. But, while on a smaller scale, the latest effort of American architects' imagination has won some new triumphs. There is a proportion in the Omaha Court, a coherence, a large, serene harmony, that is its own. The twenty firms of master builders have worked as if one man. Even the private buildings and the least of the public edifices, such as kiosks and ticket booths, fit into the general design, and have the grace and finish of their classic models. The architects-in-chief, Walker and Kimball, of Boston and Omaha, have wrought with the modern daring and the medieval conscience. Not a corner has been neglected. Therefore it is that the beauty of this exquisite court hardly has full justice at first. It unfolds new delight to every visit. The dream of the makers reveals itself by degrees, by study and patient gazing at details of entablature and pediment and column. The average visitor during his

first visits hardly has a chance to focus his attention. He is in the case of the worthy country dame whom the writer overheard extolling the Exposition to a friend. "There is one building," said she, "it's jest beautiful; and the statues on it look lovely 'gainst the sky——"

"What building?" asked the friend.

"Why, I dunno 'zactly the name, it's 'bout the middle. On the lagoon. Maybe it's the Agriculture; no, I guess it's the Manufactures. It's 'bout the middle. And the statues, they're ahead of everything!"

"What are they—what are they doing?"

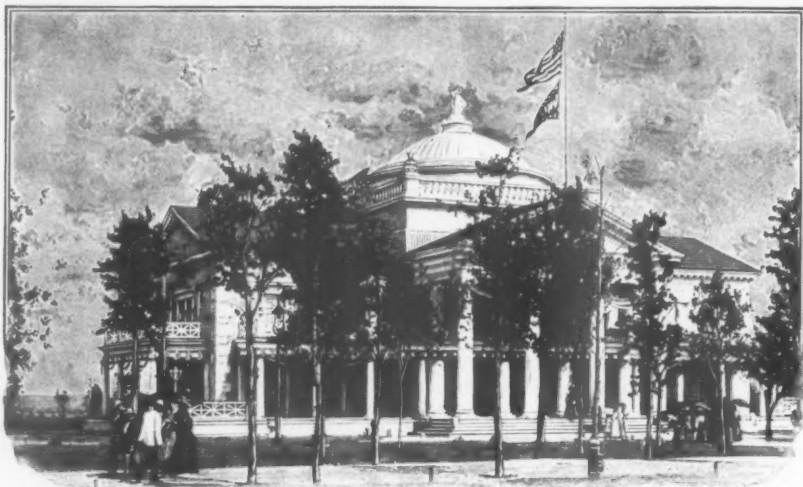
"Well, now, I really didn't notice; but it's a man driving—I *guess* he's a-driving; and some folks trying to stop him—maybe's a runaway!"

It is only as the picture grows familiar and the eye garners bits out of the whole, that the poetic fancy of the buildings, the typical character of all the wealth of ornament, its most careful selection, can have a word for themselves.

As in the World's Fair, the most im-

portant buildings at Omaha are grouped in a rectangle about a lagoon. This lagoon is spanned by a viaduct, a very attractive piece of architecture. The sides of the lagoon rise in green terraces, gorgeously appareled in cannas and altheas. Above on the Court there is a delicious suggestion of old-fashioned gardens in the primly sweet oleander trees. Green settees are scattered along the esplanade. Gondolas, manned by white-clad sailors, skim the water; but there is no melodious boat-call of the gondolier. In fact, these gondoliers whistle "On the Banks of the Wabash" and call to friends on shore in broad United States. Amid the graceful black shapes of the

As is quite in keeping, she is enlightening with an electric torch. Colonnades, treated in the Pompeian manner, make a shallow curve on either side, connecting the Government with the Agricultural Building, the most lavishly ornamented of all the great structures, built as if to display the riches of the Renaissance style, on the one hand; and the classic Fine Arts Building on the other, with its stately stylobates, its towering Corinthian shafts and its winged figures topping portico and gables. To the north stands the Administration Arch; and next it the vast bulk of the Manufactures Building, stern and Doric, with wide spaces of unbroken lines and



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ILLINOIS BUILDING.

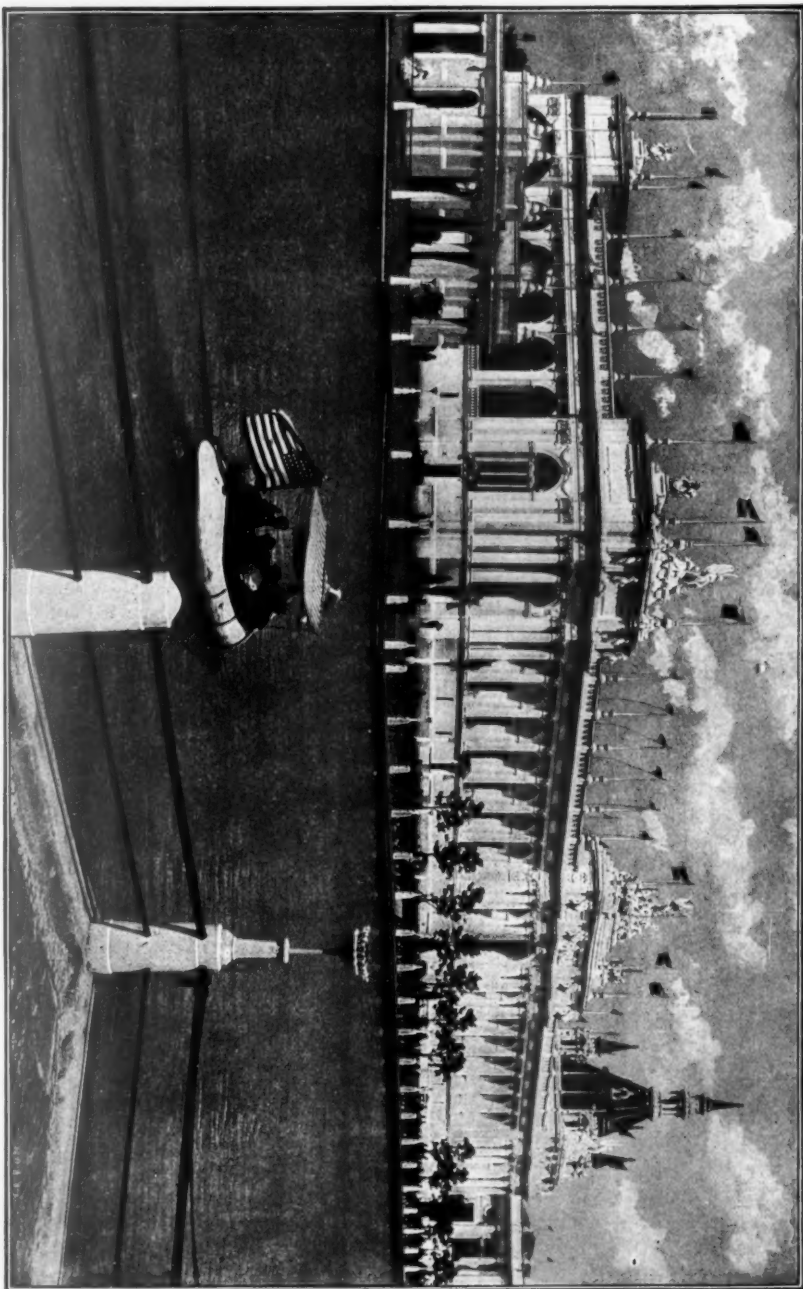
gondolas, the huge swan snorts and puffs wheezily and trails an odor of naphtha in its track.

The buildings are of white stucco, simulating stone with an amazing deception. They are white, not cream-white, and the atmosphere has only slightly dimmed their dazzling brilliancy. Entering on the south, through the Arch of the States, one catches his breath at the beauty of the scene. The arch through which he has entered is set with shields, the escutcheons of the various states, blazoned in color. At the west is the great Government Building with its golden dome, whereon is poised a noble figure of Liberty enlightening the world.

majestic shadows. Facing the Manufactures is the graceful Liberal Arts Building, which recalls the Woman's Building at the World's Fair in its rectangular form, its stylobate first story, its columned windows and the spirited groups which crown the corner pavilions. And the Electricity Building, solid, strong, crested with cogwheels, ornamented in panel and spandrel with conventional symbols of the tools of steam and electricity, crowned with colossal groups of man wrestling with the elemental wild beasts of nature, a tremendous mass with its purpose written on its face, looks across the water at the beautiful Ionic colonnades of the Mines and Mining Building.

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AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



To the east are fanciful pavilions and kiosks. The restaurants with their balconies and roof-gardens are the property of the viaduct. The plainer, but happily proportioned structures of the Auditorium and the Girls and Boys' Building are south of the viaduct. It is a line of palaces in effect. Lawns aflame with flowers relieve the monotony of dull brick walks and brown gravel. Vines wreath the little toy trees that stud the boulevards; vines clamber the fluted and snowy shafts of the colonnades. Cannas and altheas and geraniums flaunt their piercing beauties amid the greenery, massed in every cunning device.

"Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy edge the poppy hangs in sleep."

But more beautiful than all this is the wonderful sky-line—the domes, golden and green, the towers and gables, the titanic groups of white with their exquisite violet shadows, all painted on the sunlit spaces of Nebraska sky. There is a poignant charm in the sight too subtle and too keen for

me to drag it down to words; but whoever has seen the Court at Omaha or at Chicago must know it. Who can forget the Peristyle and the lake beyond?

For Chicago—

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

But I felt that vanished thrill of joy again, as I looked at the Omaha Court. It is not so grand, there is no gateway to the sea; but it is as exquisite. And to compensate in part for the lake, the smaller Exposition has its background of forest and hill.

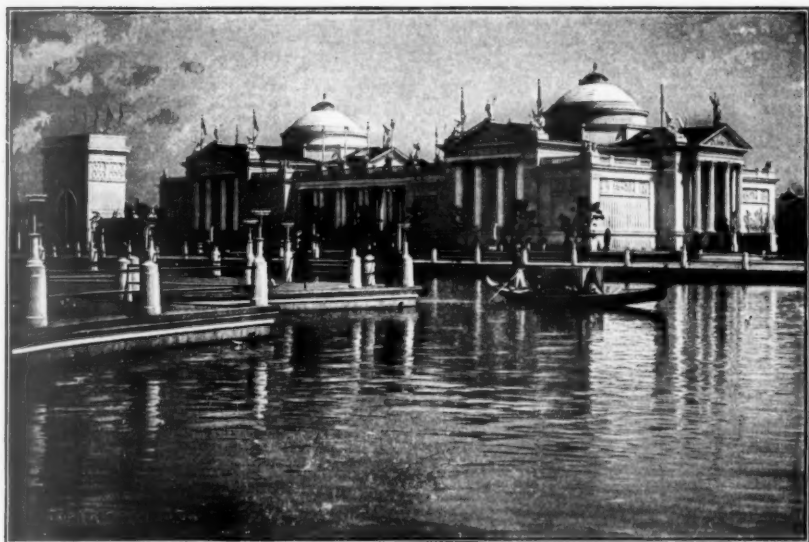
The Exposition is laid out in three divisions: the Main Court, about the lagoon; the North and Bluff Tracts, at right angles with the Main Court. The Bluff Tract lies along the high banks and bluffs overlooking the Missouri valley. The Horticultural Building is the only exhibit building in this tract; but modestly hiding behind a viaduct is a huddle of thin black chimneys above a plain red building where hangs a sign: "Power Plant. Visitors are Invited to Enter"; and here is the "very pulse of the machine." The Horticultural



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MANUFACTURES BUILDING.





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FINE ARTS BUILDING.

Building has an advantage in its location. It is not a palace in a block; it has splendid spaces of lawn and woodland about it, with the state buildings unobtrusive neighbors, their fine old colonial pomp decently retired behind the trees. Behind it is a wilderness of plant and flower; on one side, a huge bed of towering cannas in bloom.

The gardeners have worked their most artful marvels in the flowers that bloom, in a fair procession, outside the wall; and flowers in the open are so much more attractive than the invalids of the hothouse that I dare say I did not properly appreciate the palm house. But there is no questioning the impressiveness of the display of fruits. One county in California, Los Angeles, has an exhibit that would of itself crowd the average county fair entirely out of showing. All the California fruits—raisins, dates, oranges, peaches, plums, grapes,

cherries, apples, pears, melons—appear to grow to perfection in this county.

In the Bluff Tract are the state buildings, which are in remarkably good taste and fitted up very sensibly. Illinois, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Iowa have stately houses admirably, and in some cases even beautifully, furnished. Iowa has a pipe organ in the hall and an exquisite collection of cameos. Georgia has built her a home for her wandering citizens, of her own

pine; and the Minnesota cottage of hewn logs attracts more attention, perhaps, than any state building. Montana and Kansas have buildings less imposing, but not less comfortable; and Oregon has a very tasteful building.

Beside the state buildings, the Bluff Tract claims a portion of the Midway. The Omaha Midway is smaller, decenter, more tasteful, and not quite so amusing, possibly because less novel, than



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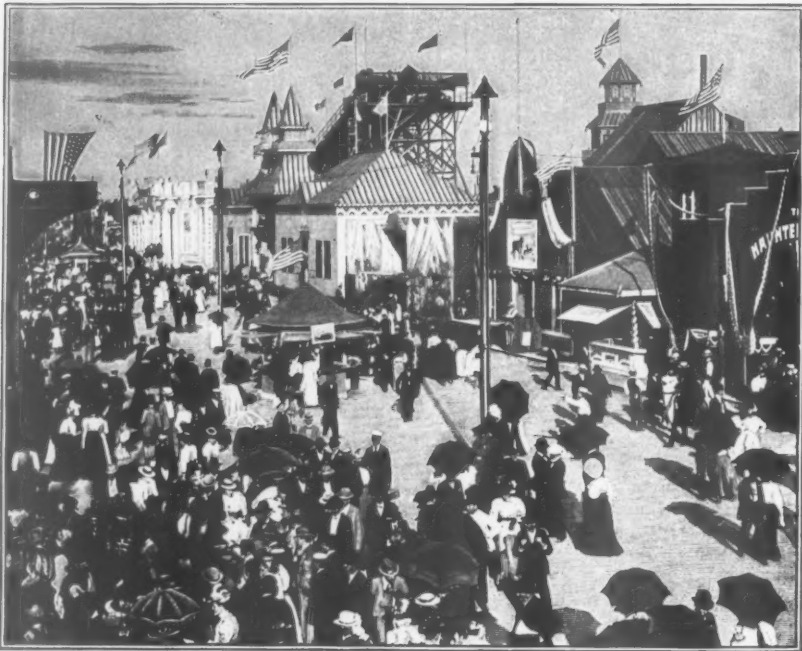
BLACKTAIL, A SIOUX CHIEF.

the Midway at Chicago. There is a kaleidoscopic jumble of grotesque shapes and flaring colors along the Midway streets. There is a fanfare of trumpets and drums penetrating the ear from noon to night. The voice of the eloquent man exalting the show is loud in the land. The patient camels crouch outside the mimic gates of Cairo. A bizarre procession troops noisily out of the rival Street of All Nations. A tiny German village reminds one of better things at the World's Fair. There are appeals to patriotic zeal, in the shape of a miniature

Plaza with its handsome music stand. The red coats of the Marine Band filled the stand during the opening weeks. And Theodore Thomas's orchestra played, at the same time, in the Auditorium. An embarrassment of riches, one would think.

On the North Tract are the Apiary, Dairy and Transportation Buildings, tobacco and cotton plantations, live stock exhibit and freight warehouse.

The Transportation exhibit is small compared with the Columbian's; but it has the same interest in its view of the progress of



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SCENE ON THE NORTH MIDWAY.

bombardment of Cuban forts, a cyclorama of the Civil War, and the destruction of the "Maine." Novelties, also, have they in the Midway—chutes; an underground panoramic railway; the miniature railway, hardly larger than a child's toy but complete in every detail; the haunted swing; the maze, and the great see-saw which looms above the highest tower. On the whole, the Midway repays the visitor; although he tires of it sooner, methinks, than at Chicago. The major part of the Midway is on the North Tract. There, also, is the

locomotion. Perhaps the general public seem to be most impressed by the aluminum wagon displayed by Studebaker.

The three great features of the Omaha Exposition are the food exhibit, the electrical exhibit and—the Indians.

I ought, perhaps, to add the Mines and Mining exhibit. In these four features it is simply justice to say that the exhibits of the great Western and Southwestern states surpass anything of the kind in the World's Fair. The exhibit of minerals and mines is stupendous. To pass through the great



*Photograph by Ruchart.*

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

building, simply to pass through it in a jinrikisha or wheeled chair, without tarrying over the exhibits, is to daze one with the spectacle of wealth. The shining black masses of coal; the streaked ores, the glittering nuggets of gold, silver, platinum, copper, zinc, cobalt, aluminum; the bars and ovals of dull steel; the sheets and blocks and pipes of iron; the petroleum fuels; the quarry products, including a great range, not only the granite, marble, limestone, sandstone and the like building materials, but ornamental stones, serpentine, alabaster and onyx; clays and clay products; the grinding and polishing materials, emery, grindstones, whetstones; the chemical minerals, such as phosphate rock, nitrates, salt and Fuller's earth; the rocks and

fossils, mica, asbestos, graphite; the gems, the beautiful topazes of Utah, the turquoises of New Mexico, the rubies and sapphires of Montana—these speak at an eye-blink of the extraordinary diversity as well as the colossal amount of wealth of the Trans-Mississippi states underground. As interesting is the display of the mining machines and processes. One can descend to a miniature gold mine; one can see, without leaving the floor, the panning out of low-grade placer dirt. Each state, moreover, has its own products in a separate exhibit, showing its own characteristic resources.

Even more significant, in this year of plenty 1898, is the exhibit of the other wealth of the earth, the food products. Every unexpected mosaic of the cereal



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HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

grains, every draping and garnishing and weaving of blossom and husk and flower in decoration of the booths, makes the Agricultural Building softly ablaze.

The great millers display the flours and meals; and the great packers have a bewildering display of meat—but these latter are in the Manufactures Building. Very interesting is the sugar-beet display; and the pomology display by states.

Second in its richness to the food exhibit is the exhibit of the textiles in the Trans-Mississippi states—flax and wool and cotton.

Probably, however, the feature of the Exposition which has attracted most enthusiasm in the West has been the electricity exhibit. Naturally, it far surpasses that at Chicago, for the simple reason

The kindly slave can be studied fighting our battles in one section and tending our kitchen fire in another; while in a third he is at the service of the surgeon or the dentist. It is a wonderful building, wonderful and terrible, saying much in its inarticulate way, and hinting infinitely more. To go through the electricity department is to feel a thrill of realization of the awful power of man over nature. I have seen men come out of that grand vestibule silent, solemn, with a touch of awe in their bearing. It was the unconscious, involuntary homage to the possibilities of the human soul.

In the building one may see the power of electricity; outside, in the open air, every night, is its poetry. Then, ten

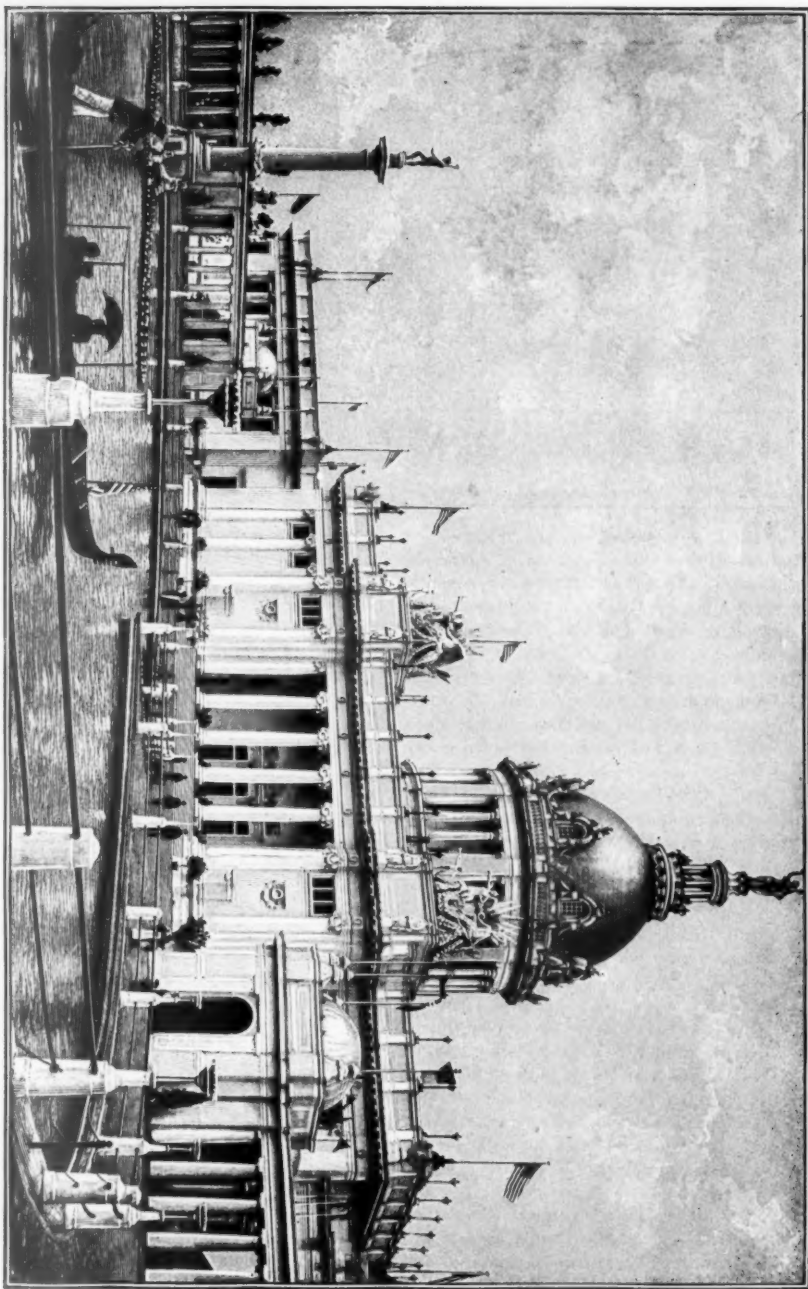


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NEBRASKA BUILDING.

that it is made five years later; and electricity is a swiftly growing science. In the Electricity Building (which is also the machinery building and shows machines of every kind from stone-crushers to watches, except only machines for tilling the soil, which have their own special exhibit near the Transportation Building) sits the wonder-worker of modern life, the chained and harnessed genius from the skies, infinitely more capable than Aladdin's slave—sits and purrs and fans, and works with equal ease a mortar and a glove cleaner. There is the apparatus that transmits the living voice thousands of miles; and there is the apparatus that causes to live again on the ear "the sound of a voice that is still."

thousand incandescent lights make Court and Plaza and Park and Midway streets like softened day; and the lagoon mirrors palaces penciled in fire, and the lilies at the foot of the tall shaft of Nautilus bloom into flame, while the fountains rain a jeweled shower, opals or rubies or sapphires or emeralds or diamonds—a scene that no one who has seen can ever forget. So light is it that the clouds show in the deep-blue vault amid the stars; and the statues are painted tenderly against that wonderful background. Above the Government Building, Liberty waves her gigantic torch. The lagoon is gemmed with light. The music of the band playing on the Plaza floats "like sweet sounds in a dream";



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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.





Photograph by Rinehart.

THE PARADE ON INDIAN DAY.

the barbarous cymbals of the Midway are softened into a far-away hum. There are thousands of people sitting on the steps of the buildings and around the lagoon; yet there is no noise of voices. The boatman's song rings mellow and sweet—for the boatman is a negro. Even the swan-boat is enchanted by the hour and the light into something fit and fair—being at a good distance. This is what science can do for art.

And while we look down the vine-wreathed colonnades and the glittering façades at this flower of civilization, almost within earshot the Apaches are yelling and dancing around their fires. If the Westerners are most affected by the electricity, the Indian Congress appeals the most vividly to the Eastern imagination. But to any one there is something dramatic in this idea of a great meeting of a vanishing race. The Indian Congress (rather a misleading name, by the way) is intended to be a representation of Indian life in all its phases. Indians from every considerable tribe in the United States will be present. They will live precisely as at home on the plains, so far as their domestic life, industries and sports are concerned. There are, now, several hundred Indians encamped in the fields to the rear of the Transportation Building. Their tepees, wigwags and wigmams are scattered in tribal settlements

among the cornfields. Houses have been built for the most civilized and for their white guardians. The Indian Department has placed at the disposal of the Exposition management its office force and field employees. Congress has appropriated forty thousand dollars for the exhibit. Dances, religious rites, sports and industries will all be represented. It is not a Wild West show, but a serious ethnological exhibition. The Indian at Omaha is living his own life; and probably making acquaintance with his own race in a very interesting manner. Meanwhile the tribes embroider their leggings and shirts and bands, or make their birchbark canoes, or plait baskets and weave and dye blankets. The Indian band sits in its rude stand and plays "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," or "The Stars and Stripes," with as good success with its brasses as any village band. Painted braves in war-bonnets and wampum are shouting and dancing wurdances around the drums in the field, near by, while the ponies graze peacefully, and a buffalo meditates on the other side of the fence. There are Sioux, Omahas, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, Crows, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Piutes, Apaches, Zunis, Navajos, Moquis, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Digger Umatillas, Comanches, Poncas, Delawares, in camp at present, or shortly to be there.



Let us consider. It is a strange page, this, in the blackest and ghastliest chapter of our annals, the story of the red man's wrongs and reprisals. "Caesar, we who are about to die, salute you," the gladiators called; the Indians who are dancing in the smiling Omaha fields would fitly salute us in such phrase, since they and their customs are doomed. I looked from the swaying, painted warriors in the ring to the handsome young Indian in his smart tweed suit who was holding an umbrella attentively over two Indian maidens in civilized finery, and a voice at my elbow said, "Say, Jim, why ain't you painted up like them, an' dancing?" to which came Jim's scornful reply, "I wasn't ever painted in my life, or danced, neither!" He seemed to me speaking the doom of the old ways.

Meanwhile, it is a spectacle full of interest, full of sadness. But the Indians themselves are not sad. They wander in



Photograph by Rinehart.

CHIEF GOES-TO-WAR OF THE SIOUX.

with the Sacs are not impeccable; I do not regret the incident.

It cannot, whatever the other aspects of the congress, work anything but good for red men and white to have an opportunity of meeting under new conditions.

Of course, there are many sides to the Omaha Exposition which one cannot touch for lack of space. There are uncommonly

squads through the Exposition streets, smiling and buying candy and cigarettes. I had the privilege of buying of the much-wronged Poncas some red and white candy and peanuts. The chief proffered me a dignified and sticky hand. After what has passed in the matter of the Poncas, I did not feel that I could decline it, had it been covered with tar. So we shook hands solemnly, and the ceremony so inspired the other Poncas that they also shook hands with me. Later in the day I discovered that they were not Poncas but Sacs from Iowa.

However, our dealings



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LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

attractive bits of exhibits, corners of the great buildings which one finds after many days. There is, for example, a forestry exhibit, notably that of Oregon, worth half a day although one were in a hurry. The exhibits in the Government Building are superb; and those of the Post-office, War and Interior Departments are of remarkable interest. The Smithsonian Museum and the Fish Commission make a noble showing. There are models of farm buildings and systems of irrigation that one may

or quite obliterated. Every village carpenter who shall see it must carry away a lifting of his ideals, "and by the vision splendid be on his way attended"; and he will build better shops and cottages for his days at Omaha. Very likely the American who has his fancy fired by our great expositions will go wild at first, and there will be queer things in Southern and Western architecture. But the end will justify his quest for beauty. The time is coming when Americans of all classes will be a



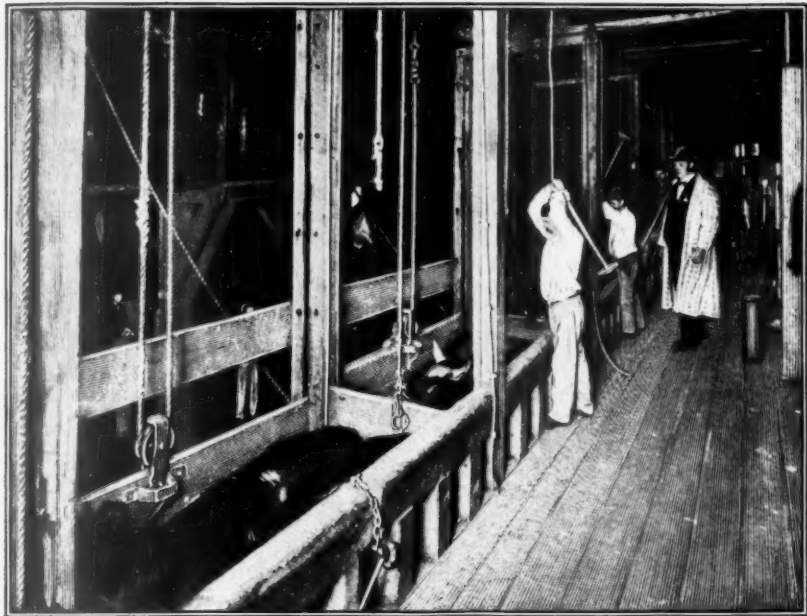
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ARCH OF THE STATES.

pass unheeded, because they are not large and showy, but if one once stop, he will find it easy to linger for a long while.

The Liberal Arts has innumerable exhibits of interest and beauty. The Fine Arts Building contains a good many French paintings of distinction, and some few others. But the real art of the Exposition, the art which is touching the American imagination, is the art in the buildings and the grounds. And this art will leave its impress after the glorious Court is in ruins

beauty-loving people. They will love it with some of the ardor which they now spend on the getting of money. Then, our art will be the expression of no copied raptures or borrowed ideals, but of the yearning and the needs and the hopes of our own soul. And nothing has done such service to art, in this country, as our great expositions. Among these the Exposition at Omaha takes an honorable place. In all respects it is of high merit; in some, it has exceeded all its predecessors.



## GREAT PROBLEMS OF ORGANIZATION.

### III.

#### THE CHICAGO PACKING INDUSTRY.

BY THEODORE DREISER.

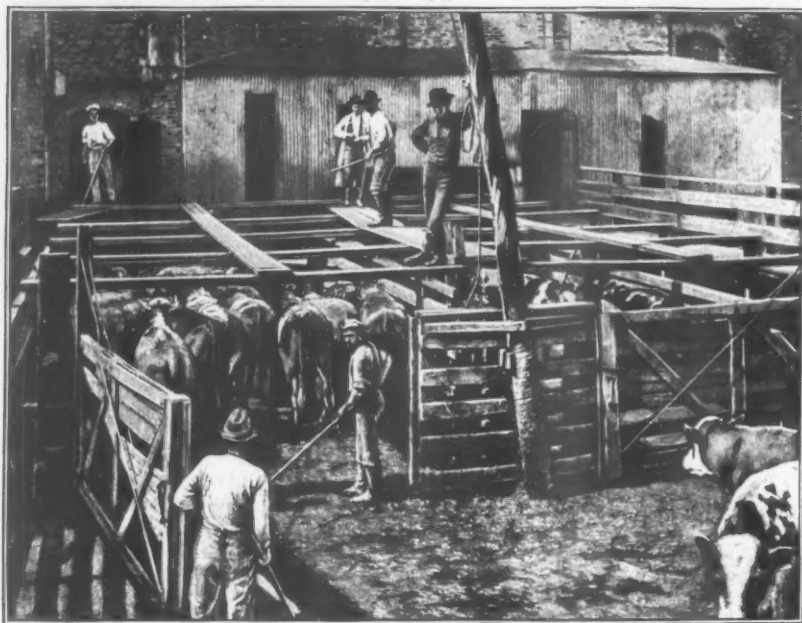
WHATEVER the reasons, or however variously traced, as they have been from time to time, the greatest business in Chicago is the packing business; and the most interesting thing, from a commercial point of view, is this self-same industry. No other enterprise approaching it in proportions exists on the face of the earth. By its side shipyards and mines and steel-plate industries are dwarfed, for it is a trade especially vital to the life of the people, and deals with the thing more important than all else, food. Many arguments have been introduced to show what Chicago has done for this industry, and what this industry has done for Chicago, but the truth is that brains and the growing West made the packing industry, and it would have been just what it is, some time or other, Chicago or no.

When the great packers first began to

understand what money there might be in handling and shipping food products for the people, the West was growing fast. Its areas of production were astonishing all observers, and handling and shipping was profitable. Railway lines were reaching out in new directions, here increasing their capacities, there reducing their rates. The shipping on the lakes was changing in character and increasing in tonnage. It was the time of times for the organization of a business enterprise dealing with food, and it was duly organized. There had been changes which rendered possible the creation of such a food gathering and delivering system, for it was the third year of the war and the demand was great. The old state banking system had passed away and had been replaced by national banks, while the bank notes issued by these, with the legal-tender "green-backs" of

the United States, provided a uniform currency, everywhere available, instead of the miscellaneous and often questionable paper which had embarrassed produce purchasers in former times. The system of exchanges between the East and the West had become greatly simplified. If you add to these conditions a great commercial genius thinking steadily about the best way of gathering, preparing and shipping food products, and watching the whole country by the aid of the telegraph to learn its needs and supply them, you will come to understand why the meat-pre-

most intense activity prevails. Cattle, sheep and hog pens are all laid out in divisions distinct from each other and yet coördinated. Much as in a well-regulated city, streets intersect each other, through blocks of pens, with a gate entrance into each. At convenient points feed and store-houses are located, and at suitable intervals stand immense scales with officers under the jurisdiction of the Union Yards corporation. The building of the pens is of a very substantial kind, and every detail which will contribute to the effectual handling of such multitudes of animals is care-



DRIVING CATTLE INTO ABATTOIR.

paring industry of the nation is centralized, and why the Union Stockyards of Chicago are what they are.

Enter the immense yards to-day, beneath the plain, massive arch that bears the inscription, "Union Stock Yards, Chartered 1865," and you will readily grasp the meaning and value of the system. It is a region of order and death, but a sight that will stir the most casual onlooker or the deepest philosopher. It is a city in itself—a city of pens and factories, immense and noisy. Wherever the eye wanders, the

fully attended to. The pens are provided with hay-racks and water-troughs, and the feeding is done under the supervision of the company. When it is taken into consideration that there are often to be cared for some 40,000 to 50,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep, all at one time and with a constant stream of railroad traffic, you can imagine something of the work and care necessary. With 200 acres devoted to yardage alone, 20 miles of streets, 20 miles of water-troughs, 50 miles of feeding-troughs, 75 miles of



CATTLE-PENS.

drainage and water pipes, and a capacity of caring daily for 125,000 hogs, 20,000 cattle and 15,000 sheep, something of the activity which prevails will impress itself. Hardly any sunrise sees in existence any part of all this life that on the previous morning bleated, squealed and bellowed under the urging whip of the drover. And yet, so systematically is everything arranged, no interest is left unprovided for, and no item of expenditures escapes its proper assignment.

The plant of the stockyards company proper—exclusive of its great packing establishments which are in the grounds and are indivisibly connected with all its life—represents about \$5,000,000, and about a thousand employees work for the company. This should not be confused with the statistics of individual firms in the grounds, for Armour's plant is worth many more millions and six thousand men work for him alone. The general office is in the Exchange Building, to which the public



A DISTRIBUTING RAILWAY.

has free access, and where every possible courtesy is accorded. Here are compiled the statistics of the business; a bank and telegraph office are here located—as also the hundreds of offices of commission men, with a public bulletin board where are posted the various items of supply and prices of the market.

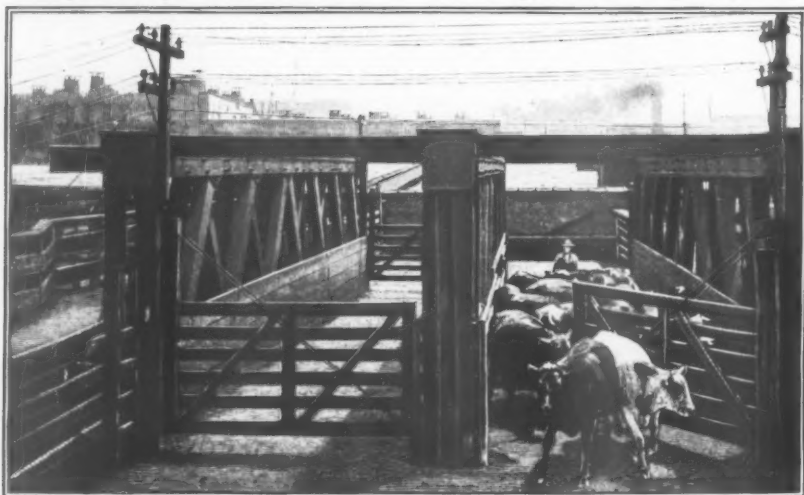
How the traffic has grown since the organization of the company can be understood from the statistics of that time and the present. In 1865, for instance, the number of cattle packed was 27,172; in 1897, 2,506,185; the number of hogs packed in 1865 was 507,355 and in 1897, 4,873,467. A vast number of cattle are received and shipped out alive. The statistics show that in 1865 330,301, and in 1897 3,884,280, cattle were handled. The figures for hogs are 8,078,095 as against 849,311 in 1865.

Add to this for 1897 the receipt of over 2,300,000 sheep, 100,000 horses and nearly 300,000 calves, and note that there were shipped out: cattle 1,360,000, calves 85,000, hogs over 2,000,000 and over 1,000,000 sheep and horses—and an estimate can be had of the immense business interests which are cared for daily by this company. The number of firms doing business in the yards as packers and otherwise is about one hundred, of whom about twenty are more or less prominently identified with the meat-

curing business. The various plants are estimated as worth over \$12,000,000, with a capital of about \$25,000,000, and the number of employees is about 25,000, with an annual wage of about \$20,000,000. The estimated value of the products for the year just past has been placed at \$175,000,000.

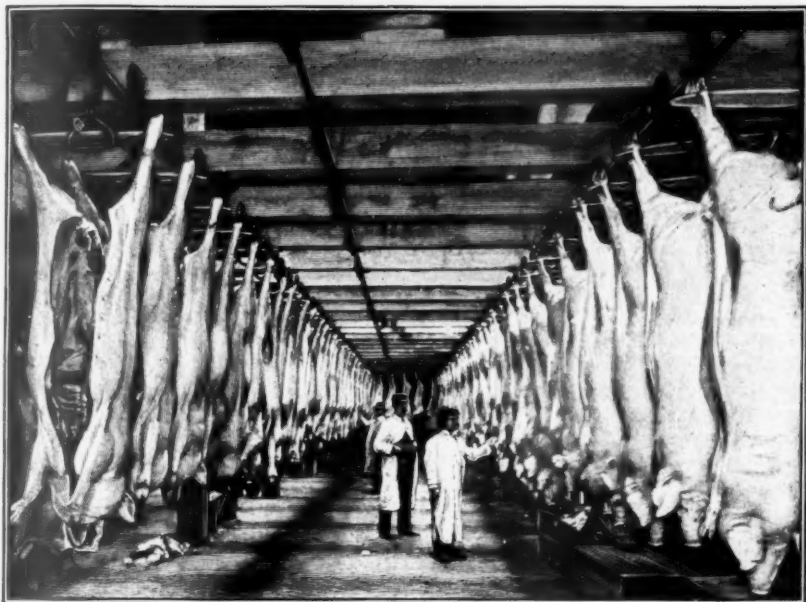
About 150 miles of railroad tracks cobweb the yards, the property of the company, which also owns and operates the locomotives. The various roads have an arrangement with the company for all the freight traffic, both in and out of the yards; and the company in turn becomes responsible not only for the cargo on the one hand, but for the freight charges on the other. To these pens roll the long trains, bearing their burden of life from the far West, South and North, but from the very doors of the great factories move the lines of yellow refrigerators with their "fast freight" tags insuring them speedy entry into the cities of the East, or the ports of England and the Continent.

The arrival of stock generally occurs during the night and early morning, while the outgoing freight leaves in the afternoon and the evening. It is trains from the West with cattle—trains for the East with food. As they come they are taken in charge by the company, and all details as to ownership, to whom consigned, quantity,



DRIVING IN NEW ANIMALS.





UNITED STATES INSPECTORS MARKING PORK.

description and fees are noted; and while in all cases the company takes the responsibility and directs the movement of the product until properly relieved or paid, it not infrequently happens that commission men, who generally make it a practice to take their stand at a certain point, will direct the movement of the lots consigned them to the desired points.

With the unloading of the cattle comes the driving in herds to pens, the watering, feeding, and then the real business—selling. Here is real excitement, for the hope of profit is over all. Agents of the big packers are everywhere. The morning hours, when the purchasing is done, breathe the vim of things. Cattle, hogs, sheep and horses move in droves through the streets. The crack of the whip, the hallo and raucous "soo-yah," sound from everywhere. Men ride like cowboys, the tramp of hoofs along wooden alleys has a dangerous sound, and the ways are alive with people. Gates are swung open and shut with a rapidity known only to the experienced. Commission men, owners, buyers and sellers rush here and there, their notebooks in hand, and sales are

made at the crook of a finger. The very eyes buy, without aid of words.

With the sale, examination follows, then weighing, and with the official statement of weight delivered to the seller, the stock is taken in charge by the buyer and driven off to the various slaughter-houses to await its turn. Thus the business leads up to the death and the process of manufacture. Nearly all the large packers employ the same methods. Every new labor-saving device is quickly brought into use by all; for instance, at the very beginning, when the hogs are driven from the yards by elevated roads of wood, into the pens adjoining the slaughter-house, a saving of time is now effected, averaging from three to fifteen hours. Formerly, they were given this time in the pens to cool off; now they move straight on and are cooled by a process of sprinkling which reduces their temperature to the normal point. Once in the pen they are driven in lots of fifty into a grim chamber where the wheel of fate awaits them. Here they come, squealing, crowding, dripping from their bath, only to face the wheel and death in the shape of a huge butcher in whose hand gleams a

blood-wet stiletto, and whose apron drips red. The wheel is immense, solid and without spokes. About the rim, where spokes would be if it were not solid, hang chains with hooks at the bottom. As the wheel revolves, the chains come down and drag on the floor. Two men are here. As the chains descend they are seized and the hook is fastened about the hoof of a hog. The wheel goes on and slowly the porker is dragged upward out of the jam, while the next chain is fastened to another hog.

As he ascends, an automatic appliance seizes the hook about the foot, releases it from the hog and substitutes another victim, without even so much as a jolt or a fall. This is the carrier from then on, and the rail is a direct sloping path to death, dissection and the refrigerator. In five minutes the kicking, squealing victim will be halved, and hanging with thousands of others in a dim refrigerator, awaiting the car or the packing-room.

The sloping rail keeps the hog moving by mere force of gravity. As it moves along, one in a long solid line, to the butcher, a dextrous move of the blade ends its career. It passes on, and an electric button which the chain scratches in passing registers its death and indicates in the office

of the superintendent of the yards the number of hogs slain thus far. For ten yards the body gravitates downward, and bleeds, the blood running into a special reservoir, from which is drawn the material for fertilizer. At the end of this length the hog is unhooked and plunged into an immense vat of boiling water. A revolving paddle, much like that of a side-wheel steamer, brings up the body to a table along which passes an endless chain. To this the body is attached by a hook set behind the neck, and is then dragged through a scraping machine. This machine is made of blades mounted on cylinders, so constructed as to allow contact with almost every part of the body as it passes through, which usually takes about ten seconds. The hog is then gone over by hand-scrapers, who make up for any failure of the machine. After this the washing process is gone through, by means of a rubber hose carrying a strong volume of water. The scraping machine is a recent invention; which while doing the work better than men could, leaves the bristles in better form for subsequent use. The hog is then carefully looked over, the head severed so as to be left hanging by a mere thread, the gambrels are cut and the animal is suspended by them



WOOL-PULLING ROOM.

on the rail again, this time not to leave it until after days spent in the refrigerator.

The body is then opened and dressed: the leaf lard is removed at a table which the gliding body passes; the head comes off at the next table, the tongue being here removed, and the last operation before cooling is performed by men who meet the body in one of the long alleys along which the rail passes, and split it in two as it runs.

To the cooling rooms, where the meat is suspended in rows, the descent is easy; the animals depending from the gambrels glide in an endless stream, and the separated

done which can contribute to the advantage of the trade is, of course, very great; and the meat-curing process has been made the subject of much consideration; various rules and regulations from the trade standpoint, and for that matter, governmental laws, having been devised. The carcasses melt into hams, shoulders and short-ribs with strange rapidity. The latter are in turn transformed, as occasion requires, into long and short clears, and other cuts well known to the trade, although presenting no apparent difference to the outsider. From the cutting-room the various parts are



AFTER THE KNOCK-OUT.

sides are shunted down parallel alleyways, reaching the station in a few moments, and are there left in a low temperature for twenty-four hours. This time completed, they are run on rails to the cutting tables, where, lifted by brawny hands, they are laid on the block, and with single strokes men cut them into whatsoever parts are desired. Seven thousand hogs so treated every morning is the average record—an almost incredible speed, when the amount really done is viewed.

The importance of having everything

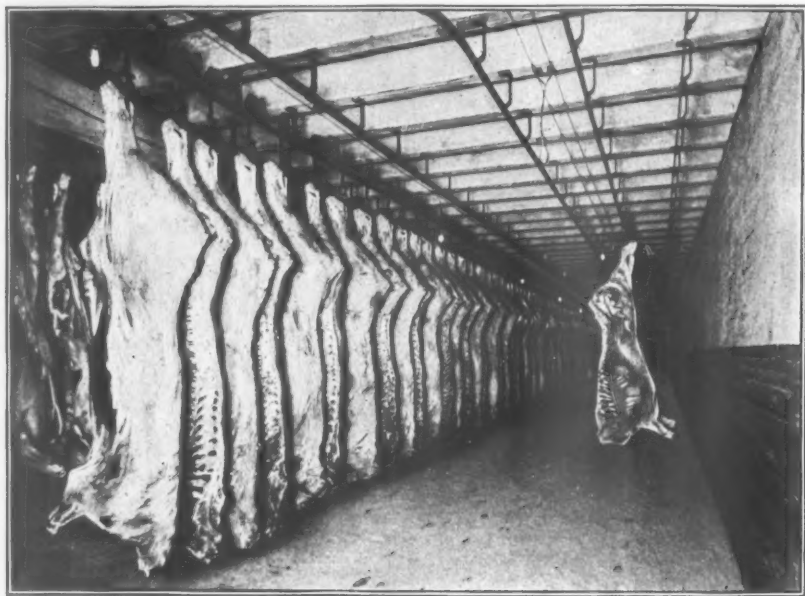
conveyed by chutes to the curing cellars, where short-ribs and such cuts lie in dry salt at least sixty days, and the hams, shoulders and belly-pieces for breakfast bacon usually lie in vats of sweet-pickle for an equal period. Great care is taken in the selection and cure of each cut, the time required and the strength of each pickle being regulated to suit the size and so on. Then comes smoking—a twenty-four hour process—when the products are stored. From this stored supply orders are filled, and whatever is subsequently done to

the meat is done at the time the extent of the orders is known.

Below in the cellars, where meat undergoing the salt process is stored, the cold is intense. The men employed are ulstered on the hottest day. Acres covered with solid piles of short-ribs, short clears, long clears and other various forms in which the hog makes his bow to the hungry world, greet the eye.

Between the walls of meat, piled high on either side, one can walk, it seems, for miles, so dim and distant appear the incandescent globes. Subterranean caverns

opposite the steer as it falls is a sliding door. This is raised and the body tumbles out of the alley into the main room, where a chain is attached to the hoofs and the body suspended head down. The process of bleeding, stripping and cleaning is performed by different men, as the body moves along a rail. The head is cut off and the tongue removed by one, the feet are stripped by the next and so on. One peels the hide off, and the finishing touches are added by another, after which the carcasses are shunted along the rail to the chill-room. Here they remain, thousands in company,



BEEF COOLER.

of meat they are, long, cold, dark, with never a ray of sunlight from year to year.

The process of slaughtering the cattle is but slightly different from that of the hogs. However, the cattle are given a day to cool, in pens adjoining the slaughter-rooms. They are then driven into a pen, which opens at the farther end into a long alley in which two steers can stand side by side. When the call is made for more cattle, this alley is filled, and gates are let down between every pair. So hedged, they cannot move, and the men detailed for the work stun them with sledgehammer blows. Directly

for forty-eight hours. As orders come, the bodies are run out on the elevated rails to the platform, divided into fore and hind quarters, loaded into refrigerator cars standing ready and so shipped to all parts of the country. The meat you had at your last meal may have been so treated only forty-eight hours before.

The killing of sheep is so similar, that explanation would be repetition.

Not all the beef and pork is sold in solid cuts. The various products prepared here require immense quantities of all the meat dressed. Again, all parts of the

animals are used and nothing is wasted. How successfully this is done, one learns by visiting "Packingtown," as the place is locally styled. The greater number of those engaged in the packing business usually have a lard manufactory; a few prepare canned meats, and a few butterine. Armour & Company have gone into the business in all its details—everything in connection with steer, hog, sheep, being used in some way. The immense industry which at present is theirs is the greatest in the world, the sales for the last year amounting to \$103,000,000. The manufacture of lard is one portion of their production. The pure white fat of the hog is placed in rendering tanks and immense kettles and there reduced to a clear white fluid, which when slightly cooled is passed through pipes imbedded in ice, and made to run through faucets into tierces, barrels, tubs, pails and the numerous fancy packages with which trade is courted.

The meat canning is another factor in their trade. From the top floor, where the meat cut and sent thither for canning is cooled and trimmed, and all through its onward course of manufacture, there is a bustle and a hum, a flashing of bright color and an intermingling of active men and light-fingered girls, all busy, cheerful and seemingly content at their work. The meats when cooled are pressed into cans by automatic machines worked under experienced eyes, the cans all correctly filled with just such a quantity, according to a



CLEANING PORK.

scale, in a moment. The cans are then capped and soldered, hermetically sealed and "processed." This last consists in steaming the closed can until the contents come to heat and fermentation. This forces the air to the top, and when the can is perforated by a needle the air escapes with a rush, and the contents, again sealed tight, are rendered proof to the climatic changes to which they may be exposed. Then the cans are washed, jointed and labeled, and put in fancy cases of assorted sizes ready for



FILLING LINK SAUSAGES.

shipment. In the label room are seen huge piles of tins awaiting shipment and containing a bewildering array of delicacies, all securely sealed and ready to stand any climate for any length of time.

And now, only recently, pork and beans have been added and the glory of Boston seems upon the verge of removing westward.

One of the most interesting points is the tin shop where the cans for all these supplies are prepared. Recently the main plant was destroyed by fire, but a new shop with all the labor-saving machinery was

men tie links with twine is something to see. Labor-saving machinery does the work, however, and cleanliness rules. The sausage meat is forced automatically down a big tube, which has a small opening in a finger-shaped end, over which the end of the casing is passed. The filling is deftly and quickly done, the movement of the meat being shut off by a slide when the casing is almost filled.

What to do with the sweet fat of cattle was once a question, but is so no longer. Your oleomargarine and butterine answer it. This fat is melted, strained, grained



KILLING SHEEP.

hastily got together, and the process whereby countless sheets of tin are swallowed up by machines and disgorged again as bright cans of all shapes and sizes may be seen any day.

Following comes the casing room, where intestines are thoroughly cleaned and scraped inside and out, and cured in salt. The product of this department one encounters later in the sausage room, or at least a portion of it, for many casings are shipped as such to outside sausage companies. Here sausage appears in an endless chain, and the agility with which

and pressed, when the oil is run off into tierces, and the stearin left in the presses. This oleo, as it is called, is the foundation of all butterines. The oleo is itself sweet and wholesome. Mixed with the finest grade of creamery butter, it gives a result which baffles all except the expert. The legislation on this subject is well remembered, but now no attempt at deceit is attempted, and butterine has almost as many adherents and purchasers, who buy it knowingly, as the pure product.

Again, the offal of a slaughtering establishment is no longer a nuisance.



Chemistry and invention have proved all the nuisances here to be the result of ignorance. It was paid chemists, secured by fine commercial genius, that discovered what an excellent fertilizer could be made from the waste of so great an enterprise. They first illustrated what excellent buttons could be made from beef-blood, and now all the buttons you wear, save those of glass and pearl, are made of blood. The same chemists experimented with hoofs, horn-piths, sinews, bones and hide trimmings, and as a result, what with capital and machinery ready to work out their suggestion, glue was made. Yes, last year 12,000,000 pounds of it at Packingtown; and the end is not yet.

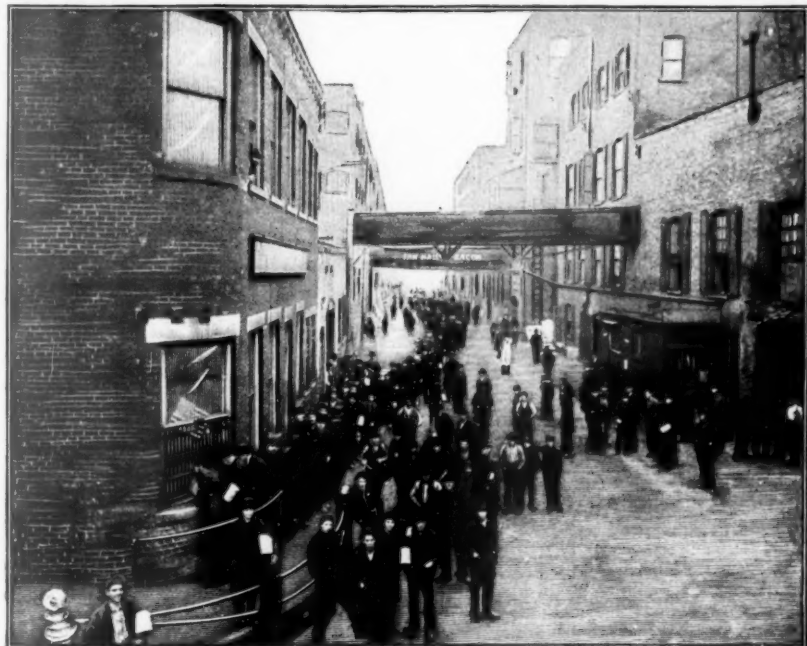
Another new departure is the curing of wool. Formerly the packers sold the sheep pelts with the wool on, and it was really wasted. Now the wool trade is also a feature of the packing business and from the millions of sheep pelts annually acquired the wool is pulled by machinery, before the skins are cured and sold to tanners. It is then washed, dried and done into snowy bales and sold direct to cloth mills.

It is interesting to note that the soap for washing comes from the soap-manufacturing department, and costs scarcely anything, so valuable is the result of combination.

Among the other products which grow out of this packing business, because of their natural relation to it, are mince-meat, beef extracts and pepsin.

As for the making of beef extract, prime, well-trimmed lean beef is chosen and cooled slowly "in vacuo," until reduced by slow evaporation to the consistency of paste. It is then filled into dainty jars, by a small army of girls in white aprons and caps, and the corks, caps and labels are adjusted by an equally cleanly-looking company.

Another product is a liquid extract compounded of powdered beef and other ingredients and now sold under a well-known trade-mark. Along with this comes pepsin, made from the membranous lining of the hog's stomach. Once the linings were sold to chemists all over the country and by them locally manufactured, but now the material is reserved and the drug



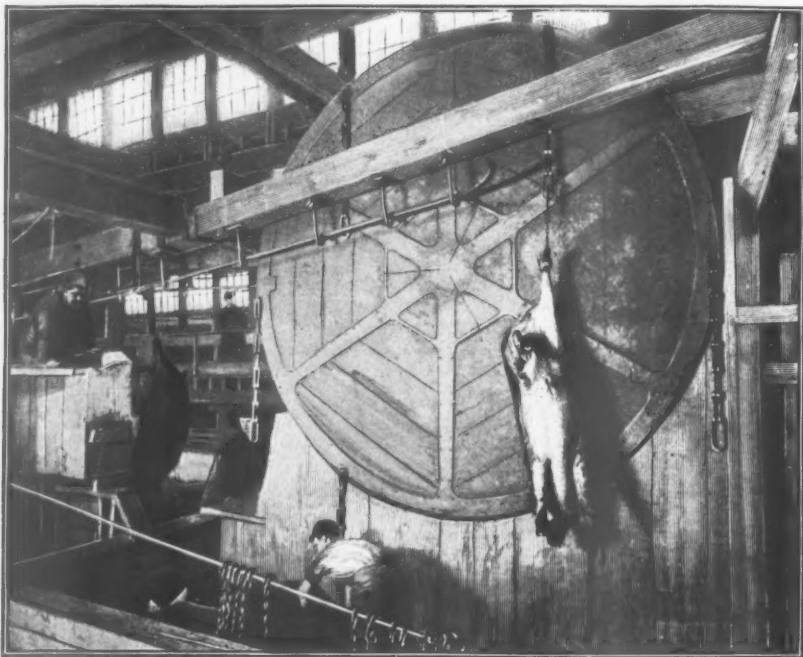
PAY-DAY AT ONE OF THE GREAT PACKING-HOUSES.

manufactured at a cost so much reduced as to permit of its being sold to the public at a considerable falling off from the old figures.

What has proved the best feature from the people's point of view, is the inspection law, which one finds vigorously applied by the Bureau of Animal Inspection, a great working company located on the grounds. No animal is slaughtered and no beef dressed without first having been inspected by an agent of the government, and a certificate as to the sanitary con-

scared, refractory throng whispers of clover and wide green pastures just beyond—and leads the way. Gladly they follow this liar of liars, who marches unblushingly before and leads them to their doom. Once in the chamber of death he edges to a far corner and leaves them to their fate, crouching close against the wall and there remaining until the last one is gone.

But "Jeems" should have a care. He has accepted the mantle of infamy which once enwrapped "Old Billy," the bunco



HOISTING HOGS.

dition of the beef product accompanies every shipment.

The story is now told except for one of the oddities, which appeals as strongly as anything about the entire plant. It is of "Jeems" that I would speak—"Jeems" the deceiving Ram. Of all deceiving animals here is the worst. Every morning he takes his station at the door of the slaughter-pen where the sheep are killed. When the time comes for the first company to enter, "Jeems" goes out, and joining the

steer. "Old Billy" did this for a long time and prolonged his miserable life, but horrible retribution followed. He who hoped to be rewarded for his countless crimes was one day mistaken by a new employee. With prod and lash "Old Billy" was mistakenly urged on, until in one of the horrible pens he was ignorantly struck and dispatched. Great was the wrath of the foreman—but death is no respecter of foremen, and so the first of the buncos went to his reward.

## GLORIA MUNDI.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

### XXIII.—Continued.

THE coffin, now bereft of its purple covering, had been lowered to its final place. One of the bearers, standing over the cavity, crumbled dry earth from his tanned and clumsy fingers, and it fell with a faint rattle upon some resonant, unseen surface.

The phrase, "*Our dear brother, here departed,*" stuck out with awkward obtrusiveness from among the words of the priest. "*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,*" the sing-song went on. Then they were

repeating the Lord's Prayer together in a buzzing, fitful murmur. There were other prayers—and then Christian read in the faces of those about him that the ceremony was finished. Accepting the suggestion of Lord Julius's movement, he also bent over, and looked blankly down into the obscurity of the vault. But when he lifted his head again, it was to throw a more searching and strenuous glance than ever over the knot of people outside the door. And yes!—he had not been deceived. He distinctly saw the face again, and with lightning swiftness verified its features. Beyond a shadow of doubt it was Frances Bailey whom he beheld, mysteriously present in this most unlikely of places.

He withdrew his eyes and did not look that way again. The question whether she knew that he had



Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"BENT OVER IT IN A FORMAL AND COURTLY BOW."

recognized her, occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else, as he returned at the head of his followers to the body of the church. It still possessed his thoughts when he had joined the family group of chief mourners, loosely collecting itself in the aisle before the front pews, in waiting for the summons to the carriages. To some one he ought to speak at once, and for the moment his eye rested speculatively upon Cora. He identified her confidently, not only by her husband's proximity, but by the fact that her mourning veil was much thicker and longer than any of the others. Some unshaped consideration, however, restrained him, and on a swift second thought he turned to Kathleen.

"I want you to look," he whispered to her, inclining his head—"on the other side of the church, just in a line between the second pillar and the white-bearded figure in the window—there is a tall young woman, with the gray and black hat. Do you see her? In a kind of way she belongs to us—she is Cora's sister, but I'm afraid if Cora asked her, she would not come to the Castle."

"Yes—once you talked to me about her," Kathleen reminded him.

"Well, will you do this for me?" he continued, in an eager murmur. "Go to her, and make sure that she promises to come up with the rest. It would be unforgivable—if we let her go away."

He had an uneasy feeling that Mrs. Emanuel's veil did not prevent her shrewd glance from reading him through and through—but he did not seek to dissemble the breath of relief with which he heard her assent.

#### XXIV.

"It was not a very easy task," Kathleen found opportunity to say to Christian, half an hour later, as the family were assembling in his library. They stood together by the window nearest the table, and watched the embarrassed deportment of Lord Lingfield under the conversational attentions of Cora, as they talked in low tones.

"But she is here in the Castle: that is the principal thing." He did not shrink now from the implication of his words.

"Yes, she finally consented to come," explained the other. "I told her that you

insisted upon it—and then—then I used some persuasion of my own."

"I thank you, Kathleen," he said, simply.

"It seems that she is to write an account of the funeral for some London newspaper. She said frankly, however, that that of itself did not account for her coming. It will pay her expenses—so she said—but the paper would not have sent her specially. And there is no doubt about it—she was really annoyed at being discovered."

The solicitors from Shrewsbury, entering the room now, gave at once an official air to everything. The elder of them, with oppressive formality, drew a formidable parchment from a bag held by his junior, and bowed elaborately to Christian. Then, as if he had received some mandate to do so from His Grace, he untied the tape, and cleared his throat. Those who had been seated, rose to their feet.

The will came to them unaltered from 1859—and contained, wrapped in a surprising deal of pompous verbiage, a solitary kernel of essential fact. No legatee was mentioned save an impersonal being called the heir-at-law. The absolutism of dynastic rule contemplated no distribution or division of power. This slender, dark-eyed young man, standing with head inclined and a nervous hand upon the table, had not come into being until long after that will was made, and for other long years thereafter his very existence had been unknown to the family at large. Yet, as the lawyer's reading ended, there he stood before their gaze, the unquestioned autocrat.

"This may be the best time to say it," Christian straightened himself, and addressed his family for the first time, with a grave smile, and a voice which was behaving itself better than he feared it would. "There are no minor bequests; owing to the circumstances under which the will was drawn, but I have taken it upon myself to supply such omissions, in this matter, as shall commend themselves to my consideration. Upon this subject we may speak among ourselves at our leisure, later on." With distinguished self-possession he looked at his watch. "I think luncheon is at two."

There followed here an unrehearsed, and seemingly unpremeditated, episode. Lord

Julius advanced with impressive gravity across the little open space, and taking the hand which Christian impulsively extended to him, bent over it in a formal and courtly bow. When Emanuel, following his father, did the same, it was within the consciousness of all that they had become committed to a new ceremonial rite. Kathleen, coming behind her husband, gave her cheek to be kissed by the young chief of her adopted clan—and this action translated itself into a precedent as well.

Edward and Augustine, after the hesitation of an awkward instant, came forward together, and in their turn, with a flushed stiffness of deportment, made their salutation to the head of the house. To them, conjointly, Christian said something in a whisper. He kissed Cora upon each cheek, with a faint smile in his eyes at her preference for the foreign method. His remoter cousins, the Earl of Chobham and Lord Lingfield, passed before him, and he vaguely noted the reservation expressed in their lifeless palms and frigid half-bow. They seemed to wish to differentiate themselves from the others—to express to him the Pickwickian character of their homage. They were not Torrs; they did not salaam to him as their over-lord. They had a rival dynasty of their own, and their appearance here involved nothing but the seemingly courtesy of distant relationship. He perceived in a dim way that this was what their manner was saying to him—but it scarcely diverted his attention. His glance and his thoughts passed over their heads, to fasten upon the remaining figure.

Lady Cressage, unlike the other two women, had retained the bonnet and heavy veil of mourning. The latter she held drawn aside with a black-gloved hand as she approached. It flashed suddenly across Christian's brain that the year of her mourning for her own dead was not over—yet in her own house she wore gay laces and light colors. But it was unkind to remember this—and senseless too. He strove to revivify, instead, the great compassionate impulse which formerly she had stirred within him. A pallid shadow of it was all that he could conjure up—and in the chill of this shadow he touched her white temple with his lips, and she moved away. There lingered in his mind a

curious, passive conflict of memories as to whether their eyes had met or not. Then this yielded place to the impression some detached organ of perception had formed for him, that in that somber setting of crape her face had looked too small for the rest of her figure.

Then, as the whole subject melted from his mind, he turned toward the two young men who, upon his whispered request, had remained in the library after the departure of the others. He looked at his watch, and beckoned them forward with a friendly wave of his hand.

"Pray come and sit down," he said, with affability upon the surface of his tone. "We have a quarter of an hour, and I felt that it could not be put to better use than in relieving your minds a little—or trying to do so. Let me begin by saying that I do not think I have met either of you before. In fact, now that I reflect, I am sure that we have not met before. I am glad to see you both."

The two brothers had drawn near, and settled uneasily into the very chairs which Lord Julius and Emanuel had occupied some hours before. Again Christian half seated himself upon the corner of the table, but this time he swung his leg lightly as he surveyed his guests. It flattered his prophetic judgment to note that Augustine seemed the first to apprehend the meaning of his words, but that Edward, upon pondering them, appeared the more impressed by their magnanimity. Between them, as they regarded him and each other doubtfully, the family likeness was more striking than ever. Christian remembered having heard somewhere that their father, Lord Edward, had been a dark man, as a Torr should be. Their flaxen hair and dull blue eyes must come from that unmentionable mother of theirs, who was living in indefinite obscurity—if she was living at all—upon the blackmail Julius paid her for not using the family name. The thought somehow put an added gentleness into his voice.

"How old are you—Eddy?" he asked, forcing himself into the use of the diminutive as a necessary part of the patriarchal role he had assumed.

"Nine-and-twenty in October," answered the Captain, poutingly. It seemed on the

tip of his tongue to add something else, but he did not.

"There's two years and a month between us," remarked Augustine, with more buoyancy.

"And you've been out of the army for five years," pursued Christian. "It seems that you became a Captain very early. Would there be any chance of your taking it up again, where you left off?"

Edward shook his head. "It couldn't be done twice. I got it by a lucky fluke—a friend of my father's, you know. But they're deuced stiff now," he answered. "You have to do exams and things. An old Johnnie asks you what bounds Peru on the northeast, and if you can't remember just at the minute, why you get chucked. Out you go, d'ye see."

"What is your idea, then? What would you like to do?"

Captain Edward knitted his scanty, pale brows over this question, and regarded the prospect through the window in frowning perplexity. "Oh, almost anything," he remarked at last, vacuously.

Christian permitted himself the comment of a smiling sniff. "Think it over," he said, and directed his glance at the younger brother. "You're in Parliament," he observed, with a slight difference in tone. "I'm not sure that I quite understand. What is it that attracts you in a—in a Parliamentary career?"

Augustine lifted his pale, scanty brows in surprise. The right kind of answer did not come readily to him. "Well," he began with hesitation—"there was that seat in Cheshire where we still had a good bit of land—and Julius didn't object—and I had an idea it would help me in the City." He recovered confidence as he went on. "But it is pretty well played out now. I came in too late. The Kaffir boom spoiled the whole show. Five years ago an M. P. could pick and choose; I knew fellows who were on twenty boards at a time, and big blocks of stock were flying about them like—like hailstones. But you can't do that now. M. P.'s are as cheap as dirt; they won't have 'em at any price. A fellow hardly makes his cab-fares in the City nowadays. And even if you get the very best inside tips, brokers have got so fearfully nasty

about your margins being covered——"

"Oh, well," interposed Christian, "it isn't necessary that we should go into all that. I do not like to hear about the City. If you get money for yourself there, you have taken it away from somebody else. I would rather that people of our name kept away from such things."

"If you come to that, everybody's money is taken from somebody else," said Edward, unexpectedly entering the conversation. His brother checked him with a monitory hand on his arm. "No, you don't understand," Augustine warned him. "I quite see what the Duke means."

"If you see what I mean," returned Christian, quietly, "perhaps you will follow the rest that I have to say. Do you care very much about remaining in Parliament?"

Augustine's face reflected an eager mental effort to get at his august interlocutor's meaning. "Well—that's so hard to say," he began, anxiously. "There are points about it, of course—but then—when you look at it in another way, why of course ——"

"My idea is this," Christian interposed once more. "I hope you won't mind my saying it—but there seems to me something rather ridiculous about your being in the House. Parliament ought not to be treated as a joke, or a convenience. It is a place for men who will work hard in the service of the country, and who have the tastes and the information and the judgment and the patriotic devotion to make their work of value to their country. I dare say that there are members who do not entirely measure up to this standard, but after all there *is* a standard, and I do not like to be a party to lowering it. England has claims upon us Torrs; it deserves something better at our hands than that. So I think I would like you to consider the idea of resigning your seat—or at least, dropping out at the end of this Parliament. Or no—that would be waiting too long. You would better think of retiring now."

"Do you mean that I am to stand for the seat, instead?" asked Edward, looking up with awakened interest.

Christian stared, then sighed smilingly and shook his head.

"No, that doesn't seem to have been in my mind," he replied with gentleness.





Drawn by E. West Clinedinst.

"THE WILL HAD COME TO THEM UNALTERED."

He contemplated the elder brother afresh.

"Have you thought yet what you would like to do?" he asked again, almost with geniality.

"How d'ye mean 'do'?" inquired Edward, with a mutinous note in his voice. "Is it something about a business? If you ask me straight, I'm not so fearfully keen about 'doin'' anything. No fellow wants to do things, if he can rub along without."

Christian found himself repressing a gay chuckle with effort. He had not dreamed he should like this one of his kinsmen so much.

"No—no; you shall not do things," he promised him, with a sparkling eye. "That would be too bad."

Captain Edward turned in his chair, and repressed his legs. "It's a trifle awkward all this, you know," he declared, with an impatient scowl. "It doesn't suit me to be made game of. You've got the whip hand, and you can give me things or not, as you like, and I've got to be civil and take what you offer, because I can't help myself—but damn me if I like to be chaffed into the bargain! I wouldn't do it to you, d'ye see, if it was the other way about."

Christian's face lapsed into instant gravity. A fleeting speculation as to that problematical reversal of positions rose in his mind, but he put it away. "Ah, you mustn't think that," he urged, with serious tones. "No, Cousin Edward, this is what I want to say to you." And then, all unbidden, the things he really wished to say, yet which he had not thought of before, ranged themselves in his mind.

"Listen to me," he went on. "You have been a soldier. You were a soldier when you were a very young man. Now, you had an uncle who was also a soldier when he was a mere youth—a very loyal and distinguished soldier, too. He died a soldier when he was in his fortieth year—far away from his family, from his wife and son, and much farther away still from the place and country of his birth. Once, in his youth, he was mixed up in an unpleasant and even disgraceful affair. How much to blame he personally was—that I do not know. It was very long ago—and he was so young a man—really I refuse to consider the question. I could insist to

myself that he was innocent—if I felt that it mattered at all, one way or the other—and if I did not feel that by doing so, somehow he would not be then so real a figure to me as he is now. And he is very real to me; he has been so all my life."

He paused, with a momentary break in his voice, to blink the tears from his eyes. It was not ducal, but he put the back of his hand to his cheeks, and dried them.

"I show you how it affects me," he continued, simply. "No matter what he did in some stupid hour in London, he was a brave soldier before that, and after that. He fought for many losing causes; he died fighting for one which was most hopeless of all. I am proud that I am his son. I am proud for you, that you are his nephew. And something has occurred to me that I think you will like to do—for me and for him. When I stood to-day over our vault—where we are all buried—it cut me to the heart to remember that one of us lies alone, a great way off—in a strange land by himself. I propose to you that you go to Spain for me—it is at Seo de Urgel, in the mountain country of the Catalans—and that you find his grave, and that you bring him back here to sleep with his people. He would not return in his lifetime—but I think he would be pleased with us for bringing him back now."

Edward had looked fixedly up at his cousin, then glanced away, then allowed his blank gaze to return, the while these words were being spoken. It was impossible to gather from his reddened, immobile face, now, any notion of their effect upon him. But after a moment's pause, he rose to his feet, squared his shoulders and put out his hand to Christian.

"Quite right; I'll go," he said, abruptly.

The two men shook hands, with a sense of magnetic communion which could have amazed no one more than themselves. Then, under a recurring consciousness of embarrassed constraint, they turned away from each other, and Edward wandered off awkwardly toward the door.

"Oh—a moment more," called Christian, with a step in his cousin's direction. Then on second thoughts he added: "Or shall we let that wait? I will see you again—

some time to-day or to-morrow. Yes—leave me now for a minute with your brother.”

When the door had closed upon Edward, Christian turned slowly to Augustine, and, as he leaned once more against the table, regarded him with a ruminating scrutiny.

“I am puzzled about you,” he remarked, thoughtfully.

Augustine returned the gaze with visible perturbation.

“I think,” pursued Christian, “that it rather annoys me that you don’t tell me to puzzle and be damned.”

The other took the words with a grimace, and an unhappy little laugh. He too rose to his feet. “I funk’d it,” he said, with rueful candor.

“Well, don’t funk things with me,” Christian advised him, with a testiness of which, upon the instant, he was ashamed. “Look here,” he continued, less brusquely, “I could take it from your brother that he did not want to do things. That fits him: he is not the kind of man to apply himself in that way. But I have the feeling that you are different. There ought to be performance—capacity—of some sort in you, if I could only get to know what it is. You are only my age. Isn’t there something that particularly appeals to you?”

Augustine balanced himself meditatively upon his heels. “You say you bar the City”—he remarked with caution. “Would you have any objection to Johannesburg? It’s not what it was, by any means, but it’s bound to pick up again. I might do myself very well there—with a proper start.”

“But you are thinking always of money!” broke in Christian, sharply once again. “Suppose that there was no question of money—suppose, what shall I say? that you had twelve hundred a year, secure to you without any effort of your own—what would you do then?”

This seemed very simple to Augustine. “I would do whatever you wanted me to do,” he replied, with fervor.

Christian shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed him with a gesture. “We will speak again about it,” he said coldly, and turned away.

Descending the great staircase a few minutes later, Christian entered the door which Barlow had been waiting to open

for him—and made his first public appearance as the dispenser of Caermere’s hospitality.

The guests, after the old mid-day fashion of the place, were already for the most part gathered in the large dining-hall, and stood or sat in groups upon the side pierced by the tall windows. These guests did not dissemble the interest with which they from time to time directed glances across to the other side, where a long table, laid for luncheon, put in evidence a grateful profusion of cold joints and made-dishes.

A pleased rustle of expectancy greeted Christian’s advent, but it seemed that this did not, for the moment at least, involve food and drink. He strolled over to the company, and, as he exchanged words here and there, kept an attentive eye busy in taking stock of its composition. There were some forty persons present, of whom three-fourths, apparently, were county people. A few casual presentations forced themselves upon him, but the names of the new acquaintances established no foothold in his memory. He smiled and murmured words which he hoped were seasonable—but all the while he was scanning the assemblage with a purpose of his own.

At last he came to Kathleen, and was able to have a private word in her ear. “I do not see her anywhere,” he whispered.

“I could not prevail upon her to come in to lunch,” she answered; “I imagine it is partly a question of clothes. But she is being looked out for. And afterward I will take charge of her again, if you like—though—”

The sentence remained unfinished, as she took the arm Christian offered her, at Barlow’s eloquent approach.

## XXV.

During the progress of the luncheon, Christian found no opportunity for intimate conversation with Emanuel’s wife. The elderly and ponderously verbose Lord Chobham sat upon her right; there was the thin-faced, exigent wife of some clerical person in gaiters—a rural dean, was it not?—full of dogmatic commonplaces, on his left. The other people did not seem to talk so much. The scene down the table—with so much black cloth offset garishly

against the white linen in the daylight—presented an effect of funereal sobriety, curiously combined with a spontaneous reaction of the natural man against this effect. The guests ate steadily and with energy; Christian noted with interest how freely they also drank. For himself, he could not achieve an appetite, but thirst was in the air. He lifted his glass bravely to Lord Julius, whose massive bulk and beard confronted him at the other end of the table—and then to others whose glance from time to time caught his.

Once he found the chance to murmur to Kathleen: "When this is over, I hope you will manage it so that I may speak with you."

She nodded slow assent, without looking at him. He, observing her profile, realized all at once that something was amiss with her. It came back to him now that a certain intensity of sadness had dwelt in the first glance they had exchanged that morning, upon meeting. At the time he had referred it to the general aspect of woe which people put on at funerals. He saw now that it was a grief personal to herself. And now that he thought of it, too, there had been much the same stricken look upon Emanuel's face. It was incredible that they should be thus devoured by grief at the fact of his grandfather's death. No one had liked that old man overmuch—but surely they least of all. The emotion of Lord Julius was more intelligible—and yet even this had a quality of broken dejection in it which seemed independent of Caermere's cause for mourning.

The disquieting conviction that these dearly beloved cousins of his—these ineffably tender and generous friends of his—were writhing under some trouble unknown to him, took more definite shape in his mind with each new glance that he stole at her. Once the thought sprang up that they might be unhappy because such a huge sum of money had been given to him, but on the instant he hated himself for being capable of formulating such a monstrous idea. The wondering solicitude which all this raised within him possessed his thoughts for the rest of the meal. He was consumed with impatience to get away so that he might question Kathleen about it.

Yet when at last he found himself beside her, standing before an old portrait in one of the chain of big rooms through which the liberated company had dispersed itself, this was just the question for which it seemed that no occasion would offer.

She began speaking to him at once. "The young lady—Miss Bailey, I should say—has gone for a walk—so Falkner learns from some of the women. They have the impression that she is coming back—but I don't know that I feel quite so sure about it."

Christian's face visibly lengthened. "It's very awkward," he said, with vague annoyance. "They do not arrange things in a very talented fashion, these people of mine."

"But what could they arrange?" she argued. An indefinable listlessness in her tone struck him. "It is a free country, you know, and this is the nineteenth century. They cannot bodily capture a young woman and keep her in the Castle against her will. As I told you, I had difficulty in persuading her to come at all."

"Ah, what did you say to her?" he asked, eagerly.

"I can hardly tell you. She is not an ordinary person—and I know only that I tried not to say ordinary things to her. But what it was that I did say——" She broke off with an uncertain gesture, and a sigh.

"Ah, you saw that she was not ordinary!" said Christian, admiringly. "I should love dearly to hear what you really think of her—the impression that she makes upon you."

Kathleen roused herself and turned to him. "Do you truly mean it, Christian?" she asked him, gravely.

"Do you blame me?" he rejoined, with uneasy indirection.

She pressed her lips together, and stared up at the picture with a troubled face. "I know so little of her," she protested. "You put too big a responsibility upon me. It is more than I am equal to."

With a sudden gust of self-reproach, he perceived afresh the marks of suffering in her countenance, and recalled his anxiety. "Take my arm," he said, softly, "and let us go on into the next room. There is a

terrace there, I think. Forgive me for troubling you," he added, as they moved forward. "I ought to have seen that you are not well—that you have something on your mind."

She did not answer him immediately. "It is Emanuel who is not well," she said, after a pause.

Christian uttered a formless little exclamation of grieved astonishment. "Oh, it is nothing serious?" he whispered imploringly.

She shook her head in a doubtful way. "No, I think not—that is, not irrevocably. But he has worked too hard. He has broken down under the strain. We are going away for a long journey—to rest, and forget about the System."

He bent his head to look into her eyes—trusting his glance to say the things which his lips shrank from uttering. A window stood open, and they passed out upon a broad stone terrace, shaded and pleasant under a fresh breeze full of forest odors.

"Oh—the System"—he ventured to say, as they stood alone here, and she lifted her head to breathe in the revivifying air—"I felt always that it was too much for one man. The load was too great. It would crush the most powerful man on earth."

She nodded reflective assent. "Oh, yes—I'm afraid I hated it," she confessed to him, in a murmur full of contrition.

"But he is going away now," urged Christian, hopefully. "You will have him to yourself—free from care, seeing strange and beautiful new places—as long as you like. Ah, then soon enough that gaiety of yours will return to you. Why, it is such a shock to me to think of you as sad, depressed—you who are by nature so full of joy and high spirits. Ah, but be sure they will all return to you! I make no doubt whatever of that. And Emanuel, too—he will get rested and strong, and be happy as he never was before—the dear fellow!"

She smiled at him in wan, affectionate fashion. "All the courage has gone out of me," she said. "Will it be coming back again? God knows!"

"But surely——" Christian began, with hearty confidence.

She interrupted him. "What I am

fearful of—it is not so much his health, strictly speaking—but the terrible unsettling blow that all this means to him. It is like the death of a beautiful only child to the fondest of fathers. It tears his heart to pieces. He loved his work so devotedly—it was so wholly a part of his life—and to have to give it up! He says he is reconciled. Poor man, he tried with all his strength to make himself believe that he is. I catch him forcing a smile on his face when he sees me looking at him—and that is the hardest of all for me to bear.—But I don't know"—she drew a long breath, and gazed with a wistful brightening in her eyes at the placid hills and sky—"it may work itself out for the best. As you say—when we get away alone together, ah, that is where love like ours will surely tell. I do wrong to harbor any doubts at all. When two people love each other as we do—ah, Christian, boy, there's nothing else in all the world to equal that!"

He inclined his head gravely, to mark his reverential sympathy with her mood.

"Ah, but you know nothing of it at all," she went on. "You're just a lad—and love is no more to be understood by instinct than any other great wisdom. Millions of people pass through life talking about love—and they would stare with surprise if you told them they never had had so much as a glimmer of the meaning of it. They use the name of love in all the matings of young couples—and there's hardly once in a thousand times that it isn't blasphemy to mention it. Do you know what most marriages are? Life-sentences! If you have means and intelligence, you make your prison tolerable; you can get used to it, and even grow dependent upon it—but it is a prison still. The best-behaved convict eyes his warder with a cruel thought somewhere at the back of his mind. Do you remember—when you left us the first time, I begged you to be in no haste to marry?"

He bowed again. "Oh, yes, I remember it all," he said, soberly.

"I have come to feel so strongly upon that subject," she explained. "It seems to me more important than all others combined. It is the last thing in the world that should be decided upon an



impulse, or a passing fancy—yet that is just what happens all about us. The books are greatly to blame for that. They talk as if only boys and girls knew what love meant. They flatter the young people, and turn their empty heads, with the notion that their idlest inclinations are very probably sacred emotions—which they may trust to burn brightly in a pure flame all their lives. The innocent simpletons rush to light this penny dip that is warranted to blaze eternally, and in a week or a month they are in utter darkness. We trembled lest you, coming so suddenly into a new life, should meet with that misfortune."

He smiled faintly at her. "You see, I have not," he commented.

She regarded him thoughtfully. "It is impossible to make rules for others in these matters," she observed, "but there is this thing to be said. True love must be built upon absolutely true friendship; there can be no other foundation for it. You will often see two men who are fond of each other. They delight in being together. Very often you cannot imagine what is the tie between them—and they would not be able to tell you. They just like to be together—even though they may not speak for hours, and may be as different in temperament as chalk and cheese. That is the essence of friendship—and you cannot have love without it. The man and the woman must have the all-powerful sense of ideal companionship between them. They must be able to say with truth to themselves that the world will always be richer to them together than apart. There may be many other elements in love, but there can be no love at all without this element. But you wonder why I am saying all this to you."

He made a deprecatory gesture of the hands. "I am always charmed when you talk to me. I have been remembering that dear home of yours, and how inexpressibly good you were to me. I prize that memory so fondly!"

She smiled with an approach to her old gaiety of manner. "You were like a son of our own to us. And so we think of you now—as if you were ours."

"And with what munificence you have treated me!" he exclaimed, fervently. "And why not? For whom else would we

be laying up our money? Oh, there was no difference of opinion about that. Months ago it was decided that when you came into Caermere you should come into everything."

"I feared that Emanuel would be angry—disappointed—at my not taking up his work—but truly I could not. It wouldn't be easy to explain to you—but——"

"No—let us not go into reasons. He had no feeling about it whatever. How should he? It would have been as reasonable to be vexed because the lenses of his spectacles did not fit your eyes. And Emanuel is reasonableness itself. No—the experiment was quite personal to himself. Without him, it could not have gone on at all. It will not go on now, when he leaves it to others. We make some little pretense that it will—but we know in our hearts that it won't. And there was a fatal fault in it, to begin with, that would have killed it sooner or later, in any case."

"I know what you mean," he interposed, with sensitive intuition. "There was no proper place in it for women. 'The very corner-stone of the System was the perpetual enslavement of women'—or rather, I should say"—he stumbled awkwardly as the sweeping form of the quotation revealed itself to him—"I should say, it did not provide women with the opportunities which—which——"

Kathleen also had her intuitions. "May I ask?—it sounds as if you were repeating a remark—was it Miss Bailey who said that about the corner-stone?"

Christian bit his lip and flushed confusedly. "Yes—I think those were her words," he confessed. "But, you must remember," he added, eager to minimize the offense—"it was in the course of a long discussion on the whole subject, and she——"

"The dear girl!" said Kathleen, with a sigh of relief.

"Ah, but you would love her!" he cried, excitedly perceiving the significance of her words. "She has the noblest mind—calm and broad and serene—and so fine a nature—I know you would love her!"

Kathleen put a hand on his arm, with motherly directness. "But do *you* love her?" she asked.

To his own considerable surprise he hesi-



tated. "I have that feeling of deep friendship that you described," he said, slowly. "The charm of being where she is is like nothing else to me. I cannot think that it would ever lose its force for me. I get the effect of drawing strength and breadth of thought and temper from her, when I am with her. I would rather spend my life with her for my companion than any other woman I have ever seen. That is what you mean, is it not?"

"Partly," she made enigmatic response. "But—now you mustn't answer me if I ask what I've no business to ask—but the suspicion came to me while you were speaking—I am right, am I not, in thinking that you have said all this to her?"

"Yes," he admitted with palpable reluctance, "and she would not listen to me. Only a few hours before I heard the news of my grandfather's death, I asked her to be my wife, and she refused. She seemed very resolute. And yet she has some of that same feeling of friendship for me. She said that she had always a deep interest in me. She had read books—very serious books—in order to be able to advise me, if the chance ever came. All that bespeaks friendship, surely! And her coming here, to look on and still not be seen—you said yourself that she was distressed at being discovered—is not that the act of warm friendship?"

Kathleen pondered her reply. She looked away at the nearest hills across the river for some moments, with her gaze riveted motionlessly as if in an absorption of interest. Without moving her head, she spoke at last: "You have a good deal to say about friendship. It is my fault—I introduced the word and insisted on it—but did you also lay such stress upon this 'friendship' to her?"

"You do not know her nature," he assured her. "There is nothing weak or

commonplace in it. One does not talk to her as to an ordinary woman—as you yourself said. I begged her to join her life to mine, and I put the plea on the highest possible grounds. All that I have repeated to you, and much more, I said to her—how great was my need of her, how lofty her character seemed to me, how all my life I should revere her, and gain strength and inspiration from being with her."

"H—m," said Kathleen.

"Do you



Drawn by B. West Clinefirst.

"FOUND HIMSELF BESIDE HER."

mean?"—he began, regarding his companion wonderingly—"was that not enough? Remember the kind of woman she is—proud of her independence, occupied with large thoughts, not to be appealed to by any but the highest motives—a creature who disdains the sentimental romances of inferior women—do you mean that there should have been something more? I do love her—and should I have told her so in so many words?"

"I'm afraid that's our foible," she made answer. On the face that she turned to him, something like the old merry light was shining. "You goose!" she scolded at him, genially.

His eyes sparkled up as with a light from her own. "Oh, I will make some excuse, and get away from these people, and find her," he cried. "She will be returning, if not here, then to the inn, down below the church, don't you think? There would be nothing out of the way in my riding down, would there? Or if I sent a man down with a letter, appealing to her not to go away—telling her why? There is no earthly reason why she should not stop here at the Castle. Her sister is here—why, of course, she belongs quite to the family party. How dull of me not to have thought of that! Of course, Cora can go and fetch her."

"I think I would leave Cora out of it," Kathleen advised him. "There is nothing that you cannot do better yourself. Come here! Do you see that patch of reddish stain on the hill there, above the poplars where the iron has colored the rock? Well, look to the right, on the ledge just a bit higher up—there is Miss Bailey. I have been watching her for some minutes. She has been round the hill; the path she is on will lead her to the Mere Copse—and to the heath beyond the orchards."

His eyes had found the moving figure, microscopic yet unmistakable in the sunshine against the verdant face of the hill—and they dwelt upon it for a meditative moment.

Then he turned to Kathleen, and took her hand, and almost wrung it in his own. "Do let us go in!" he urged her, with exultant eagerness.

## XXVI.

Christian, professing to himself momentarily that the chance to get away from his guests was at hand, discovered that his escape, all the same, was no easy matter.

Kathleen had disappeared somewhere, and without her he seemed curiously helpless. He did not as yet know the house well enough to be sure about its exits. The result of one furtive attempt at flight was to find himself in the midst of a group of county people, who fell back courteously at his approach and, as if by design, let him become involved in a quite meaningless conversation with a purple-faced, bull-necked old gentleman whose name he could not remember. This person talked at tremendous length, producing his words in gurgling spasms; his voice was so husky and his manner so disconcerting—not to mention the peculiarities of the local dialect in which he spoke—that Christian could make literally nothing of his remarks. He maintained a rapid listener's smile, the while his eyes roamed despondently about the room, and what he could see of the next apartment, in search of some relief. If he could hit upon Dicky Westland—or even Edward or Augustine!

It became apparent to him, at last, that his interlocutor was discoursing on the subject of dogs. Of course—it would be about the Caermere hounds. On the grave faces of those about him, who stood near enough to hear the sounds of this mysterious monologue, he read signs that they considered themselves a party to it. It was on their behalf as well as his own that the old gentleman was haranguing him—and he swiftly perceived the necessity of paying better attention.

"The hounds—yes," he said, after a little. "I have been making inquiries about them. I am advised that they cannot be kept up properly for less than four thousand five hundred a year."

"Up to Lord Porlock's death, we had something like twenty-four hundred pounds from the Castle, and we made a whip-round among ourselves," the other replied, "for the rest. With corn what it is, and rents what they are, we're all so poor now that it'll be harder than ever to get subscriptions, but we'll try to do our

share if the Castle'll meet us half-way."

Christian felt that he liked being referred to as "the Castle." Moreover, an idea suddenly took shape in his mind. "My uncle, Lord Porlock, was the Master," he said. "And before him my grandfather, I believe. But what has been done since Lord Porlock's death—about a new Master, I mean?"

Out of the complicated response made to this question he gathered vaguely that nothing had been done—that nothing could have been done.

"My cousin, Captain Torr, is a hunting man, I think." He threw out the question with some diffidence, and was vastly relieved to see the faces brighten about him.

"None better, by God!" affirmed the old gentleman, with vehemence, and there followed a glowing and spluttering eulogium of Edward's sportsmanlike qualities and achievements, in the middle of which Christian recalled that the speaker was Sir George Dence.

"I like the Mastership to continue in the family, Sir George," he replied, suavely proud of the decision he had leaped to. "I think I shall suggest to you that Captain Edward take the hounds, and that, for a time at least, you allow the Castle to be at the entire expense. At all events, you have my annual subscription of five thousand pounds to begin upon."

He made a dignified half-bow in the silence which ensued, and boldly moved away. The murmur of amazed admiration which rose behind him was music in his ears.

Visions of possible escape rose for the moment before him. He walked with an air of resolution through the next room, trying to remember whither the corridor outside led—but at the doorway he stopped face to face with Lord Lingfield.

"Ah," said his cousin, amiably, "I did not know if I should see you again. I thought perhaps that you had gone to lie down. Funerals take it out of one so, don't they? My father is quite seedy since lunch, and poor Lady Cressage has the most wretched headache! I think myself she'd do better not to travel while it lasts, but she's anxious to get away, and so we're all off by the evening train."

"Oh, I didn't dream of your hurrying off like this," exclaimed Christian, sincerely enough. "But if you are set upon it—come, let's find your father. It will seem as if I had neglected him."

"He's in his room," explained Lord Lingfield, as they moved away together, "getting into some heavier clothes. The evenings are chilly here in the hills, and we're to start almost immediately, and take the long drive round through the forest. Lady Cressage has talked so much of it, and we've never seen it, you know."

"But this is all too bad!" urged Christian. "You rush away before I have had time to have a word with any of you. There is no urgent reason for such haste, is there now, really?"

"Lady Cressage seems anxious to go," answered the other, with a kind of significance in his solemn voice. "And of course—since she came with us—"

Christian stole a quick glance at his kinsman, and as swiftly looked away. "If she prefers it—of course," he commented with brevity.

"Do you think she is very strong?" asked Lord Lingfield. "I have a kind of fear, sometimes, that her health is not altogether robust. She seemed very pale to-day." There was a note of obvious solicitude in his voice.

"She has a headache," Christian reminded him.

"Yes, that would account for it, wouldn't it?" The young man was visibly relieved by this reflection. "They may say what they like," he went on, "she is the most beautiful woman in London to-day, just as she was when she was married. Let me see—I am not sure that I ever knew her precise age. Do you happen to know?"

"She is four-and-twenty."

"Not more! I should have said six, or at least five. Hm-m! Four-and-twenty!" The reiteration, for some reason, seemed to afford him pleasure. "I am nearly thirty myself," he added meditatively, "and I'm practically sure of being in the next Government. Shall you go in much for politics, do you think? It wouldn't be of any great use to you, except the Garter, perhaps, and it's so fearfully slow waiting for that. My father had the promise of it as long ago as Lord John Russell's time, and it

hasn't come off yet. But then that Home Rule business was so unfortunate—it sent us all over to the Tory side, where there were already more people waiting for things than there were things to go round. If I were you, I would keep very quiet for a year or two—not committing myself openly to either side. I can't help thinking there will be a break-up. It's a fearful bore to have only twenty or thirty people on one side and five hundred on the other. They won't stand it much longer. It doesn't make a fair distribution of things. Of course, I'm a Unionist, but if I were in your shoes, I'd think it over very carefully. The Liberals haven't got a single Duke—and mind you, though people don't seem to notice it, it is a fact that a party practically never succeeds itself. The Liberals are bound to come in, sooner or later—and then, if you were their only Duke, why, you'd get your Garter shot at you out of a gun—so to speak. Of course, I mustn't be mentioned as saying this—but you think it over! And it needn't matter in the least—our being in different parties. We can help each other quite as well—indeed, sometimes I'm tempted to think even better. Of course, I dare say there won't be much that I can do for you—for the next two or three years at least—except in the way of advice, and tips, and that sort of thing—but there may be a number of matters that you can help me in.”

Christian nodded wearily—with a nervous thought upon the time being wasted. “I am not likely to forget your kindness—or our family ties,” he said, consciously evasive.

“You never saw Cressage, of course; awful beast!” remarked the other, with an irrelevancy which still struck the listener as having a certain method in it. “It makes a man furious to think what she must have suffered with him. And a mere child, too, when she was married. Only four-and-twenty now! These early marriages are a great mistake. Of course, when a man gets to be nearly thirty, and there is a family and property and so on to be handed along, why, then marriage becomes a duty. That has always been my view. And I try invariably to do my duty, as I see it. I think a man ought to, you know.”

Christian sighed, and restrained an impulse to look at his watch. They had sauntered forward into the central hallway; through the open door could be seen a carriage and pair drawn up before the steps. A rustle on the stairs behind him caught his ear, and turning, Christian beheld Lady Cressage descending toward him, with Lord Chobham looming, stately and severe, in the shadows above her.

He moved impulsively to her. “It was the greatest surprise to me—and disappointment, too—to hear that you were going like this,” he declared, with outstretched hand.

She smiled feebly, and regarded him with a pensive consideration. Her heavy mourning of an earlier hour had been exchanged for a black garb less ostentatiously funereal, yet including the conventional widow's-fall, which he had not seen her wear before. The thought that here at Caermere, last autumn, she had not even worn a widow's-cap, rose in his mind. It carried with it a sense of remissness, of contumacy as against the great family which had endowed her with one of its names. But at least now she exhibited a consciousness that her husband was less than a year dead. And her pallid face was very beautiful in its frame of black—a delicately strong face, meditative, reserved, holding sadness in a proud restraint. “I am not very well,” she said to him, in tones to reach his ear alone. “The crowd here depressed me. I could not bring myself to appear at luncheon. It seems better that I should go away.”

“But it is such a fatiguing journey—for one who does not feel wholly up to it!” he urged upon her. “All these strangers will be going—I think some of them have gone already. I don't know what their rule is here about stopping after luncheon—but surely they must clear out very soon. Then we shall be quite by ourselves—so that if that is your only reason for going—why, I can't admit that it is a reason at all.”

He paused, and strove to cover with a halting smile his sudden perception that they were not talking with candor to each other. There were things in her mind, things in his mind, which bore no relation to the words they uttered. She was looking at him musingly—and he felt that he

could read in her glance, or perhaps gather from what there was not in her glance, that she would not go if he begged her with sufficient earnestness to remain. Nay, the conviction flashed vividly uppermost in his thoughts that even a tolerable simulation of this earnestness would be enough. It

was as if a game were being played, in which he was not quite the master of his moves. In this mere instant of time, while they had stood facing each other, he had been able to reproduce the whole panorama of his contact with this beautiful woman. From that first memorable day when she had come into his wondering, distraught vision of the new life before him, to that other day but a week ago when he had stood trembling with passionate emotions in her presence, his mental pictures of her rose con-

nectedly about him. They exerted a pressure upon his will. They left him no free agency in the matter. By all the chivalric, tenderly compassionate memories they evoked, he must bid her to remain.

"I am very sorry that you feel you must

go," was what he heard himself say instead.

"Good-bye," she answered simply, and gave him her gloved hand with an impassive face. "Lord Chobham and Lord Lingfield are good enough to see me back to London again. We are driving round

through the forest. Our people are to join us at the station with the luggage. Good-bye."

He accompanied the party out to the carriage door, despite some formal doubts about its being the proper thing to do. Both father and son made remarks to him, to which he seemed to be making suitable answers, but what they were about he never knew. The tragedy of Edith's final departure from Caermere—she who had been the hostess here when he came; she who was to have worn the coronet on her lovely



*Drawn by E. West Chindinst.*

"LED ALONG THE EDGE OF THE FLOWER-BED BY A WOMAN IN BLACK."

brow as the mistress of it all—seized upon his mind and harrowed it. A vehement self-reproach that his thoughts should have done her even momentary injustice stung him, as he beheld her seated in the carriage. She smiled at him—that



wistful, subdued smile of the headache—and then, as the horses moved, his eyes were resting upon another smile instead—the beaming of fatuous content upon the countenance of Lord Lingfield, who sat facing her.

Christian, regarding this second cousin of his as the carriage receded from view, suddenly breathed a long sigh of relief.

All at once remembering many things, he wheeled with the impulse to run up the steps. Upon reflection, he ascended them sedately instead, and gave orders in the hall that Mr. Westland should be sent to him forthwith. Two or more groups of departing guests came upon him, while he stood irresolutely here, and he bade them farewell with formal gravity. The two parsons whom he had seen at the church were among them—attired now in black garments, with curiously ugly little round, flat hats—and he noted with interest that their smirking deference now displeased him less than it had done in the morning. He perceived that his lungs were becoming accustomed to the atmosphere of adulation, and smiled tolerantly at himself. How long would it be, he wondered with idle amusement, before it would stifle him to breathe any other air?

Augustine had sauntered out from some unknown quarter into the hall, and Christian beckoned to him. A shapeless kind of suspicion, born of a resemblance now for the first time suggesting itself, had risen in his brain. He took the young man by the arm, and strolled aside with him.

"Am I wrong," he asked carelessly, "or did I see you at the supper at the Hanover Theater? Let us see—it would be a week ago to-night? I thought so. Why I asked—I was curious to know whom you were with. It was a young man; you were standing together between some scenery as I passed you."

"Oh!" said Augustine, with visible reassurance. "That was Tom Bailey—Cora's brother, you know."

"What sort is he?" Christian pursued, secretly astonished at the inspired accuracy of his intuition.

"Well"—replied the other, hesitatingly—"it's rather hard to say. He got sent down from Cambridge for something or

other, and his governor got the needle over it, and put him on an allowance of a pound a week, or something like that, and so what could he do? It's jolly hard on a young fellow round town to have less money than anybody else. He's bound to get talked about, if he only owes half-a-crown to some outsider or other, and that makes other fellows turn shirty. But I think he always pays when he can."

"You like him, then, do you?"

"Oh, yes—I like Tom well enough," answered Augustine, dubiously pondering the significance of the interrogatory. "He'd be all right if—if he had a proper chance." With a sigh, he ventured to add: "He's like the rest of us—that way."

At sight of Dicky Westland's approach, Christian dropped his inquiries abruptly. "All right," he said, with enigmatic brevity, and turned to his secretary with a meaning gesture. "I want to get away from here—out of the Castle," he murmured to the newcomer, "without a minute's delay. I have a—kind of appointment, and I am already late. If you will get our hats, we will walk out together, as if we were discussing some private matter, and then no one will interrupt us."

This confidence was only partially justified by events. The two made their way unmolested into the open air, and across some long stretches of lawn to the beginning of the series of gardens. It was within Christian's memory that one reached the orchards and the opening upon the heath by traversing these gardens. But in the second of them, where remarkable masses of tulips in gorgeous effulgence of bloom occupied the very beds in which he believed the dahlias must have been last year, there was some one on the well-remembered path in front of him.

A little child of two or three years, still walking insecurely at least, was being led along the edge of the flower-border by a woman in black whose back was turned. The infant had caught the notion of bending over the hyacinths, one by one, laboriously to smell their perfume, and the woman indulgently lent herself to the pastime, halting and supporting the little one by the hand.

(To be continued.)



## JUDITH DAUNTRY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE brook trickled down from the pass of the hills, a slender stream that you could step across, curving and looping, scattering diamonds, taking the sun in its brown shallows. Springs bubbled up along the way to feed it, and trout flashed their red-jeweled sides in its pools, other brooks swelled it to a stream, birches bordered it, willows dipped in it, pine trees darkened it, marsh-mallows lighted its coves, arrow-heads made it blue, the scarlet cardinals saw themselves painted there, and in their turn the fringed gentians lifted their deep blue to match the blue it mirrored. And when the lucid ice sheathed it, and the snow powdered it, Judith Dauntry could still hear it tinkling below, as it wound its way about the farm that was hers, and made its boundary. Such as it was, it was the only friend she had in the world.

She sat high up in the pass, one gray day, on the stone from under which the brook bubbled, and looked down the long valley over a wide and wild and lonely country—a drear and desolate country in the dun hues of late autumn, arched by an

immensity of gray wind-driven clouds. What did she and her pain signify in all this wide hollow of earth and sky? A mote in the immensity, a sigh melting into the clouds—something that would pass as all pain passes. Another woman had perhaps sat here with her own pain long and long ago—and who knew of it, who

remembered it? It was as if it had never been. But for Judith now the pain swelled and filled the whole space; there was nothing but pain in the world.

A watery sunshine struggled through the clouds, just as a man came round the thicket and climbed up toward her, a tall and slender stooping shape, at the sight of which the tears sprang and blinded her so that she saw neither sunshine nor lover. But they were not

tears for herself. Her own pain was too deep and dry and hard for tears. They were the tears of something like an infinite compassion for this poor creature who asked bread of her. And should she give him a stone?

He sat down beside her in silence. Presently his arm stole round her; and she



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"SHE SAT HIGH UP IN THE PASS, ONE GRAY DAY."

laid her head on his shoulder with a swift sob that tore its way up in spite of her.

"Is it as bad as that?" he said.

"It's giving up everything," she answered, without moving. "People, friends, meeting, the minister—good name. And before long you—you—will believe evil of me, too."

"I! You think so!"

He felt her shudder. "We are the same thing," he said hotly. "We give up the world. We can get along without it. You are worth the world to me! Besides," he added presently, and more slowly, "it isn't as if it was not right in the sight of God—"

"Don't bring God into it," she cried passionately, lifting her head, and tossing the loose and long black hair out of her eyes, "now, or ever! We are giving up this world. And we are giving up the other. Oh, my God! I can never say my prayers again!" And she stood up, her hands pressed to her eyes as if they would shut out light forever.

He stood up, too. "Well," he said. "That's all. It shan't be. I'll go back—back to hell." He wavered a moment. The sun burst out of the cloud and gilded his hair, thin pale hair like a child's, blowing about the face, the face that was weak and wistful, with strange, soft, beautiful eyes. "Yes," he said. "I'll go back to warming my feet in the moon-shine. I can rub along with Esther. And if I can't—there's always water in the river. As for the child—it's better than nothing."

"Yes," she said.

He looked at her, a sort of sullen sadness in his eyes. "I'll break your heart if I stay," he said.

"And you'll break it if you go!" she cried. And she moved swiftly, and threw her arms about him and pressed her lips on his. "No, no, no!" she cried, between her kisses. "It is all over. It is done. We shall always have each other. What do we care for any one else! Heaven—it is a dream, a fable! It will be heaven to be together. And after that, sleep!"

"In one grave."

"Oh, why do you speak of graves?" she exclaimed, with a vehement gesture.

"Because it would be better if you were

in yours now, as every one would say."

"Very well. Let us say the worst that can be said. Let us call it a grave. But we are together in it. We shall always be together. See, the sun has come out," she cried between her passionate embraces. "I take it for a sign. It was so dreary a moment since, and now, look!" and she pointed down the reaches of dun gold and misty violet along the great plain. "It is like a valley in Eden."

"And we the first man and woman."

"Do you know where we are? It is the old Stone of Sacrifice of the Sachems." She stooped, and laid her hand upon it. "I, Judith Dauntry," she said, "promise you, Ellis Goff, the faithfulness, the obedience, of my life!"

He bent, too, and laid his hand, cold and trembling, over hers. "And I, Ellis Goff, take the sacrifice," he said.

And if a more bleeding sacrifice was never laid upon the stone, neither whispered the thought of it. As she straightened herself and gazed at him, with the new gladness in her eyes, the sun transfigured all her tall and shapely being into a thing of majestic beauty, lingered in the brown depths of her eyes, gave her face a bloom, the edges of her lips a scarlet transparency, and made her smile a radiance. "Come, now," she said, gathering her cloak, and clasping his hand.

She stepped across the brook, and paused over the pool where the vertical sunbeams turned the pebbles at bottom into live jewels—a ruby, an emerald, an amethyst—flashing up through the clear depth. She released her grasp, and kneeled down, and dipped both hands in the pure water. "See!" she said. "I wash off all the old days, the old faiths, the old ways. It is a baptism into the new—no, the old, the very old! Dip your hands in, too, Ellis! Now we go back to nature."

She did not notice that the sun went in and left only gray pebbles at the bottom of the pool. She forgot her sorrows, her fears, her doubts, her misery of the morning. She went along in the sudden blaze of a joy burning itself out as swiftly as intensely.

So they followed the brook's way till it skirted the edge of Harden Hill, and suddenly with rapids and falls dipped into the

valley, where they lost sight of the source and the great plain and saw only the ring of hills and the farm, around one promontory of which the brook washed before it wound again about the base of the hills and went down and past the town to find the river and at last the embracing sea.

Through the cut of the hills one saw the sparkle of the spire below; no other dwelling was in sight; the wooded slopes encircled the spot like giants lying at their ease; here in the dimple of rich land before them lay Judith Dauntry's home, and their prison.

The farm filled the hollow; except for garden-spots, when it became hers Judith had it laid down to grass. She had a little money at interest, left her with the farm by her parents, who had come from England and settled here. They had nothing else, these two; for Ellis had given Esther his own house, and she had sold it and gone

with her child to her mother—perhaps with the vague hope that he would follow her when the spell that Judith Dauntry had cast upon him should come to naught. He had been living in a hut in the woods since then.

But the two understood what was before them. They would expose themselves to the retribution of insult no more than was

unavoidable. A wandering factor had always bought the standing grass; the garden-plots would give them vegetables sufficient for the year; there were maples in the wood-lot for their sugar; and for the rest there were the domestic animals, and there were a few sheep on the hillside whose fleeces Judith would spin and weave; and with this they would be nearly independent of the world. At present they had clothes; and when anything farther was needed it

was not impossible for Ellis to make a detour through the woods and over the hills to places where he was unknown. Once a year must Judith confront the human race: when she went to draw her pittance of money. And so they began the long days and nights.

Judith gave herself no time to think. She would have the low, dark rooms pleasant for Ellis. She found long evergreen trailers; and she brought the forest she had loved in-



Drawn by F. O. Small.

"PRESENTLY ONE OF THEM RAN TO HER."

to the house with great hemlock boughs, not knowing that to Ellis, whose nature was that to which companionship, people and the gay side of life are sympathetic, the forest and its gloom and awesomeness only accented trouble. She put his clothes in order, singing all day long; she made him savory dishes, and filled his pipe; and wherever she was in the house on the dark

and dour November days sunshine seemed to follow her.

For a while, too, he met her on this plane. It was a long day-dream of joy. They looked neither backward nor forward; they were in a radiant present, indifferent as the madman to whom it matters not though palaces fall and continents crumble while he plays with straws in the sunshine. If into this day-dream there crept the least faint suffusion of something like nightmare—I know not what—perhaps an unrecognized sense each of wrong to the other—neither at first perceived it. But it spread like the shadow of a sailing cloud, it never lifted; and it darkened now and then to gloom. It was some time before Judith in her own deep content observed that the smile on his face had become a seldom thing. It did not fairly enter her perception till the night of the charivari.

It had taken many weeks for the virtue of the town below to discover and realize and resent the outrage that had been done it. But at last it had become penetrated with the consciousness of sin in the neighborhood; and it had taken punishment into its own hands.

It was in the dead of the winter night, in the middle of the January thaw, that Judith waked with hideous cries and fierce discords of blaring horns rending the air about her. As soon as she could move, for the beating of her heart, she crept to the window and through the crack of the curtain looked out on a mob of men and boys, hooting and halloing, beating on drums and gongs, blowing fish-horns, singing ribald songs, uttering derisive yells, filling all the place with an incredible foulness of outcry. Perhaps it was the fit way to characterize guilt—it seemed to Judith suddenly as if she were the virtue and they were the vice. She went back, and took Ellis in her arms, and lay there feeling the long shudders that swept him from head to foot. She did not kiss him, or caress him. All at once she knew that her kiss or caress at that moment would be hateful to him. She only held his head upon her breast, and clasped him closer as insult after insult struck her, and vile words pierced her ears like stabs, and she felt him cower as she held him.

How long the ordeal might have lasted, one cannot say; but the south wind blowing down the gap brought with it a burst of rain; and in the chill and soaking shower the crowd melted away.

But neither Judith nor her lover stirred or spoke for many hours. They lay awake till the dark winter dawn, she with thrills of apprehension and of defiance that were agony, he blenching and horror-struck. Then the white light struck up the ceiling, and they saw that the rain had turned to snow, and a merciful pure mantle covered all signs of the night. "I have been the means of your enduring this!" he said. And then he shook with a torrent of tears as fierce as the sleet that whipped the pane; and she sat beside him, and lifted his head to her shoulder, and hushed him, pouring over him the calmness of her courage.

"If we go away?" she said, half unwillingly.

"Where will we go that our guilt will not go, too?" he cried.

But by and by he slept. And when he came down the fire was sparkling, and the coffee was hot, and there was work to do; and presently anger took the place of fear, and dullness finally scarred the wounds both of anger and of grief. "If Esther should get a divorce——" he said, the fire glancing over Judith's sumptuous red and brown beauty, as they sat beside the hearth a few nights later, and brightening his white face into something ethereal before her eyes.

"Would you ask her!" said Judith.

"Would you accept mercy at her hands!"

"Then we could marry!" the whelp urged.

"And with no sin?" asked Judith, laughing bitterly. "We will not deceive ourselves, at any rate. The sin would be the same, even if it were legalized. Divorce simply makes sin lawful. And then it is called by another name. It is the same still, only it ceases to be a crime because it ceases to be against law."

"At all events it would be obeying the law."

"I have no voice in making the law, why should I obey it?"

"I had a voice, though," said Ellis.

"And what are we saying anyway?" cried Judith, joyously. "We agreed that

sin had no part in us, that we were returning to nature!"

"Well, well," he added presently, "we can sell the farm."

"No one will buy it," Judith replied.

"Then we can leave it, and go seek our fortunes."

"On the road? You are fit for it!" cried Judith, her blood up, her resentment fired. "No; we will stay here. Come what will, we have our rights here. If we have done wrong, we will take our punishment here."

Perhaps she wished him to say they had done no wrong. But he was silent. And Judith had already begun to take her punishment.

The mood passed, however, with the storm. And Ellis found his fiddle and played out his dreams; and as she listened and gazed at him, grown white and thin, with the melancholy droop of the eye, what was still any remembrance of home or any hope of heaven? When, the old violin laid aside, Judith sat at his feet before the fire, as his arm lay on her shoulder, she felt her soul go out of her with his kiss upon her mouth; and while he gazed at the proud outlines and the rich colors of her face and at the soft darkening of her glowing eyes brimming with tenderness, here was home, and here was heaven, and their love justified itself to him.

At last the soft spring weather came, with high light in the pale azure, with the gleam upon the hills like a shimmer of green sunshine far and wide, with the murmur of innumerable water-courses, with a heaven full of perfumed air; and then there was much to do out of doors, and she helped him in the garden-plots and in the fields, and she set out her plants and slipped them and made the flower-beds. And the smile came back to his face and the song to his lip, and the cunning to his hand upon the strings; and they sat at night upon the doorstone in the cool sweet dark and heard the shrill piping of frogs, and the murmurs far away among the hills, and felt themselves a part of the great world of wonder of the night, and forgot the world that was well lost.

Dusk and dawn now for many days it had been hot and dry; and the corn was high in the field, when the virtue of the

town happened to remember itself, and a crowd, led largely by the need of excitement and the inherent love of baiting the defenseless, visited the farm, with horns and cat-calls, as before, with showers of stones and outcry of obscene railing. When the mob had gone there was hardly a whole pane of glass left in the house, the live stock were scared away, the corn was trodden into the soil, and the fire that had destroyed the crop of grass was still pouring down the slope in billows to be quenched only in the brook.

It chanced that Judith and Ellis heard the boys coming, and had time to escape to a secure hiding-place in the wood. When at daybreak they returned to the desolated place, Judith's indignation was at a white heat. "We pay our tax!" she cried. "And we have a right to protection. I will go to the selectmen and demand reparation!"

"Better let sleeping dogs lie," said Ellis. "If those people chose they could put us in the state prison. We can claim nothing of the law. We live in defiance of law." And there was something hard and glittering in his eye.

"Oh!" cried Judith, "you regret it!"

"I regret nothing," said he.

"Nothing!" she repeated with a note of joy. "As for their law," she said presently, "it is the thought and will of people a hundred years ago. Why should we be governed by the whim of men dead for a century and less wise than we when living? We are a law to ourselves!—And the grass will grow again," she added. She had a sort of angry joy, as if she took sides with martyrdom, while tramping wood and meadow with Ellis to find the cows, to see the chickens one by one come home to roost, waiting on him as he reset the panes of glass.

When all was done, a few nights later, they sat at the brookside where the stream bayed out before winding round the head of the farm, and watched the night fall softly through the flush of the sunset painted there. For the only good fortune of these two was that nature seemed to melt into their condition, to be their friend and their consolation—they in some way uncertain of being all in all to each other, she uncertain of his respect, he uncertain



of her long allegiance. They lingered there as if they dreaded going up to the house, as if while they were out of doors they were like the other wild things of the outdoor life and subject to no laws but those of unfettered nature. He rubbed his hands in the bayberry growing there, in order to remove the scent of the material with which he had been working. "It is only to do again," he said. "It would be better—it would be better—if we had gone away."

"Perhaps so. In the first place," said Judith, remembering that once she had half suggested it.

"Then no one would have known; and we should not be outcasts. We are outcasts, Judith."

"I do not mind that, if you do not. And if we had gone in the beginning— But now, never!" cried Judith. "I will not be driven by wretches like that from my father's house, from my own dwelling! They have filled me with hate where there was nothing but kindness. Let them look at their own sins!"

"And hate," said Ellis, "is suffering."

"You loved the world, the people of the world, more than I did," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "but I love you more than them."

And silently they stayed there under the stars, in the midnight and the dew, half dreaming, half awake, in each other's arms, the dank and fragrant wind blowing over them as it blows over graves, till the summer night was wearing itself away to dawn.

The two had but little more than repaired the mischief of the last raid when they were again assailed by that element of the town which found the thing not only good sport but a sort of sop to conscience. This time they caught Ellis before he could make shelter. Possibly they had not meant to burn any of the buildings, but, their tar taking fire, the burning barn, with its occupants, lighted them upon their hideous work. They were satisfied when it was done; and they left in a straggling body, singing songs that echoed into the firmament that had blanched before the flames which Judith, from her nook among the reeds, saw red within the brook, as if the brook rolled blood.

The horrible object that was creeping feebly away to the forest, and that Judith found and brought home, by that time utterly overcome, bore no more resemblance to Ellis Goff than any shapeless viscous mass does to an ivory sculpture. In the midst of her anguish she remembered a picture she had seen of some foul harpy. But she did her best, swiftly and silently, with stimulants, with warmth, with shards, laboring all night and day and night again, till he was able to help himself, and nursing him through the long illness of wounds and bruises and shattered nerves. He was dearer to her than ever now. He needed her. And if the poetry had gone out of her love, there was in it the fierceness of tenderness, the passion of protection, that a she-lion may feel for her cub.

One day Judith had gone wandering barefoot down the bed of the brook, looking for leeches, having fancied they might be of use to Ellis in his headaches. Just where the shallows ended, some children were picking berries from the bushes on the banks and pulling water-cresses from among the stream-washed pebbles. Judith, still in the water, stood and watched them for a moment. Presently one of them ran to her with a stem of berries, offering them. "You must not eat those!" cried Judith. "They are poison!"

The child, who had been attracted perhaps by the brown and gold sunshine of Judith's face, perhaps through some congenital force, a little abashed now by the rebuff, turned to run, when Judith put out a hand to detain her and to look in the rosy dimpled face where the blue eyes beamed from a tangle of long brown lashes. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Ellie Goff," was the reply. "We have run away," said the child, with a sweet infantile accent. "There is a bad woman up here, and we have come to see her."

Judith, for an instant, half a heart-beat, felt as if an adder had stung her. And then the blood stormed up and darkened her eyes as she gazed. She did not heed the words much, after the first blenching. She did not give the child's mother a thought. It was Ellis's child. Suddenly she snatched the child in her arms, and held her to her heart and kissed the little frightened mouth, and set her down and





*Drawn by F. O. Small.*

ELLIS FOUND HIS FIDDLER AND PLAYED OUT HIS DREAMS."

hurried away so quickly, the water plashing about her, that she seemed to vanish. But from that time, Judith felt an emptiness, a strange aching want, not for anything that had gone out of her life, but for something that would never come into it.

Ellis was still very weak and ill when the minister came up the brookside, finding no one in the house, and saw Judith sitting beside the bed that she had heaped of hemlock boughs out there, and on which Ellis lay like a white shadow.

The severity with which the good man was steelled melted a little at the sight. Then his long-stimulated sense of right and righteousness revolted against the pity. "Ellis Goff!" he said sternly. "Where are your wife and child?"

Ellis Goff looked at him. But there was not a ray of recognition in the pale eyes.

"You see," said Judith, her dark face now colorless with waiting and watching and wrath, "to what you and your sort have brought him!"

"Judith Dauntry," said the minister, "I see to what your and his sin has brought him." Then after a moment, and with a second thought, he added: "But I did not come to accuse you. I came to help you—if I might."

"You are very good," said Judith, from all the height of her fault. "We do not need your help."

"You need it very much," said the minister gently. "No one has ever needed it more."

"Very well," said Judith, the color now sweeping over her face till it looked like a flower in the sun. "We decline to receive it. Be so good as to go away."

And then, as he did not turn, she stooped and took Ellis in her strong arms. "If you do not go, you will drive us out of the light and air," she said.

It seemed impossible to the minister, as he looked at the splendid creature suddenly flaming there, that she could be a thing of shame. She was, rather, like some great angel of succor to the suffering. Not like those forces of Death and Sleep bearing off Sarpedon of which he had lately been reading, but like an emanation of light and life. Except so far as earth is beautiful, the earthly and the animal had no part in her just then.

"No," said he, "let me stay a little while. That is too big a burden for you. Put him down. If I talk with you I will not offend you." And he seated himself on the rock where the brook's spray in seasons of flood had thickened the moss to a velvet carpet.

No one spoke for a time. The sky soared far and blue, a soft wind blew through it, birds darted here and there in it; swallows skimmed across the brook that answered the gleam of their wings with a sword-blue shimmer; only the bubbling of the brook broke the sweet stillness, running on all unaware of anything but feeding springs and bending heavens and calling seas.

"Judith," said the minister at last, "I knew your father and mother. I gave them the bread of communion. I christened you. If you care nothing for their good name, nor for the Lord above us all, at least you must know that the life you are living is—small though the consideration be—a reproach to my work among my people."

"I live my own life," said Judith, holding her head haughtily, although her eyes were lowered under their heavy white lids.

"No one lives his life alone. The world is on one side of us, the law of God upon the other."

"Love is the fulfilling of the law," said Judith with a sudden lightning of the eyes.

"You take the word profanely on your lips. Do you think that means such love as yours and his?"

Judith turned and gazed at the white, still being on the dark hemlock boughs, her heart swelling with a surging tenderness. "Oh," she murmured to herself, "God can yearn to his creation in no other way than I yearn toward him!" But she said nothing aloud.

"You know," said the minister, still gently, "that the love referred to is that of man to man, of God in man, which makes the common weal, the good of the community——"

"The community!" exclaimed Judith, facing him with an infinite disdain. "The people who destroy crops, who burn buildings with the animals in them, singing vile songs, calling vile names, subjecting

a man like Ellis—one known among them—to the most infamous torture short of crucifixion—making him what you see him! No. I came out from that community. I left it, thank God! I want nothing of it."

"And you want everything," said the minister—"its science, its medicine, its help, its sympathy."

"I ask nothing of it but that it shall let me alone. I will have—I swear it! I swear it by his sufferings!—neither its forgiveness nor its forbearance—"

"Then it cannot let you alone."

"I curse it!" said Judith, lifting her arms high in imprecation. "I curse it from the bottom of my heart!"

And the minister went away. And Judith sat through the great noon stillness, too much of a tumult in her soul to feel anything of the brooding power in that

"Eternal sky  
Full of light and  
of deity,"

watching the brook go by sweeping all its enamel of damascene blue with it, a new misery coming with the thought that so life as well was flowing by to some great end where she and Ellis might be sundered as widely apart as any two drops of the spray that flashed and foamed where the stream rippled round the rock and sung him now to sleep.

But the brook always brought her com-

fort; she saw the two drops melting into one, and she smiled, changing the shadow of the screening boughs as the light shifted. She knelt and held his thin hand above her heart, feeling that she fought any fate that would come between them. Then she went up to the house and brought down his food and her own—and she sat watching him through the wheeling hours without a conscious sensation other than of aching tenderness.



*Drawn by F. O. Small.*

It was the next Sunday that the minister preached a sermon on the rights of the individual sinner, which perhaps he did not very well understand himself; which certainly his people did not understand; but the spirit of which was like an atmosphere of mercy. And occupied, perhaps, with their own iniquities, the townspeople left Ellis and Judith to theirs.

The minister, indeed, came up again; but no one appeared. Under cover of

"WHEN THE MINISTER CAME UP, FINDING NO ONE IN THE HOUSE,"

he brought medicines and strengthening things for Ellis. He found them afterward where he had left them, with the book, with the newspaper, untouched. And in a melancholy dissatisfaction with himself, in an angry rancor against sin, and a dark foreboding for them, he left them to their own devices.

The doctor, a young man full of enthu-

siasms, was not so easily repulsed. "I am not sure," he said to Judith, "that I am doing you a kindness. But humanity requires it. Now he will live. And that signifies——?"

"Oh, all heaven and earth!" she answered passionately.

"Is it really then so much worth while to you?"

"It is worth the whole of life and of eternity!" she cried, lifting her great solemn eyes.

"Upon my word," he said, "I may understand the theory and practice of medicine, but I do not understand you. What is there in this man—I think I have earned the right to ask—that you should give up everything life has to offer for the sake of coming into this prison with him?"

"I have not found it a prison."

"You will!"

"As it may be."

"You are under an infatuation, a madness," said the doctor, still probing the sore. "You should be saved from it. You were worth saving once. If Ellis Goff were stronger, finer, not all worthless—but then he would not be here. He has betrayed his wife, abandoned his child, played false to his friends. A weakling, idle, self-indulgent——"

"You have done all you can for him?"

"Oh, yes. There is nothing left but to follow the regimen I have given."

"There is your fee, then. My obligation for your work has forced me to listen so far. But no more."

And the doctor went out, leaving the fee behind him, as if he had been dismissed from an offended royal presence.

Now and then, partly through the divine kindness of his profession, partly through human interest and curiosity, he came again, but never to suggest to her that Ellis Goff was not a prince among men, and always to feel that she regarded himself impersonally as an instrument of health, like air or light, not as one with whom shame, anger or forgiveness had any place or part.

But forgiveness was rarely in her thoughts. One morning, indeed, when the climbing rose that her mother had brought from the home in the old country was in bloom, full of fragrance, thrusting out its countless

sprays, and a trailer had caught her gown as if one stretched a hand to take her, and the flower with the dew still on it brushed its velvet against her cheek and breathed its breath on her lips, the face of her mother seemed to swim like an apparition before her, and the knowledge of what her mother's thoughts concerning her must be wrapped her in one instant like a flame. She threw her arms about the rose, thorns and all, and bowed her head upon them and cried, till Ellis's voice in the distance, weak and ailing, recalled her to the present.

Once a year in her camel cloak and her hood, Judith went down to the post-office, at the time her small interest money was due, went to the savings bank and drew the slender dividend, went to the town hall and paid her tax, her head high, her eye level, the color burning on her dark cheek; and she returned by the path along the brook, where Ellis came to meet her. At sight of him she threw off her proud demeanor as if it had been a coat of mail, and went back with his hand in hers. "Who saw you, Judith?" once he asked tremulously.

"No one," she answered calmly, "but the business men, the machines."

She did not tell him that she had heard the exclamation, "My God! Can that be Judith Dauntry!" But she paused by a still, dark cove of the brook, and with a sunbeam striking her, hung over it a moment to see the red and gold splendor of her reflection, the grace of line and curve, the luster of glance and smile. "Yes," she said to herself, as she replaced her hood, "it is Judith Dauntry. And all that she was in the eyes of Ellis Goff she is still."

Many a time after that in their rambles did she pause to look at herself in one of the brook's pools, through the sudden fear that there was some change in the beauty that the little looking-glass of the house failed to give, so indifferent Ellis strangely seemed, so rapt in thoughts other than any thought of her, so like a person far away from home.

Time passed; Ellis played on the old fiddle still—dreams, listless melodies, tuneless wanderings; often, too, with a false note that he failed to mind. He spoke little, and he strayed off into the woods,

and was sometimes gone for more than the day, coming home dazed and limp and useless. Often in the night he woke with a cold sweat of terror, the sound of the old horns and cries in his ears, clasping her, imploring her protection. So seldom had his endearments grown that even these moments gave her a sort of fearful joy while she held him in her strong young arms and soothed and hushed him off to sleep again.

It became evident to Judith, by and by, that that last dreadful night had wrought Ellis a wrong from which he was not to recover—as if he felt himself to be the thing his torturers had made him. The abasement of it had become his. She had brought it upon him, she said; and her defiance of the world sank before the fact.

She resolved, although but vaguely, that they should go away now, as soon as the means could be compassed. A change of base, a new existence, might revive the intelligence that had failed with self-respect. And she began to spare from their small income, pinching and starving and living on the hope of it. But as soon as a little money was saved, it had to be spent, after Judith's long tramp across the hill and dusty highway to the town where she was not known, for something necessary to Ellis's recovery. Season after season passed, and they were still there.

One day Ellis came home from a day and night's ramble in the woods of Harden Hill. He had met some charcoal-burners there and had made fellowship with them. Now he staggered up the grass, and fell across the doorstep. She ran to raise him: but for her long habit of care she would have dropped him as quickly in his malodorous and revolting condition. The contents of their jugs had been urged upon him till he was beside himself. Presently the experience was repeated. When she went for the little hoard of money it was gone. When the thing had happened the third time, she ceased to save a penny. It was, however, a rare occurrence afterward; but she never felt entirely safe except when she had left him asleep and had come down at night to the brookside to be alone with the stars. In some strange way the murmuring of the brook seemed always the voice of a friend. "See," it said then, "when I am still I mirror the stars of

heaven. Be still, too. 'Some time I shall find the great sea, and the mighty crests will take me, and I shall know myself no more.' Alas! It had come to this! Still in the flush of youth, still living, still loving, she was looking to death as a refuge. Often, of a summer morning, she took her work out to the brookside; the busy babble of the water gave them both a sense of the stir of the world. Fortunate brook, it was going somewhere! Often there was no work; and while Ellis thought he angled for trout, she idly dreamed disjointed dreams—for she might not think of that past before Ellis came into her life; and there was no future. More often than otherwise the texts her father had used to read aloud would start up in her memory, texts that in those days had meant nothing to her, and now meant an unformed terror. "I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee," she said. And then the bitter words recurred to her memory: "Thou shalt drink of thy sister's cup, deep and large—it containeth much—thou shalt be filled with drunkenness and sorrow, with the cup of abomination and desolation." The intense luxuriance of green in leaf and bough, the crystal floods of light, the singing wind, the billowing fragrances and woody spices, the redundancy of life in all the springing, growing summer, no longer gladdened her, it made her tremble. "When the whole earth rejoiceth I will make thee desolate!" she said.

Ellis did no work now; Judith did it all, as well outdoors as within. If she grew hard and sinewy and old before her time, there was none to see but Ellis—and did he care? In the summers he went to bed like a child, at nightfall; and she sat on the sunken doorstep, sometimes thinking bitter thoughts, sometimes a sweet memory touching her in the dark like a wandering perfume, sometimes her mind as empty as the vast dusk across which the bats flitted indistinctly. Of a winter night he slept in his chair, and she mended their clothes on the other side of the fire. And it came about at last that observing him, thin, pallid, vacant, she felt the bounding fullness of her own life, and saw as plainly as if it were before her eyes that the bubble she had grasped had broken between her fingers.

It made no difference. If it were not the old passionate love, it was pity. And the pity was a pain. And the pity was all he needed.

"You treat me like a child," he said petulantly at some precaution she took.

"Well; it is good to be a child," she answered.

"Yes. I should like to be a child again. I should not do just as I have done," he said, after a moment. "Perhaps I should not be here. Would you be here again, Judith?"

"Yes," said Judith.

"I don't suppose any one would call you a good woman, Judith?" then he asked plaintively.

"No," said Judith. But her eyes darkened.

"Then it doesn't matter if I wouldn't do as you would?"

"Nothing matters now," said Judith.

"Are you angry, Judith? They used to say you had a temper. Do you remember the dance when all the men wanted to dance with you so that you thought they were making game, and it affronted you, and you started for home alone, and I ran after and went along with you? I could, you know. I was a married man. And they drank your health at the supper afterward. 'Judith Dauntry!' Ross Marvin said. 'A name to conjure with!' And Ben Turner called out, 'Don't use that name too freely!' And of course the girls didn't like it. 'Unless you want to see a pair of black eyes flash lightning!' said Ann Talbot. Judith Dauntry had black eyes, you know. That was in the good old days. Yes, that night was the beginning, Judith. Your father was at the gate—he was a good man——"

"Don't!" cried Judith sharply.

"Don't what?—He died next year. Yes. Sometimes, do you know, Judith, I seem to myself like another man. It's a long while ago, isn't it? There was a woman named Esther—— Judith! wasn't Ross Marvin, wasn't Ben Turner with the men that came up here one black night? There was a black night? It wasn't a dream, a nightmare, was it, Judith? Oh, Judith, come here, take hold of me, help me!" And until he forgot himself again Judith comforted him as a mother comforts her nursing.

One summer crept by after another. There was nothing by which to tell this winter from the last. They saw no people, except the chance wayfarer or the charcoal-burners; they had no newspaper; no whisper of the way the world went came to them. The minister died; Esther died; they never heard of it. A pestilence of fever passed; it did not touch them. War swept its red fire over the land; they felt nothing of it. They were forgotten; and they did not know it.

If sometimes an infinite weariness took possession of Judith, if sometimes this weak and querulous shadow of a man seemed something far off and alien, she remembered that even with that she had brought him to his evil plight. And she knew, without formulating it, that she was better with him than without him; she said to herself that, of two old trees grown side by side, if one be taken away, presently the other fails and falls.

One day the meager interest money did not come. Judith had been defrauded by the agent. She had to draw from the sum in the savings bank. As long as that sum eked itself out she paid her tax. But there came a time when no tax had been paid for so long, that the officials visited the place. They saw a brown and withered woman at the chopping-log, an ashen, wizened man in the doorway, playing weakly a droning fiddle to no tune other than that the frogs piped in the marshes of the brook below. And at the end of a few questions they went away and let the taxes go. When—after her long absences grown indifferent to the public eye—Judith went down into the town with some baskets she had woven from osiers, hoping to sell them, she lost her way among new thoroughfares, new buildings, new faces; the old town was gone.

But she did not realize that with the old town was gone also the full knowledge of her misdeed, that she herself had become little more than a tradition.

The living was scanty now—sometimes the brood of one of the chickens of their dwarfed breed or of some little wild creature taken in a snare, the garden-crop that Judith raised, the bread and porridge she made herself of grain beaten in a mortar or ground between two stones. All the money



they had was that which the factor paid them for the grass, cheating them in price and measure. Life was simplified to the mere fact of keeping alive. Lean and haggard, wrecks of themselves, they looked at each other merely with the eyes of usage. There were periods in which Ellis

did not speak a word; possibly there were no thoughts in his mind, possibly the thoughts were too cruel for words. One day he suddenly transfixed her with a glance in the pale eye that had lost its old shadow of long black lashes, a glance that might have been struck from blue steel. "Do you know," he said sternly, "where Judith Dauntry is?"

She ran to him and threw her arms about him—old, bleary, unlovely, the soul for love of which she had made the world dust in the balance

was still hidden there. "Here I am! Here I am! Oh, Ellis, don't you know me?" she cried.

He loosened her hands. "You are taking a liberty," was what his manner said. But he made no sound.

At other times he knew who she was perfectly well, and submitted with a gentle patience to the ministrations that kept him scrupulously clean. Occasionally he walked out with her to the brook, leaning on his stick and on her arm with the old confidence. Sitting beside the lucid brown

and white depths and sparkles, the murmur of the rippling flow would lull him into a half sleep of which the dreams may have been apparitions from the days of his youth. For he would start and say to her, "Was it well done, Judith? Are you sorry now?" And she would press the thin and freckled hand to her sunken lips, and think how great and splendid were the fires of their youth to be such ashes now!

The flowing of the brook always so quieted the restlessness of Ellis that they had long been

wont to stumble along together and rest there in pleasant weather, saying nothing, thinking nothing, lost in some inane dream. If Judith went over again and again the days that were no more, she gave no sign. If she spoke it was about the yarn she knit,



*Drawn by F. O. Small.*

"THE GAUNT FIGURE IN THE LONG CLOAK AND HOOD."

the habits of the speckled hen, the rheumatism that bent and gnarled them both. She had ceased to think of herself as an abandoned woman; so far as she thought of it she had a dim sense of being virtuous.

They had been sitting there in silence a long time one afternoon, when he suddenly looked up startled and bewildered. "Some one said—who was it?" he exclaimed—"some one just told me that Ellis Goff was dead.—Poor fellow," he said, a few moments afterward. It was like a great flash of revelation to Judith.

Ellis Goff was dead indeed not many days later. He stole away one morning as Judith was occupied inside the house, and hobbled along to the brook, and followed its winding up and up into the pass of the hills, and then stooped and drank from the palm of his old hand the drops that dashed into it. She found him half his length across the Stone of Sacrifice, half in the pool where he had bent to see the pebbles turned into live jewels again or had fallen face downward in the water. But there were no jewels flashing splendor from the clear depth when Judith found him; it was dark night; only one star glinting there showed there was a heaven above.

When the old doctor came up, as he occasionally did, and led by some indistinct sound followed along the brook the next morning, he saw Judith sitting there, staring into Ellis's dead face as his head lay on her knee, now singing as a mother

sings to her child, now cooing like a dove, now screaming like an eagle. Old, comfortless, Judith Dauntry had gone mad.

They carried her away to the almshouse; and the town took the place for the taxes. And in time the glancing, dancing brook was set to turning wheels. But they never could keep the old woman long away—she tramping mile after mile to find it. The children knew the gaunt figure in the long cloak and hood as that of some tragic thing; to-day the savage in them threw stones at her, to-morrow they ran after her to hear the low voice muttering, "Except that the Lord had shortened those days, except that the Lord had shortened those days."

One night the merry boys made a bonfire of the old house. The flames wallowed up the sky, and the brook repeated them again to heaven. The later winter weather gave the ruins a glitter of great icicles. When Judith toiled up the way at last and came upon the charred and shining heap she gave a great cry. "The wages of sin are death!" she cried. She went along mechanically, as though she would see if the brook had gone with the dwelling; and presently she sat down upon the ice, bending her ear like one who would listen more plainly to the music of the tinkle underneath the icy mail; and there she fell asleep and became ice herself. And when the poormaster came up, swearing under his breath, he found that Judith Dauntry had taken her wages.

## TO HER.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

HER mind's a garden, where do grow  
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row;

Her soul is as some lucent star,  
That shines upon us from afar;

Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep,  
Where swirling waves of passion sweep,

Aye, deeper than the deepest sea,  
And wide as woman's mystery:

O man, the mariner, beware—  
Yet will I chance a shipwreck there.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

### V.

THE taxes were entire; public credit was equal to the interest of money; the spirit of improvement appeared in agriculture as well as manufactures; country villages, not less than the streets of Paris, were rebuilt; roads and canals encouraged the industry of the interior; some new improvement appeared weekly: I made sugar from turnips, and soda from salt. The development of science kept pace with industry.

It would have been folly to depart from a system at the very moment when it was producing its fruits. It required rather to be strengthened, that it might have a greater hold on commercial emulation.

This influenced the policy of Europe, inasmuch as it obliged England to carry on the war. From that moment the war assumed a serious character in England; it threatened the fortune of the public, that is to say, its very existence. It became popular. The English ceased to commit their defense to foreign auxiliaries; they took it upon themselves, and appeared on the Continent in large bodies. The struggle had never been perilous till then. I foresaw it when I signed the decree. I suspected that all repose was at an end for me, and that my life would be spent in wrestling with obstacles which the public had lost sight of, but of which I possessed the secret, because I am the only man whom appearances never deceived. In my heart I flattered myself that I should be master of the future, by means of the army I had formed, so invincible did success seem to have made it. It never doubted of victory; it was easily moved, because we had exploded the system of camps and magazines. It could be transported in any direction at a moment's warning; and wherever it arrived it felt a conscious superiority. With such soldiers, where is the general who would not have loved glory? I loved it, I own; and yet, since the battle of Jena I have never felt that plenitude of confidence, that contempt of consequences, to which I owed my first successes. I distrusted myself; that distrust made me uncertain in my decisions; my temper was ruffled, my character lowered. I did command myself,

but what is not natural is never perfect.

The Continental System had determined the English to war with us even to the death. The north was subdued and overawed by my garrisons. The English had no connection with it but in smuggling; but Portugal had been given up to them; and I knew that Spain, under the mask of neutrality, favored her commerce.

But that the Continental System should be of real use, it required to be complete. I had nearly accomplished it in the north; it was of consequence to cause it to be respected in the south. I demanded a passage through Spain for a division of troops I wished to send into Portugal. It was granted. At the approach of my troops the court of Lisbon embarked for the Brazils, and left me its kingdom. I required a military road through Spain to communicate with Portugal. This road connected us with Spain. Till then I had never thought of that country, on account of its inefficiency.

The political state of Spain was at that time alarming; it was governed by the most incapable of sovereigns: a brave and worthy man, whose energies went no farther than to secure implicit obedience to the favorite. The favorite, without character and without talents, had neither pursuit nor energy, but what were employed in incessant demands for titles and riches.

The favorite was devoted to me, because he found it convenient to govern under the shadow of my alliance. But he had conducted affairs so ill, that his credit had sunk in Spain. He could no longer command obedience. His devotion to me became useless.

Public opinion in Spain had been proceeding in a line contrary to that of the rest of Europe. The people, who everywhere else had risen to the level of the Revolution, had remained here far beneath it; enlightened notions had not even penetrated to the second class. They had rested on the surface; that is, they were confined to the highest classes. These felt the degradation of their country, and

blushed to obey a government which was debasing their native land. They were called the *Liberales*.

Thus the revolutionists in Spain were those who might lose by a revolution; and those who had all to gain would not hear of it. The same incongruity operated at Naples. It made me commit many errors, because I was not then possessed of the key to the mystery.

The presence of my troops in Spain excited strong sensations. Everybody set about interpreting it. People were occupied by it. Some fermentation appeared. I soon learned it. The *Liberales* were sensible of the humiliation of their country; they thought to prevent its ruin by a conspiracy: the conspiracy succeeded.

It went no further than forcing the old King to abdicate, and punishing his favorite. Spain was no gainer by the exchange, for the son they placed on the throne was no better than the father. I am well informed at least on that head.

The conspiracy had scarcely succeeded, when the conspirators took fright at their own daring. They were afraid of themselves—of me—of everybody.

The monks disapproved of the violence committed against their old King, because it was illegitimate. I disapproved of it no less, but for a different reason. Fear took possession of the new court; the spirit of revolt seized the people, and anarchy the state.

The natural course of things had thus brought about a change in Spain; a revolution, in fact, was begun. It could not be of the same nature as that in France, because it was composed of different elements. But till then it had no direction, because it had neither chief nor partisan beforehand. It was as yet only a suspension of authority; a subversion of power; in short, disorder.

There was nothing to be predicted concerning Spain, but that with so ignorant and ferocious a people a revolution could not be accomplished without torrents of blood and a long series of calamities.

But what was the end proposed by those who wished for a change in Spain? It was not a revolution like ours: it was an efficient government; a rational authority which

might remove the rust which obscured their country, and restore it to consideration abroad, and civilization at home.

I was able to give them both, by making myself master of the revolution at the point to which they had brought it. The object was to give Spain a dynasty which should be strong because it was new, and enlightened because it should bring with it no prejudices. Mine combined these qualities. I therefore resolved to bestow this crown also upon it. The most difficult step toward this end was taken—that of getting rid of the old dynasty. But the Spaniards had allowed their old King to be forced to abdicate the crown, and they would not acknowledge the new one. Everything therefore seemed to promise that, in order to avoid anarchy, Spain would be glad to accept a sovereign armed with a prodigious power. By that means it would easily have stepped into the rays of the imperial circle; and however deplorable the social state of Spain might be, it was a conquest not to be neglected.

In order to form a just idea of things, one should see them one's self; I therefore set out for Bayonne, to which place I had invited the Spanish court. As it had nothing better to do, it came. I had also invited the new court. I really did not expect it to arrive, because it had something much better to do.

I had calculated that, to prevent Ferdinand from meeting either his father or me, they would have led him to revolt, or engaged him to go to America. He did neither, but came to Bayonne with his tutor and courtiers, leaving Spain to the first comer. This single step gave me the measure of the court. I had scarcely spoken to the heads of the conspiracy, when I perceived their total ignorance of their real situation. They were prepared for nothing, therefore saw nothing; their policy seemed like blind leading the blind.\* I had scarcely seen the King set upon the throne before I was satisfied that Spain ought not to be left in such hands.

I then resolved to accept the abdication of this family, and to place one of my brothers on the throne, now abandoned by

\* Ils menaient leur politique comme des *quinzevingt*, i. e., the inhabitants of the asylum for the blind so named.

its old possessors; they descended from it so easily, that I thought I might mount it with as little difficulty.

In fact, nothing seemed to oppose it; the junta of Bayonne had acknowledged him; no legal power remained in Spain to refuse the change; the old King seemed grateful to me for taking the throne from his son, and retired quietly to repose himself at Compeigne. His son was conducted to the castle of Valencay, where all necessary preparations had been made for his reception.

The Spaniards knew exactly what they had parted with in their old King; he left behind him no regret nor remembrance; but the son was yet young; his reign had been hoped for. He was unfortunate: they converted him into a hero; imagination exerted itself in his favor. The *Liberales* clamored for national independence; the monks talked of legitimacy: the whole nation armed itself under these two pretexts.

I confess I was wrong to shut up the young King at Valencay. I ought to have allowed him to show himself, in order to undeceive those who took interest in him. I was especially in the wrong not to let him stay upon the throne. Things would have grown worse in Spain. I should have acquired the title of protector of the old King, by giving him an asylum. The new government could not have failed to commit itself with England. I should have declared war both on my own account, and as plenipotentiary for the old King. Spain would have trusted her army to fight her battles, and as soon as I had beaten it, the nation must have submitted to the right of conquest. It would not have even dreamed of murmuring, because in disposing of a conquered country one only follows established customs. If I had been more patient I should have followed this plan; but I thought that the result being the same, the Spaniards would accept beforehand a change of dynasty which the state affairs rendered inevitable. I managed this affair awkwardly, because I passed over the regular graduations. I had displaced the ancient race of kings in a way offensive to the Spaniards. Their wounded pride would not acknowledge the race I had put in its stead. The result was, that there was no

authority anywhere. The whole nation fancied itself called upon to defend the state, since there was neither army nor authority to which that defense could be committed. Each man took the responsibility on himself: I had created anarchy, and found all the resources it can furnish turned against me. The whole nation fell upon me.

The Spanish nation, whose history records nothing but acts of avarice and ferocity, was not formidable face to face with an enemy. Its people fled at the very sight of our soldiers, but they stabbed them in the dark. They were exasperated and used reprisals. One reprisal caused a second, and the war became a tissue of atrocity.

I felt that it gave a character of violence to my reign. That it was an example dangerous to the people, and fatal to the army; because it consumed the men and fatigued the soldiers.

I erred in the commencement; but when once this war had been fairly entered upon, it was impossible to abandon it: for the very smallest reverse gave spirit to my enemies, and all Europe instantly got under arms. I was obliged to be always victorious.

I went to Spain in order to accelerate events, and to examine the ground on which I had to leave my brother. I had taken possession of Madrid, and destroyed the English army which was advancing to its relief. My success was rapid: terror was at its height; resistance seemed about to cease; there was not an instant to lose; nor was there any time lost. The English Ministry armed Austria. They were always as active in raising enemies, as I could be in overcoming them.

This time the intrigues of Austria were skilfully conducted; they took me by surprise. I must give praise where it is due.

My troops were scattered at Naples, at Madrid and at Hamburg. I myself was in Spain. It was probable that the Austrians might have been successful in the first instance. This success might have led to more, for in these cases the difficulty is usually in the first step. They might have tempted Russia, reanimated the courage of the Spaniards and restored popularity to the English Ministry.

The court of Vienna maintains a tenacious policy, that is never disconcerted by



passing events. It was long before I discovered the reason. I perceived, a little too late indeed, that this policy was so deeply rooted only because the good nature of the government had allowed the state to degenerate into an oligarchy. The country is led by about a hundred noblemen: they possess the soil, and have seized upon the exchequer, the cabinet and the army, by which means they are the real rulers, and have left to the court no more than the honor of the signature. Oligarchies never change their opinions, because their interest is always the same. They do everything ill; but they always continue doing, because they never die. They never succeed; but they support reverses admirably, because they support them in concert.

Austria has owed her safety four times to this form of government: it decided for the war she had just declared against me.

I had not a moment to lose. I left Spain abruptly, and flew to the Rhine. I collected the troops nearest at hand: Prince Eugene had allowed himself to be beaten in Italy: I sent him some reinforcements. The Kings of Suabia and Bavaria lent me their troops; with them I beat the Austrians at Ratisbon, and marched toward Vienna.

I advanced by forced marches along the right bank of the Danube; I depended on the Viceroy to secure our junction. I intended to reach Vienna before the Austrians, to cross the Danube there and to take up a position to receive the Archduke.

This plan was well conceived; but it was imprudent, because I had not enough troops. But fortune was then on my side.

In return, the Archduke made a very able movement; he divined my object, and threw himself rapidly upon Vienna, by the left bank of the Danube, and took his position at the same time I did. As far as I know, this is the only able movement the Austrians ever made.

My plan had failed. I was in the presence of a formidable army; it commanded my position, and forced me to remain inactive. Not long now but a great battle could put an end to the war. It was my business to attack; the Archduke had given me that part to play: it was not easy,

for he was in a position to receive me.

By an unexpected piece of good fortune, the Archduke John, who should, at all hazards, have kept back the victory, allowed himself to be beaten. The Army of Italy drove him from the other side of the Danube, and we held possession of the right.

But as we did not wish to remain there, we resolved to come to action. I caused pontoons to be thrown across the river. The army began to move. Marshal Massena's division was the first that crossed; he began his fire, when an accident carried away the pontoons. It was impossible to replace them in time to sustain him: he was attacked by the whole hostile army. This division maintained its ground with heroic valor, for its situation was hopeless. Their ammunition had failed: they were on the point of destruction—when the Austrians ceased firing, thinking that sufficient to the day was the evil thereof. They retired to their former position at a decisive moment, and delivered me from the most cruel anxiety.

Nevertheless, we experienced a reverse; I perceived it by the state of public opinion. My defeat was published; my retreat was announced; the details of it were given, and my ruin was foretold. The Tyrolese had revolted: we had been obliged to send the Bavarian army to their country. Parties had taken up arms in Prussia and Westphalia, and spread themselves over the country, in order to excite revolt. The English undertook an expedition against Antwerp, which might have succeeded, but for their own misconduct. My situation daily grew worse.

At length I succeeded in throwing fresh bridges over the Danube. The army crossed the river during a dreadful night. I was present at the crossing, for I was uneasy about it. It answered completely; our columns had time to form, and that great day opened with happy omens.

The battle was grand; for it was well disputed. But the Generals did not make any great efforts of genius, because they commanded large masses on a flat plain. It was not long doubtful. The intrepidity of our troops, and a bold manœuver of MacDonald, decided the fortune of the day.

(To be continued.)





### THE FREE LECTURE SYSTEM.

BY S. T. WILLIS, A.M.—LECTURER.

AMONG the many movements which go to make up the University Extension forces of our country, the system of free lectures to the people of New York, given under the auspices of the Board of Education of that city, deserves careful consideration by people generally and by the educational boards of all city schools especially.

As a lecture course it is the largest and most successful in the world; as an educational power (in its true sense) it has already accomplished more than its most sanguine friends anticipated, and as a department of public instruction it has received unanimous approval. When it is remembered that the public schools of New York are subjected to a constant fire of criticism, much of which is wholly undeserved, the fact that the free lectures for working men and women have aroused only warm admiration indicates that their excellence is genuine.

The origin of this great movement is not without interest. Several years ago

one of the New York dailies suggested editorially that a free lecture system, under proper management in the Board of Education, would in all probability prove itself a valuable adjunct in popular instruction. The suggestion was discussed by the Board of Education, which decided to try the experiment. The matter was brought before the State Legislature, and on the 9th of January, 1888, it passed an act authorizing the Board of Education to provide for a course of free lectures to working men and women, at the same time directing that fifteen thousand dollars be appropriated to put the plan into operation.

The Board of Education then placed the experiment in the hands of a committee on evening schools, which arranged for the first series of lectures on physiology, hygiene, physics, history and political science. During this season, which lasted from January to April, 1889, 186 lectures were delivered in six school-houses in the most densely populated districts of the city, and the total attendance was 22,149, or an av-

erage of 119 persons at each lecture. The second year the work was carried on upon a larger scale, running from October to April, at seven centers, at which 329 lectures were given, resulting in a total attendance of 26,632, or an average of 81 persons at each lecture. Comparing the results of the two seasons, the committee in charge began to doubt, either the alleged popular demand for this form of instruction, or the entire wisdom of the management of the system, or both.

At this juncture a change in the management was thought advisable, and Henry M.

Leipziger, Ph.D., a practical educator of wide experience, was chosen by the Board of Education as Superintendent of Lectures. This action was the pivot on which the successful achievements of after years turned. Had not the right man for the place been selected at this point, the enterprise might have been a huge failure. But Dr. Leipziger brought special qualifications into the management of the system, and from the beginning of his superintendence the work grew in efficiency and power. Dr. Leipziger was born in England, and in 1865, at eleven years of age, came to New York, where he graduated from the public schools, and four years later, from the College of the City of New York. Immediately after graduation he accepted a position in a large city library, but soon resigned, receiving an appointment in the city schools, where for eight years he taught with success in both the day and the night schools. In 1875 he received the degree of LL.B. from Columbia College and was admitted to the New York bar, but never practised, the work of education being more to his taste. Resigning in 1881, he spent three years in travel and study, visit-

ing Europe and the far West, investigating institutions and methods of industrial education. Convinced that elementary education should prepare for active life rather than for mere examinations, and that children should learn by doing rather than by hearing, he came back to New York and organized the Hebrew Technical Institute, which has achieved such marked success in the field of manual training. He directed this school for seven years, placing it on a sure foundation, when he resigned to accept the position of Assistant Superintendent of the New York schools. He continued lecturing and laboring for the general educational advancement until he was called to the superintendence of the Free Lecture Course in 1890. His varied experiences led him to believe that great possibilities were awaiting realization in this field, and subsequent developments have proved that this faith was well grounded.

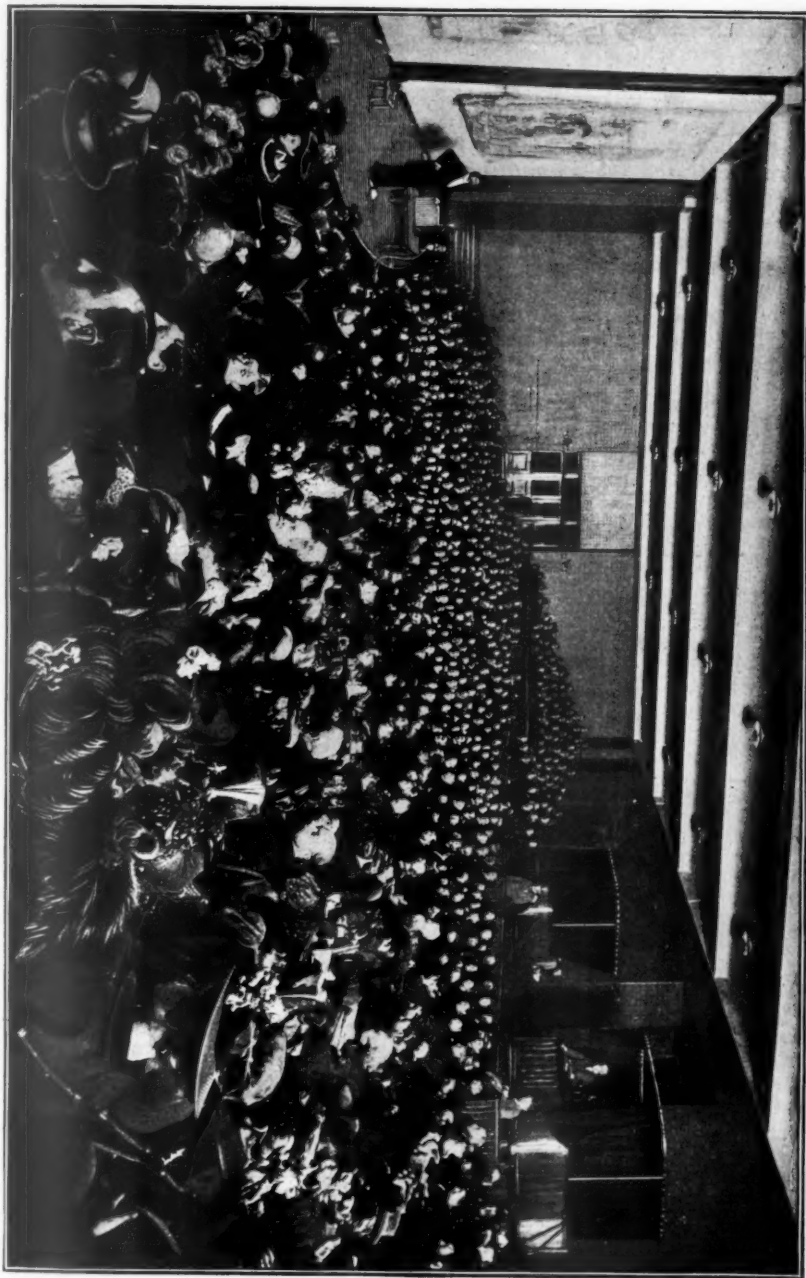
The changes in methods and means instituted under Dr. Leipziger's administration included the following: (1) The publication of a series of pocket bulletins giving the names of lecturers, their themes, explanatory notes, etc.

Ten thousand of these were distributed at each lecture center. (2) The placing of large placards in shops, stores and factories in the neighborhood of each lecture hall, announcing the whole course at a particular place. (3) The changing of the corps of lecturers so that specialists—professors, ministers, scientists, physicians, travelers, etc., all practical people—were engaged. (4) The introduction of the stereopticon and experiments as a means of illustration and attraction.

All of the above-named features are important factors in the great success



DR. HENRY M. LEIPZIGER, SUPERVISOR OF LECTURES.



IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

achieved. The correspondence with five hundred lecturers, forty to fifty lantern operators and thirty-five superintendents, besides the preparation of copy for the printers necessary to keep thirty to forty lecture centers in successful operation, keeps the Superintendent busy, though he has able office assistance. The necessary expenditures for lanterns, screens, pictures, gases, etc., as means of illustration, are quite a large item, but have proved to be money wisely spent. For both the attendance and interest at illustrated lectures are much greater than at those without illustrations or experiments.

Aside from the special bulletins and cards, announcements are regularly made in many of the daily papers so that the general public is kept informed on the lectures.

As a result of these new methods, the reports of the first season after Dr. Leipziger's connection with the work were inspiring. The total number of lectures delivered was 185, the attendance 78,295—an increase of 50,000 over the previous year, though the number of lectures was 144 less than the preceding season. From that time the enterprise moved steadily forward. The next season the attendance increased 40,000; the third it grew by 8,587; the fourth saw an advance of 31,538 more; the fifth season it moved forward 53,750; the sixth year it leaped ahead 168,615, and during the season of 1896-7 the attendance gained still 33,624, the total being 426,357 people at 1,066 lectures. During the last season 1,866 lectures were given to a total attendance (estimated) of 698,200 people, making an increase of 800 lectures and 271,843 attendance. This season the fourth course was added, covering the month of April.

The management hopes to make this extension permanent.

While the increase of attendance at the lectures during the last eight years has been more than sixteenfold, the increase in the number of lectures has been only about tenfold. The totals up to date represent 5,154 lectures delivered and 2,290,495 persons in attendance. Certainly these figures present inspiring scenes to the imagination when one remembers this great throng is largely made up of the working classes, whose intellectual advantages are limited but who possess in a large degree

a thirst for knowledge which they have not been able to satisfy. Dr. Leipziger, speaking out of his large experience on this very point, recently said, "There are thousands of men and women who find at these lectures stimulus and guidance, and who carry on by means of this stimulus their higher education with their every-day work." That these people not only are deeply interested but in hundreds of instances are studiously following collateral lines of reading, is evident by the number of earnest and intelligent inquirers private-



PROF. CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH, LECTURER.

ly seeking further information of the lecturers before leaving the halls. After standing before an audience of six or seven hundred people and lecturing for an hour, the speaker often feels the best remuneration after all is the consciousness that he has been permitted to awaken in some minds a noble ambition for useful knowledge and a determination in many to rise to a higher and better life. The large attendance at the new centers and the increase of interest at the old ones prove beyond all question that this form of adult education is one that responds to an aspiration on the part of the mass of the people.

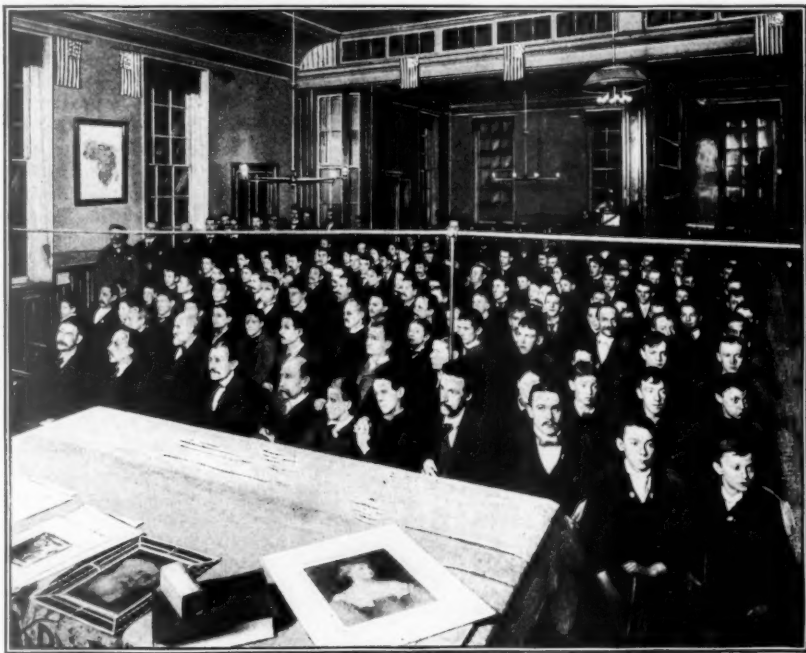
In order to present in this paper a consensus of opinion from authoritative sources as to the wisdom and practicability of the New York Free Lecture Course, I have communicated personally with a number of men whose names give special value to their opinions.

Prof. Edmund J. James, Director of the Extension Department of the University of Chicago, writes the following letter, which has the hearty indorsement of President William R. Harper of the same institution:

"I have felt for many years that we can-

"We must reach out and provide systematic means of educating and training the *adult* population of the country. The church, the theater, the book, the library, the newspaper, valuable as they are, are still far from accomplishing the necessary result. We must adopt a more comprehensive, a more scientific, a more systematic method of work.

"It is fortunate for us that the means for this work are so close at hand. The public school buildings in this country represent an enormous investment of capital, most



AUDIENCE IN PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 51.

not hope to educate our people as the citizens of a democracy should be educated until systematic education should become a part of the life-work of every *adult* in the community. The school life of children is so exceedingly brief, the amount which may be accomplished under the most favorable conditions so exceedingly small, that we must rely on post-school education, not merely to supplement or complement, but to continue in as thorough a way as circumstances will permit, the process of education which has been begun in the elementary grades.

of which, from an industrial point of view, is lying idle most of the time. A school-house is used for perhaps six hours a day, for not to exceed ten months in the year. The plant is, in a word, very much under-worked. We must make a new departure. Every school-house should be the center of a system of *adult* education, as well as of infantile and youthful education. Every city school-house ought to contain a large, well-equipped, well-ventilated auditorium, able to take in of an evening, for the purposes of further education and instruction,

the parents of the children who attend it in the daytime.

"University Extension work, when carried on by the universities under the limitations which their relations to scholarship and higher education impose, can never be the success which, in the opinion of its adherents, it is destined to be, until this work of popular education has become more general and more efficient. In my opinion, every school board in the United States ought to follow the example set by the New York School Board within the limits of its capacities. It is not least among the advantages of this plan that a new interest in the work of the public schools is aroused in the rank and file of the community in such a way as to react favorably in every direction upon the welfare of this system of education.

"The University of Chicago has undertaken to coöperate with the Board of Education in the city of Chicago in the inauguration of such a system of free lectures. Our endeavor will be to make the lecture system strictly educational by providing that the lectures shall be given in systematic series or courses in such a way as to confer the maximum benefit in the training of those who attend them. Experience must determine the lines along which the work can be best carried on."

Charles Bulkley Hubbell, President of the New York Board of Education, says:

"I feel that these lectures have been the means of doing an enormous amount of good, and have contributed to the distribution of general intelligence among the masses of our people more than almost anything else that can be considered. Of course the main thing to observe

in establishing such a course is discrimination in the selection of lectures and a wise treatment of subjects considered. The happy mean, of course, is between that which is academic and technical and that which is simply popular and amusing."

Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the University of the State of New York, who has carefully watched this scheme of popular instruction from the beginning, and who in his official capacity has no connection with the course, writes:

"I believe the free public lecture system to be a most important adjunct to our system of public education, and that the example set by New York City will be followed in many other places. It is useless to declaim against the reading of sensational papers and the waste or misuse of leisure hours if we do not through libraries, lectures and similar agencies give something better. Public drinking fountains and attractive coffee-houses are often better weapons than sermons and deserved abuse, with which to fight the saloons. The stimulus received from an inspiring lecture often affects the whole after-life. I am confident that under wise man-

agement we shall learn how to avoid the dangers and difficulties and to secure the marked benefits of the free lecture system for all interested, as a supplement to our school-room instruction provided for the young."

A survey of the subject-matter of the lectures will serve both to give a general idea of the range of topics and to suggest many valuable thoughts to others contemplating similar enterprises. The following is a partial list of lectures given during the past season: A course of eight lectures on Great Americans: Samuel Adams, Jef-

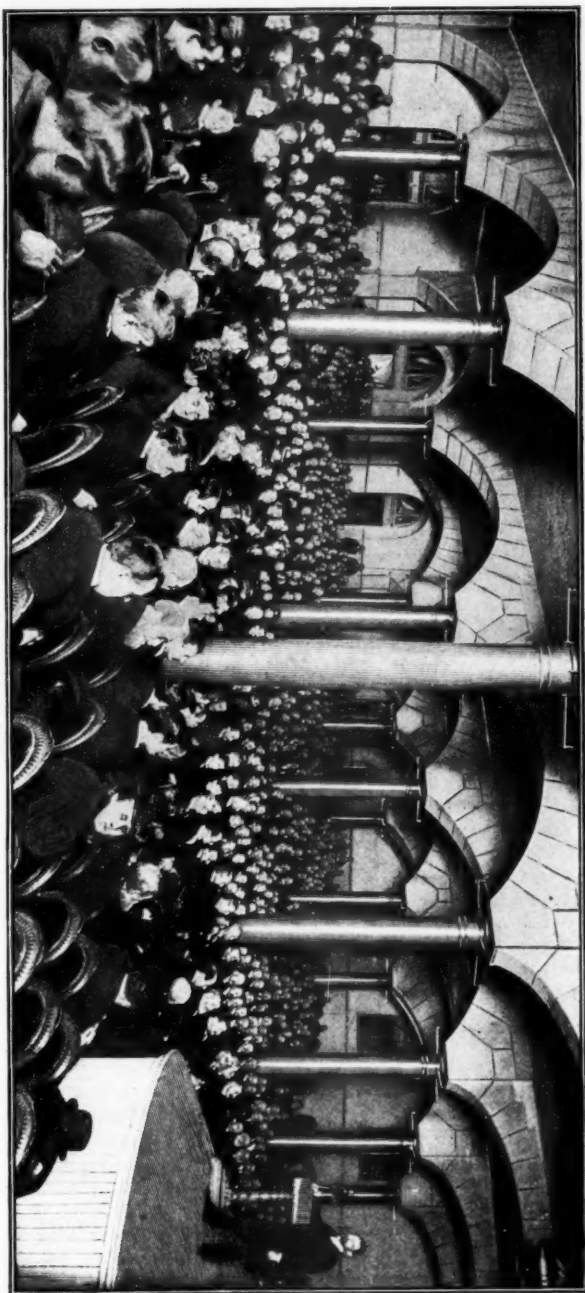


DR. WENDELL C. PHILLIPS, LECTURER.



ferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Frederick Douglass, Webster, Lincoln and Grant; large courses on Natural Science, including fish and fisheries, mining, birds, electricity (many lectures), light and color, sounds and music, oxygen, hydrogen, astronomy, coal, cotton, silk, photography, pottery, earthquakes, bees, snakes, insects, etc., etc. Under the head of Travel eighteen separate lectures were given on the United States; about twenty-five on Central America and Europe, and eight or ten on the Orient. Under other heads, about forty lectures were given dealing with American History, and fifteen with Civics and American Government. General History was treated under ten topics. Forty others discussed Art, Literature and Social Science, while about ten might come under the head of Municipal Government. But there is practically no end to the subjects available in such an enterprise as this. The nature and range of topics in any city or town naturally would be determined by the character of the people for whom they were provided, and the type of the talent within reach.

The New York sys-



LECTURE AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

tem provides a fee of ten dollars a lecture, and three dollars each to the lantern operator and superintendent for every evening they are on duty. For this small remuneration many splendid lecturers are secured, who no doubt accept the opportunity of doing good as part payment of their efforts.

These courses of lectures, which year by year present a wider range of topics and more methodical arrangement, are of twofold benefit to the community: (1) They form a great school of refining entertainment and instruction for thousands and hundreds of thousands who would otherwise have no such center of attraction, not only enabling them to renew old associations with books and learning, but awakening in many a desire to read and study along new lines, to keep in touch with every phase of progress and to reach a truer culture and broader knowledge. (2) The reflexive influence on the lecturers themselves is not to be underestimated. Coming in contact with these great masses of honest, toiling humanity with a message to give them, has a valuable effect on the lecturer himself. He is taught in this way what the public requires; he is softened and humanized in contemplation of the types of men and women he is addressing. He is roused from a mere sense of professional self-sufficiency and touched by a vivid consciousness of the true dignity and worth of the lecturer's art, its power to inspire, refine and ennoble human life.

Besides, no happier method of diffusing knowledge and refining taste could have been devised. At a trifling cost the best results of modern research and culture are

brought to the doors of the common people by the living lips of specialists, intelligent men and women. In the use of the pictures, which represent the highest order of the photographer's art, the eye assists the ear in receiving the message of the lecturers and also helps the memory to hold it in a stronger grasp. Moreover, the illustrations, besides picturing the message, tend to inspire a love of the beautiful in art and nature. And so it is that these lectures are beyond all price.

After two years' connection with this enterprise, and a close study of about fifty audiences representing every section of New York from the Battery to Wakefield and Inwood, and after consulting with many of the lecturers, superintendents, operators and regular attendants, and with Dr. Leipziger and other leading educators, I venture the following suggestions in the hope that other school boards will follow the example of New York:

1. One of the most important considerations is the selection of a properly qualified superintendent.

The highest success demands that he be a man who is acquainted with the intellectual needs of the people and that he possess the discriminating wisdom which will enable him to choose and arrange in the most effective order the themes for discussion, and to select the best talent available in his community. It will necessitate in many places, as it has in New York, self-sacrificing and painstaking efforts upon the part of the superintendent. But from these things the heroic educator does not shrink, because here he recognizes an opportunity to make a contribution



MR. H. A. ROGERS, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON SPECIAL SCHOOLS.

to public service of the highest order.

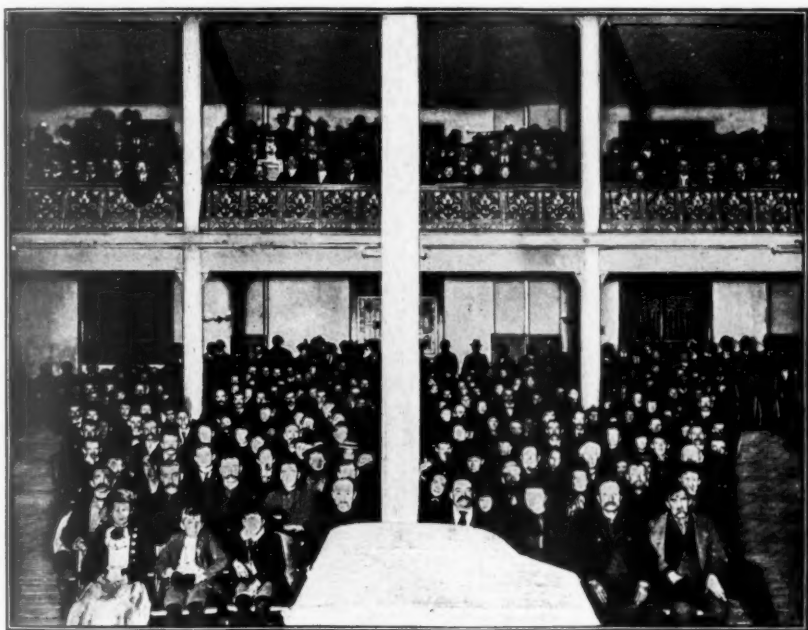
2. The lectures should be arranged with the twofold object of entertainment and instruction, and should therefore be given by men and women competent to afford both.

The problems of the day could be discussed by able men in such a way as to develop a higher civic spirit among the people of the community. In this way the public school-house would become the rendezvous of the people in the neighborhood and the center of intel-

education. This class of men could be drafted into service without a fee; but the educational effect could be made much stronger in every way by taxing the public to a slight degree to pay the lecturer a small sum.

Though New York is peculiarly fortunate in the number of available lecturers of high rank, most other localities are proportionately blessed with good speakers.

4. At all events, this phase of University Extension and higher education is practically



AUDIENCE IN COLUMBUS HALL.

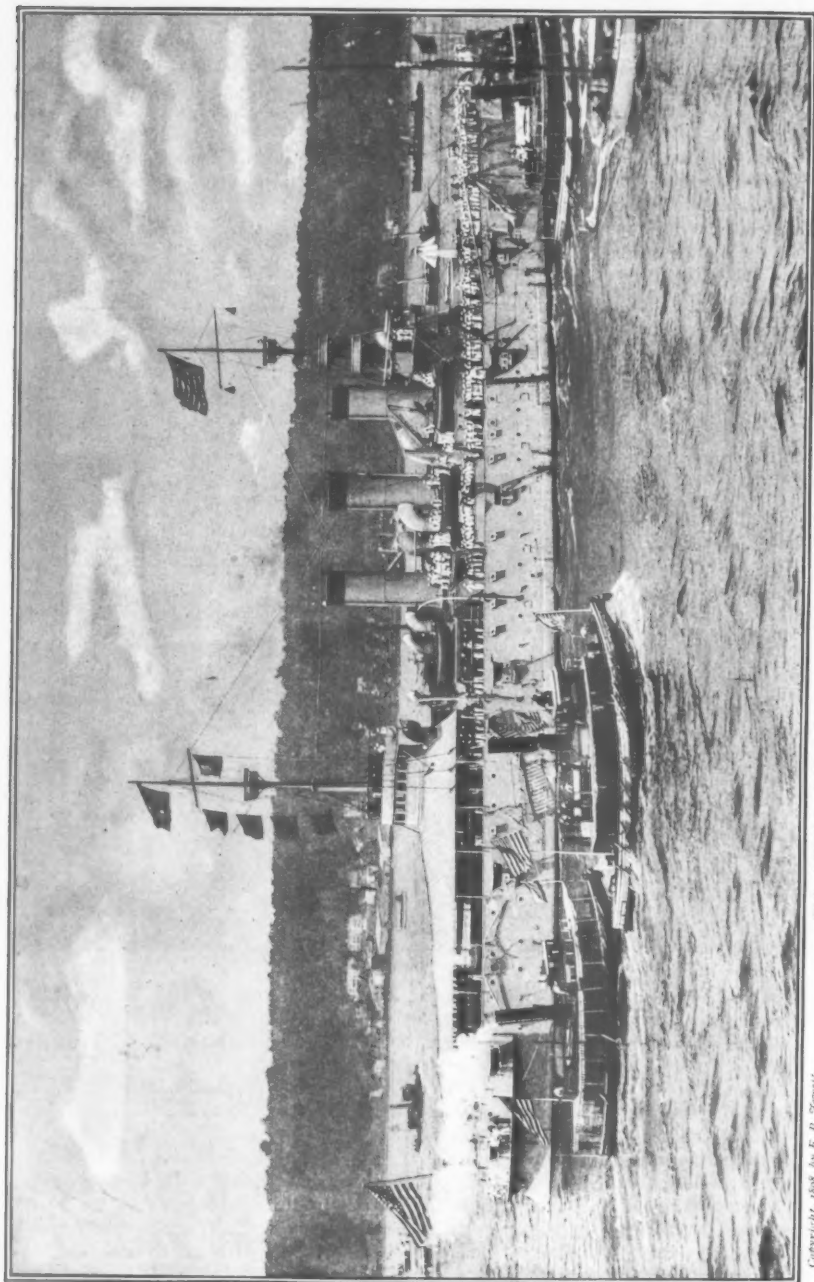
lectual influences for the molding of public sentiment.

3. The work might easily be inaugurated in almost any city or town of any size in the country.

I would suggest that in college communities professors and teachers could be used to great advantage, and almost everywhere ministers, physicians, lawyers, editors and public-spirited, intelligent citizens could be induced to prepare one or more lectures each season as a generous contribution to the common stock of public

applicable to all sections of our great country with the assurance of far-reaching, beneficent results, involving only nominal expense.

This great people's university, without a faculty or a building, is inspired by the consciousness that the masses are being taught and humanized. Such a movement, vibrating with such a soulful purpose and incentive, cannot fail to become a mighty factor in uplifting and redeeming the individual, social and national life of our beloved America.

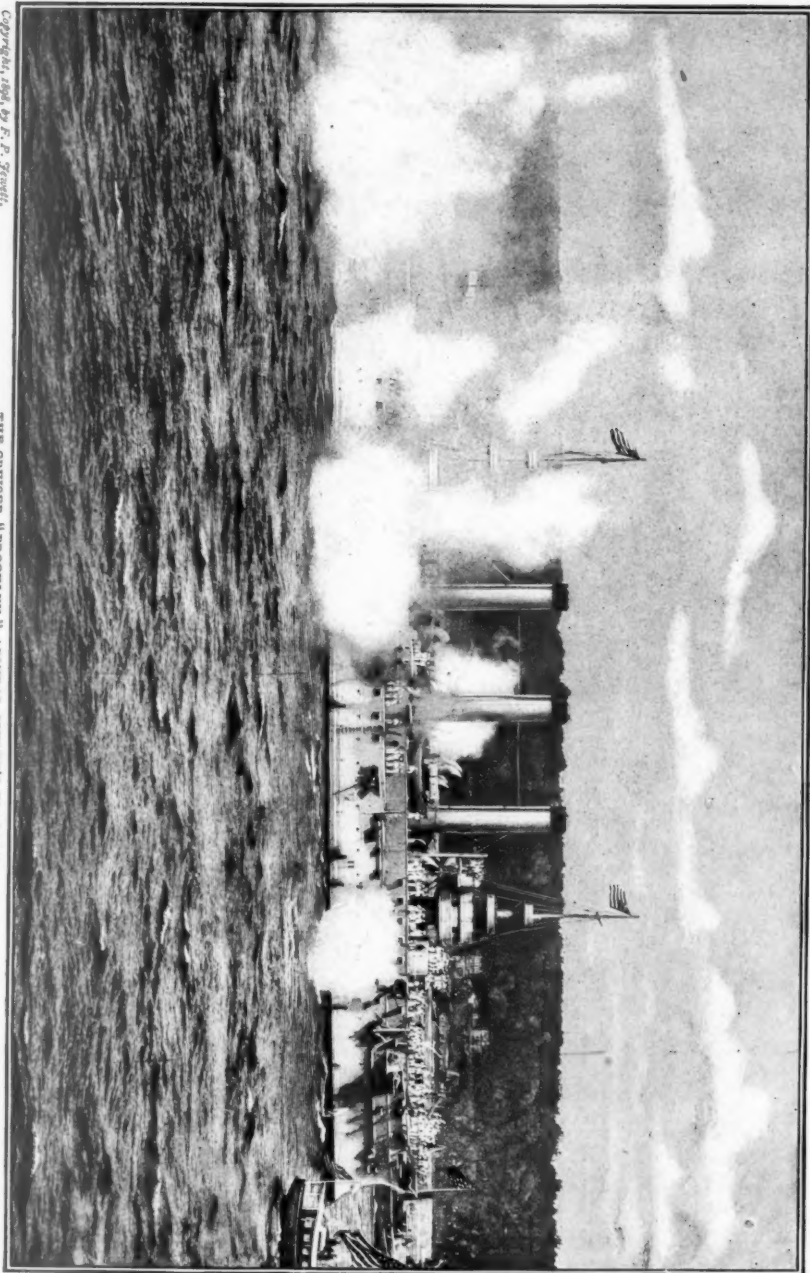


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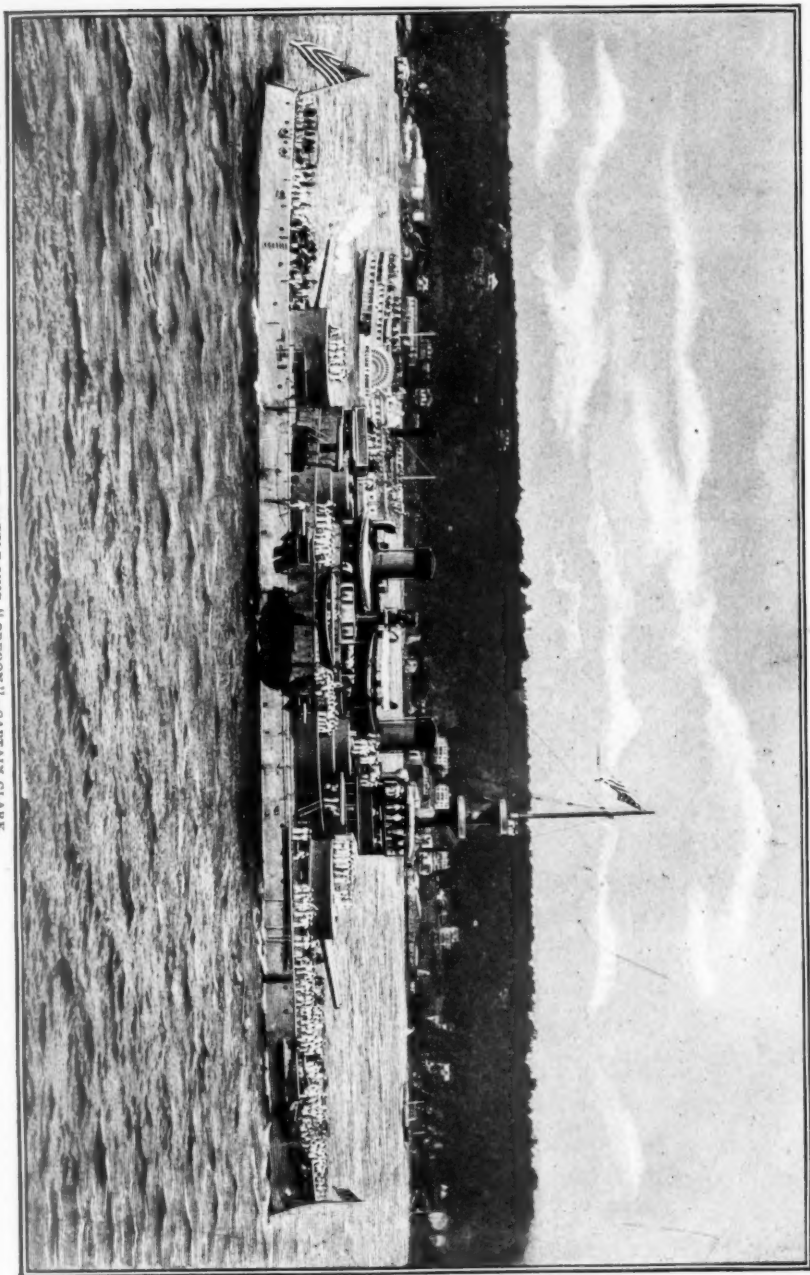


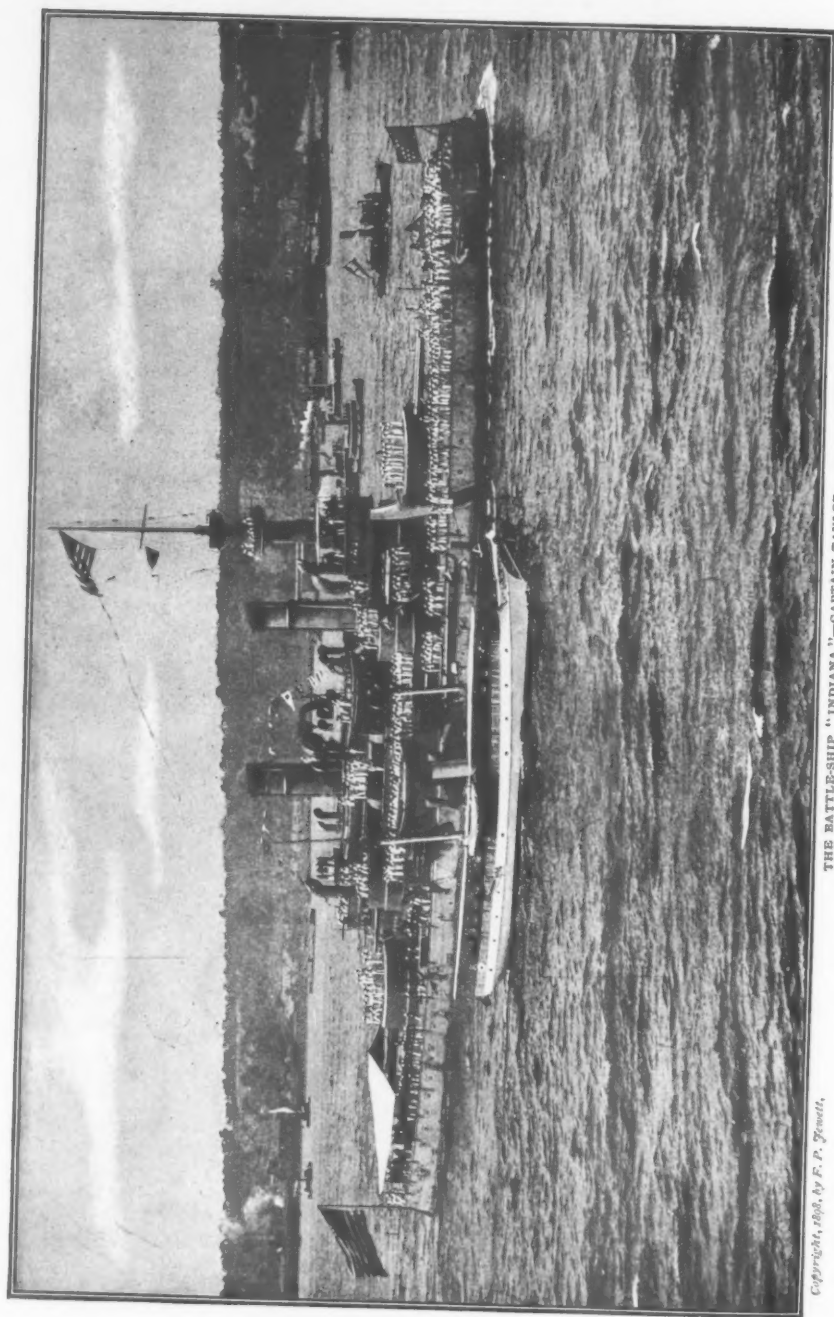
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*Captain Clark, right, by F. P. Jewett.*

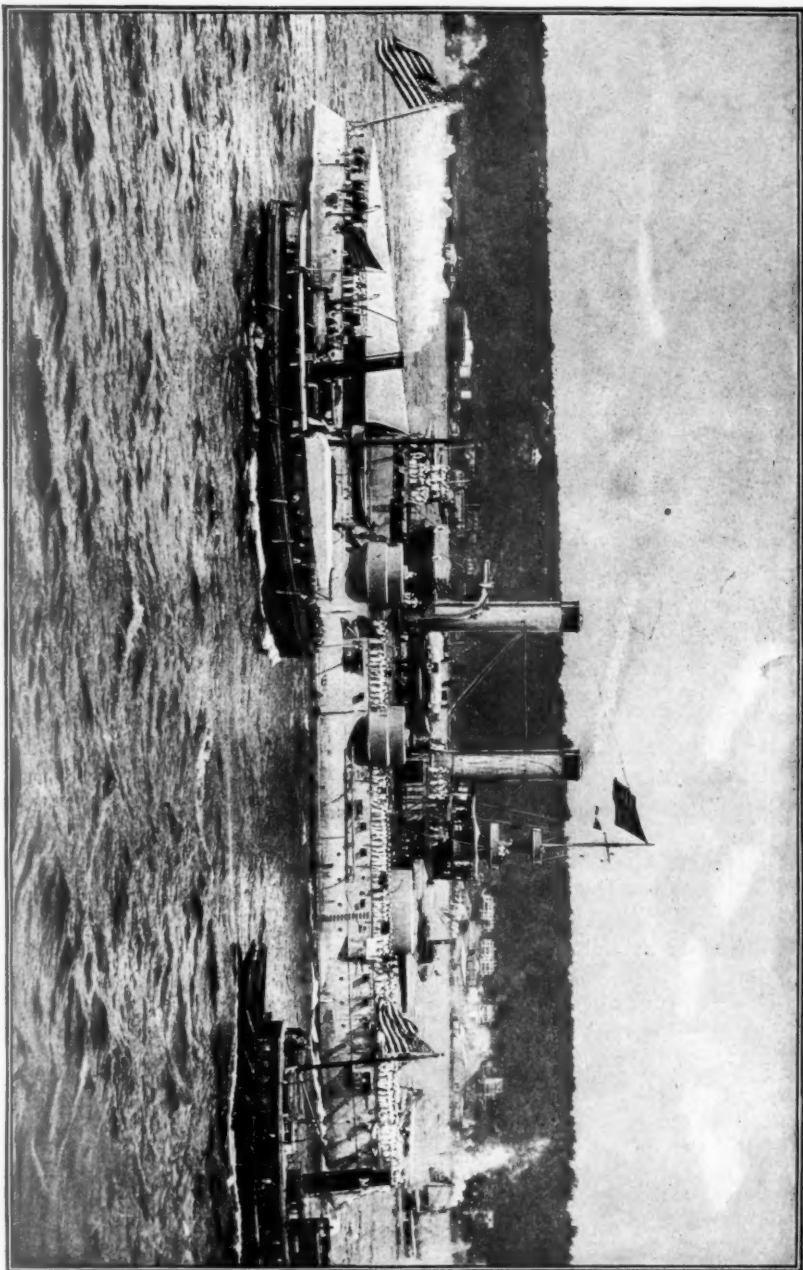
THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON"—CAPTAIN CLARK.





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THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA"—CAPTAIN EVANS.



*Drawn by Fanny Y. Cory.*

## A LOST EDEN.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AH, it was a lonely place,  
Where I walked to-day—  
That old Garden of Delights,  
Where we used to stray.

She is far, whose hand I held  
In that bygone time—  
Where the summer roses laughed  
Clings the winter's rime.

Helen, stately, Helen, fair,  
Where are you to-night?  
Do you gather brighter blooms,  
Tranced in new delight?

I remember how you stood—  
You who wrought my woe—  
Wiling me with strange, sweet smile,  
When the sun was low;

And I lingered by your side  
Till the stars arose  
And looked down with curious eyes  
On that Garden close.

Now you wander, who knows where,  
Helen, fair and glad,  
Deaf to whispers from the past—  
Why should I be sad?





*Drawn by Peter Newell.*

"'BRING ME MY GLASS,' CRIED SEÑOR PROVENTURA, RISING HASTILY."

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IT was the most beautiful time of the year in the island of Mañana; the waters of the encircling Pacific were warm, but the breezes which came from the neighboring islet of Pruga were cool and odorous with the fragrance from many an aromatic tree and shrub. There were no inhabitants on the islet of Pruga, for its coral reefs did not offer inducements to visiting craft, and it seemed to exist solely for the purpose of furnishing fragrance to the island of Mañana, where the winds blew from the northwest.

The Governor-General of the colony, Señor Gonzales Proventura y Torado, sat upon the front veranda of his official residence, on the plaza of Ruta, the capital city of the colony. The Governor was smoking sadly; the fumes from his rapid succession of cigarettes mingled with the odors floating over the sea from Pruga, but his senses were not gratified, nor was his soul comforted. Before him, on a little

wooden perch, there stood a parrot, brilliant in yellow and red. It was motionless; it was dead; it was stuffed. Five weeks before that day he had shot it, and it had just been brought home by a native taxidermist. It was the last parrot he had shot, and his soul grew heavier as he gazed upon it.

Señor Proventura was a collector of parrots. In earlier days, in other spheres of colonial duties, he had been a collector of monkeys, but now he devoted his powers of marksmanship entirely to the bagging of the brilliantly colored parrots which were found in the island over which he exercised colonial authority. He was not only a sportsman, he was a man of scientific proclivities, and he had invented a new chromatic scale in which all the desired combinations of color were furnished by the plumage of parrots. Many of these birds were arranged in order in a corridor of his house, but the scale was not yet



complete and more parrots were needed. It had been five weeks since he had shot one, and the soul of the Governor-General was downcast.

The morning air rested lightly on the rippling waters of the harbor of Ruta; a barefooted native brought fresh cigarettes to the Governor-General, and as he placed them on a small table he called the attention of his Excellency to something in the distance. The Governor-General looked up and beheld a man-of-war coming in from the sea.

"Bring me my glass!" cried Señor Proventura, rising hastily, "but stop. What is the flag?"

"It is the ensign of Cabotia, your Excellency," answered the servant.

The Captain of the man-of-war raised his glass to his eyes and scanned the bay of Ruta. There was but one vessel moving upon its waters. This was a ferry-boat, small and of antique fashion. A man at the end of a long wooden tiller steered the boat, and the passengers, returning from their morning duties in the town to their homes on the other side of the harbor, were standing in the bow to catch the breeze.

"Fire a blank shot to bring her to," ordered the Captain.

The gunner was ready and a cannon roared. The disintegrated wadding of the charge, in the shape of a hundred thousand little pieces of cartridge-paper, fell in a shower upon the passengers of the ferry-boat, who were incensed with anger. "Those wretched sailors on that Cabotian ship are crazy with drink!" they cried. "They do not even know how to fire a salute. We shall complain to the Governor-General." The man at the tiller was very indignant and swore, but he kept on his course, for his passengers must reach their homes; but he would complain when he made his return trip.

"That did not bring her to," said the Captain of the man-of-war; "fire a solid shot across her bow."

Again roared the cannon and an iron shot flew over the harbor. It whistled by the people of the ferry-boat, and the man at the tiller, turning pale with fright, ran half across the deck in his anxiety to turn his vessel about quickly and get her

back to town. Such reckless firing of salutes he had never heard of.

The iron ball went on; it passed the head of the harbor; it flew over the marshes where the cryptogams grew in wild profusion; its little black shadow crossed palm groves and patches of cultivated ground. An old woman was returning to her home, carrying a bread-fruit for her noonday meal, but just before she reached her little hut, thatched with palmetto leaves, the cannon-ball, now descending toward the earth, struck the main cross-beam, above the door, and the cottage disappeared. It was like magic; it had been there—it was gone! The old woman fell upon her trembling knees. If she had wished to gather together the remnants of her home she would have needed a dustpan and brush.

"It is good," said the Governor-General, "they are firing salutes. Summon the Adjutant-General and the Alcalde."

"Pardon, your Excellency," said the servant, "they are fishing on the west coast."

"Very well, then," cried the Governor-General, "order my boat's crew to be ready on the instant. I must go out alone to our visitors." And so saying he rushed into the house to put on his uniform.

His wife assisted him in arraying himself in his official costume. She was delighted at the news, for she was fond of social enjoyment and had two daughters likewise inclined, and officers from foreign ships, when they happened to touch at Ruta, always made things lively in the otherwise quiet town. It was even possible that there might be a ball. At that moment there was a ball. It struck the rocks at the base of El Morro, the antique fortress at the entrance of the harbor.

"Hurry, my dear!" cried the Governor-General. "They are still firing their salutes and I must get to them as quickly as possible. Give me my state hat."

His wife handed him the heavily plumed cocked hat. He clapped it on and hurried to the water's edge, where he found his boat waiting him. The crew had wakened from their morning siesta at the first sound of the cannon. Everybody was excited; the town had been saluted and

the fort had not returned the courtesy.

Just as the boat was about to push off, a slim native boy, wearing but a single white garment, which had been freshly washed, came flying toward the little pier.

"Your Excellency!" he shouted. "Señora Proventura has sent you your nightcap. She says your big hat makes your head hot, and when you take it off you must put something else on."

The Governor impatiently snatched the nightcap and stuffed it into his pocket. "Give way!" he cried.

The slim boy had stepped upon the stern of the boat behind the Governor, to hand him the nightcap, and he was so much excited that he forgot to step off again; so he remained standing behind the Governor, who did not notice him.

The crew pulled hard. They were excited, for it was very interesting to visit a foreign man-of-war. The Captain of the protected cruiser from Cabotia stood on the quarter-deck, surrounded by his officers.

"They are sending us a flag of truce,"

he said, as he saw the one garment of the slim boy fluttering in the wind. "Order the firing to cease."

The Governor-General mounted to the quarter-deck, gracious, but dignified. He spoke English very well; he shook hands with the officers and welcomed them to Mañana.

"It grieves me greatly, your Excellency," he said to the Captain, "that we have not been able to return your salute, but you must not accuse us of discourtesy. We are absolutely out of powder. In fact, I have not been able, on the whole island, to scrape together enough to load my fowling-piece, and it is now five weeks since I have shot a parrot. I am a sportsman and I feel the deprivation keenly."

Some of the officers looked at each other and smiled, and the Captain thus addressed the Governor-General:

"Sir, you have introduced yourself as the chief official of this island, and you apologize for not returning our salute. We



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"AT WAR WITH MY MOTHER-LAND!" HE EXCLAIMED "

did not salute. Cabotia is at war with your country. I fired a solid shot across the bow of the only moving vessel in your harbor, and I have bombarded your defenses."

The Governor-General stepped back in amazement. "At war with my motherland!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of it! It is incredible!"

"I do not wonder that you have never heard of it," said the Captain, "for it is a very recent affair and it is not likely that the news could reach you sooner. But you know it now. We are at war with your motherland, and I have sailed into your harbor to take this island and raise over it the flag of Cabotia. The best thing you can do is to capitulate, without loss of time."

Señor Gonzales Proventura y Torado drew himself up and folded his arms. "Capitulate!" he exclaimed; "capitulate without striking a blow for the honor of my country; for the honor of my flag; for my own honor! Never!"

It was now the Captain's turn to be surprised. "Then what are you going to do?" he asked. "You decline to capitulate. What then?"

"I shall fight," returned the Governor-General. "So long as my duty calls upon me to do so I shall defend my flag; I shall defend my city; I shall defend my honor."

"But you can't fight," said the Captain. "If you haven't even powder enough to fire a salute or shoot a parrot, how are you going to defend yourself against my guns?"

The Governor-General bowed, and slightly raised his great cocked hat. "Your Excellency," said he, "you are a noble officer of a great country; I am sure you are a gentleman. If a gentleman with his drawn sword in his hand meets an enemy unarmed, he does not plunge the blade into his undefended adversary. He lowers the point of his sword, and requests his enemy to arm himself and come on. If he happens to be provided with an extra sword he presents it to his foe, so that no time may be lost. Your Excellency is a gentleman; you will not deny me the right to defend my flag, my city and my honor; you will not take advantage of my defenseless position. You will lend me some powder."

The Captain turned toward his officers. "There is some sense in all that," he said. "It does seem like a mean thing to fire upon powderless foes, and if they refuse to capitulate without fighting we ought to give them a chance to fight. Lower a boat and order a barrel of gunpowder to be sent to that fort."

The eyes of the Governor-General were suffused with tears of gratitude. A barrel of powder! It sounded like untold wealth! He removed his cocked hat entirely from his head and shook hands with the Captain and all of his officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you from my heart; I thank you for myself; I thank you for my motherland. I will go to my fort. I will put myself at the head of my garrison. I will defend my city, my honor and my flag."

"All right," said the Captain, "I will give you an hour to get ready; but let me tell you this, when you think it is time to capitulate haul down your colors and send a real flag of truce to me. If that darkey had sat down while you were coming here we would not have thought you were asking for a truce, and we might have fired on you."

The noise of the cannon had aroused everybody; not a man in the garrison was asleep, and when the Governor-General ordered the drums to beat to quarters the soldiers came running from every direction. There were not many of them, but they were wildly enthusiastic when they heard that they had been furnished with powder and were to fight. As rapidly as possible everything was made ready for the battle. The barrel of powder was placed in a central position in the fort and the Governor-General stood by it, issuing his orders.

There were several mounted cannon in the fort, but the gunners were not able to find many balls, and those they did collect were small, about the size of a croquet ball. This made it impossible to use the two large guns of the castle.

"Never mind!" cried the Governor-General. "The small guns require less powder and we can fire more frequently. Every man to his post! The hour of truce has nearly expired."

Fiery martial commotion filled the fort.

The garrison, whose gunnery practice had hitherto been confined to harmless salutes, were mad with delight at the idea that they were about to fire solid shot upon a real enemy, and when the first gun from the ship announced the termination of the truce, it was almost immediately answered by three shots from the fort.

Now loudly roared the cannon, on water and on land, and the people of the town ran up and down, wildly asking each other what was likely to happen next.

The heavy shot and shells from the man-of-war tore away great masses of the rock on which the castle stood, but none of them penetrated into the interior of the fortification, and the guns of the Mañanian stronghold were served with an alacrity and ardor which were surprising in gunners who were in the habit of spending their days in the most torpid kind of garrison duty. The cannon were all muzzle-loaders, and as soon as one was discharged half a dozen gunners were ready to thrust into her muzzle a fresh charge of powder and another ball. These small projectiles flew out over the water as if some one had been shaking an apple tree over the harbor. Sometimes one of them would hit the side of the protected cruiser, and in these cases the Second Officer of the vessel, who was a wit, always facetiously remarked, "Come in!"

Balls and shells flew backward and forward and bits of rock went tumbling and splashing down into the water; clouds of smoke hung over the castle and over the man-of-war, and the townspeople grew

more and more anxious, for they could perceive no signs of victory or defeat, on their own side or on that of the enemy.

But the Governor-General was more anxious than anybody else. He was standing by the barrel of powder, and it made his heart sink to see how rapidly its contents were diminishing. There was scarcely a quarter of the powder left. A quarter of a barrel of powder! With that he could go out with his gun for days and weeks, and even months; with that he could secure all the parrots he needed for the completion of the model of his great chromatic scale;

with that amount of powder life would indeed be worth living! And these men were scooping it up and ramming it into the cannon as if the precious grains were of no more value than the dust of the earth. He stooped forward and looked at the cannon-balls which had been gathered together. There were not many of them left, but in the eyes of



"IT MADE HIS HEART SICK TO SEE HOW RAPIDLY ITS CONTENTS WERE DIMINISHING."

the Governor-General there were entirely too many.

Just as a cannon was fired and as the gunners turned away their faces and shut their eyes, the Governor-General kicked three of the balls into a small gutter which opened outside the walls, and they dropped down the cliff. He would have been glad to pick up the rest of them and put them in his pockets, if it had been possible.

But he did not have to worry long. In a few minutes the last little ball was shot out from the fort and fell into the water

with a splash close to the side of the man-of-war.

"They are trying to knock off our keel," said the facetious Second Officer.

Now the heart of the Governor-General rose and his eyes sparkled. "My brave men," he shouted, "we have done our duty, we have fought for the honor of our flag, and for the honor of our mother-land, but we are out of ammunition. We have no more balls and we must submit to the inevitable; we must capitulate." And as he said these words he cast his eye into the barrel of powder, of which at least one-fifth remained.

The garrison gathered around him and shouted in indignation. "We will never give up the fight," they cried, "while there is a drop of blood in our veins!"

"Blood will not do!" shouted the Governor-General in return. "Balls are what we want, not blood."

"And balls we must have!" cried some of the men. "If there are no more little ones left, perhaps we can find some that will fit the larger cannon."

The Governor-General trembled; it would be a dreadful thing if they should really find some larger balls.

"Be careful what you do!" he shouted. "One of the big cannon has a great crack in it. The light shines into the inside of it."

"The other one is good," replied one of the men; "let us find some balls for it."

In a very short time some of the men came running back, carrying balls which they found lying about the fort, but they were all two or three sizes too large.

"I knew it!" cried the Governor-General. "I understand the conditions of our munitions of war. We can fire no more of our guns. It is absolutely necessary that we capitulate immediately, otherwise the enemy will begin to shell the town. Think of our wives, our children," and in his heart the Governor-General added, "our stuffed birds."

The men turned sullenly away and began to roll cigarettes; of course they could not fight without balls to fit their cannon. But there was a young fellow, named Bartolomo Larrida, who would not give the fight up so easily.

"I believe I can find balls to fit that

gun!" he cried. "There must be some, somewhere!" and away he ran.

The Governor-General frowned and called to the young man to come back, but the latter did not hear him.

"Fool!" ejaculated Señor Proventura, "he will ruin everything," and as he spoke he fiercely thrust his hands into his pockets. In one of them he felt the nightcap. "Ha!" he said to himself, "this will do," and looking about to see that he was not observed, he thrust his nightcap into the muzzle of the one good gun, and with a rammer he pushed it home. "Now then," said he to himself, "he cannot fire off that cannon, even if he finds a ball to fit."

Having said this, he hurried out of the fort and down to the place where he had left his boat. He took with him a small table-cloth which he had snatched from one of the living-rooms of the fort, and this, tied to a pole, was waved high in the air, whereupon the cannonading from the man-of-war, which had become infrequent since it was not returned by the fort, now ceased altogether.

The boat of the Governor-General was rowed rapidly to the man-of-war, and he soon stood upon the quarter-deck. Advancing to the Captain, he drew his sword from his scabbard and held it in front of him, hilt first, and said:

"Your Excellency, I surrender. We are out of——" he was about to say "cannon-balls," but he thought it wiser to make an amendment and said, "ammunition. We can fire no more. Our honor is satisfied. That is the great thing. El Morro capitulates. The town of Ruta capitulates. The island of Mañana, with the neighboring islets, all capitulate. Accept my sword."

The Captain waved back the proffered weapon. "You can keep that," he said, "but I will take the rest. I will go ashore to hoist the Cabotian flag above your fort. What is the size of your garrison?"

This question puzzled the Governor-General. It had been some time since he had heard roll-call, or given any thought to the subject, but it was necessary to make an answer which would not belittle his position as first official of the colony, and therefore he said:





Drawn by Peter Newell.

"AYE, YOUR EXCELLENCY," SAID THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, PUTTING ON THE NIGHTCAP."

"One hundred and forty-five men, your Excellency."

"What!" cried the Captain, "I did not suppose that you had as many men as that. Mr. Mannering," he continued, addressing the First Officer, "did you hear that? One hundred and forty-five soldiers in the garrison. What could we do with so many prisoners?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "We could not accommodate them upon this ship."

The Governor-General listened in wonder. "Does your Excellency mean," said he, "that you are going to carry away our soldiers as prisoners!"

"I have planned to take you all, the officials of the town and your officers and soldiers, as prisoners of war and to carry you away with me, leaving behind some one commissioned by me as temporary Governor-General, acting under the authority of the Cabotian government. But your number embarrasses me. I did not suppose you had so many men."

To be carried away! The Governor-General turned pale. He had never thought of anything of that sort. It was bad enough to be obliged to change flags, but if he were forced to leave his home, his family, the fifth of a barrel of gunpowder, and all the stuffed parrots in the corridor,

as well as those still flying freely in the woods, it would be terrible indeed. But he did not lose hope.

"Your Excellency," he said, "we have truly a large garrison in the castle, and besides, there is the garrison of the inland battery, above the town."

"More men!" cried the Captain. "And how many officers and men are in that garrison, I should like to know?"

"I should say," replied the Governor-General, "that, excluding the sick in the hospitals, there must be sixty men and officers, all told, in the garrison of the inland battery."

The Captain clapped his forehead. "Two hundred and five men!" said he. "Mr. Mannering, how are we to accommodate them?"

Bartolomo Larrisda was a young man of energetic loyalty; he did not know that the Governor-General had rowed away under a flag of truce; he knew nothing except that somewhere there must be some balls that would fit that large gun, and with which the fight for the honor of his flag and his mother-land might be continued. At last he found a ball which looked to be the right size. Only one, but with it he ran to the gun. One shot, well directed, might explode the enemy's magazine.



Bartolomo tried the ball and to his delight he found that it would go into the muzzle of the cannon. In fact, it was a trifle too small, and as he was about to remove it from the muzzle, preparatory to putting in a charge of powder, the smooth ball slipped from his nervous fingers and rolled down into the cannon, which was somewhat elevated, and did not stop until it rested safely against the nightcap of the Governor-General, at the very bottom of the bore.

Bartolomo was horrified; with a great deal of trouble he lowered the muzzle of the cannon, but the ball would not roll out, for it was jammed by the nightcap. The young man tore his hair and beat the cannon with the rammer, but the concussion did not loosen the ball. For a moment he stood in despair and then he gave a spring toward the barrel of powder, which he picked up and placed close to the gun.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I may load it yet. I will pour powder into the touch-hole until there is enough behind the ball to enable me to make this last shot for the honor of my flag and my mother-land."

Frantically he poured the powder into the touch-hole, ramming it in with a piece of wire, wriggling the wire so as to make more room inside, and pouring in more and more powder, until finally he believed he had enough to make his last great shot, by which, perchance, he might explode the magazine of the insolent enemy.

Dashing into an adjoining casemate he snatched a live cigarette from the mouth of a comrade and in two seconds had touched off the cannon.

"It is true, sir," said the First Officer of the man-of-war to his Captain, "there is no room here for two hundred and five men. We might as well try to ship another crew."

At this moment there was the report of a cannon. It came from the fort. It was not a very loud report, but everybody jumped, and all eyes were directed toward El Morro. A cannon-ball was seen coming through the air. It came so slowly that it was perfectly easy to observe it. It moved in a great arc over the harbor and then began slowly to descend. It came directly toward the quarter-deck of the man-of-war.

"Look out!" cried the captain of the

watch, everybody looked out, and when the ball approached the deck they all stepped back out of its way. It struck not three feet from where the Governor-General had been standing.

The Captain's face was as red as fire. "What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "What vile treachery have you been hatching? You fly a flag of truce; you surrender; and then your fort fires upon us!"

The Governor-General did not immediately answer; his eyes were fixed upon the cannon-ball which lay in the middle of the deck. He advanced toward it and raised it in his hand.

"Your Excellency," said he, to the Captain, "do not condemn me; do not be indignant. There is no harm done, there was none intended. You see this nightcap which partially envelops this ball? This is my nightcap, which I always should put on when I remove my hat of state. This great hat makes my head hot, and when I take it off I am in danger of catching cold if I do not put on something else. My wife urged me to take this cap with me to-day, and as I forgot it she has thoughtfully sent it after me in this fashion. There was no other way. Your Excellency, she has ordered one of the gunners to forward it with a very light charge of powder."

"A dangerous conjugal attention," said the Captain, his face recovering its natural brown. "It was a pretty good shot, though, I must say. It came nearer to you than to anybody else, and even if you hadn't moved, it would not have hit you."

"Aye, your Excellency," said the Governor-General, putting on the nightcap, for it was impossible for him to seem to slight the affectionate attention of Señora Proventura. "my wife is a most considerate woman. She never forgets my health, and she doubtless selected the most careful gunner to send me this nightcap."

At this moment luncheon was announced, and as everybody was hungry the conference was suspended, and the Governor-General was invited to step below and join the Captain's mess. The invitation was most gladly accepted, and the Governor's boat was sent back to inform his lady that he would take his midday meal on the man-of-war.

The Governor-General made a very fine meal. He drank good wine, and the cigar which he afterward smoked, sitting in a comfortable chair on the deck with the Captain and some of the other officers, was of remarkable fragrance. Tobacco grew on Mañana, but the island produced nothing like this.

"It comes from some of our other colonies," thought the Governor-General, "but it is only through the foreigners that we have it here."

"Now then," said the Captain, puffing a cloud of smoke toward the flag of his country, which was gently waving in the breeze from Pruga, "we might as well arrange the terms of surrender. I have taken two hundred and five prisoners, besides yourself and the officers of the town. Now we must decide what to do with you. You must be taken away, in some manner or other."

"Of course," said the Second Officer, "if we take prisoners and don't take them, of course we haven't taken them."

"Very good," said the Captain, and they all laughed.

"That brings us to the next point," said the Captain—"how are we going to take them? One thing is certain—I shall not stuff them into this ship."

"May I ask, your Excellency," interrupted the Governor-General, "to what

place you propose to take your prisoners, when you do take them?"

"I don't know about that," answered the Captain; "the main thing is to get you all away from here. When a place is captured, its garrison and municipal officers must be removed. That is one of the principles of war and we can't get around it. If there were a merchant vessel in this port I would put you all into it and send you somewhere, probably to your own country, for I am sure you would not be wanted in mine, but the main point, as I have said, is to get you away from here."

"Yes, your Excellency," said the Governor-General, "I understand perfectly. But there is no ship in port, and no vessel larger than our ferry-boat, and that is a very little one."

"It seems to me, Mr. Manner-ing," said the Captain, addressing his First Officer, "that the only thing we can do is to leave these prisoners here for the present and to send a transport for them as soon as possible. They can then be taken to their own country and we shall have no further trouble

with them, it is plain."

"Yes," said the First Officer, "I see nothing else to do but that."

"Your Excellency," the Governor now asked, "how long do you suppose it will be before we could expect a ship which would carry us away?"

The Captain shook his head and looked at Mr. Mannerling. The latter began to count on his fingers.

"Three weeks to port," he said. "a



*Drawn by Peter Newell.*

"THE THREE WOMEN WERE NOTICED."

week to telegraph and make arrangements, five weeks for the transport to reach this island, two weeks for unavoidable delays. That makes, let me see, eleven weeks."

The Governor-General sat for a few moments and thought. "And what shall be done with your prisoners in the mean time, your Excellency?" he asked. "Of course they must be fed."

"Without doubt," said the Captain; "that is understood. They are prisoners of my country, my country will take care of them. I will leave rations for them until they are sent for. And, by the way, I must appoint some one to take charge here. Is there a naturalized Cabotian on the island?"

The Governor-General shook his head. "No, your Excellency," said he, "there is not one. In fact, there are but very few of us who can even speak your language. But if I might be allowed to offer a suggestion——"

"Certainly," interrupted the Captain; "I shall be glad to hear it."

"Well, then, your Excellency," said the Governor, "if it will help you out of your difficulty I am perfectly willing to be naturalized. I speak your language, and now that this island belongs to your country, and as it is necessary to find some one to take temporary charge of affairs, I am ready to do whatever is needed to make me a naturalized Cabotian."

"That's not a bad idea," said the Captain to Mr. Mannering. "He can keep the people in order better than anybody else and there will be no rupture, no strain. I am in favor of his plan."

"Yes," said the First Officer, "I think that would work very well, but I don't know that we have the authority to naturalize him. I suppose, however, we might make him a brevet-citizen, just for a time, you know."

"Very good," said the Captain, rising, "we will settle it that way. He can retain his officers, and things will go on smoothly and comfortably. And now, Mr. Governor, I am going to take a little nap. About five o'clock, when the day is cooler, I'll go over to the fort to receive the surrender of your prisoners, and I will also go to the town to raise the flag of Cabotia upon your principal building, whatever it may be. Until

then, I will bid you a very good afternoon."

The Governor-General rose, took off his nightcap, put on his plumed hat of state, shook hands all around and departed in his boat, which had returned for him.

He had no time to lose. He had surrendered two garrisons of two hundred and five men, and where was he to find those men? He was rowed first to the fort. The garrison was hastily gathered together and counted. Including those who had gone to town for their luncheon and had not yet returned, and even reckoning the laborers who worked in the castle garden, the waiters, and a man who had a license to sell candy and cake to the soldiers, there were exactly seventy-three men belonging to the fort. But the Governor was not daunted; he called his Lieutenant:

"Señor Hernandez," said he, "I want, instantly, seventy-two men. I have surrendered one hundred and forty-five members of this garrison, and we are seventy-two short. Go bring them in quickly. Take a file of soldiers with bayonets. Anybody will do to help make up the garrison. We must have them quickly. The Cabotian Captain will be here by five o'clock. Take shopkeepers, carpenters, cooks, any one you please. If they have shirts and trousers, that's enough. There are a lot of old military caps in the fort; clap one on every man jack of them. All our soldiers cannot be expected to wear their uniforms in this hot weather. As for arms, divide them up as well as you can. If there are not enough to go around, give one fellow a sword and another a scabbard, and if you can't do any better, serve out the curiosities in the museum, stone hatchets and all. They can't expect that we have only modern arms in this island. Now I must hurry away and see the Alcalde and the Adjutant-General. And mind you, Hernandez, this garrison must number one hundred and forty-five by five o'clock."

When the Governor-General reported the terms of surrender of the town and the forces, the citizens were much agitated of course, but the Governor-General's words, as he addressed them in the Plaza, were very encouraging.

"My people!" he shouted, "there is nothing to fear. Very little will be changed. To-morrow, everything will go

on as well as it did yesterday, if not better."

Continuing, he said: "This afternoon the Cabotian flag will be raised in this town and on the castle, and in return for this privilege the Cabotians will land a large amount of stores, not only canned goods of many varieties, but flour, coffee, sugar, salt meat, potatoes and many other things. The man-of-war will then depart, and if she should be overtaken by a typhoon before she reaches her destination there will be no report of the capture of this town. My friends, be calm; we have our honor and the stores I have mentioned."

At five o'clock the Captain of the man-of-war, accompanied by a party of officers, was rowed to El Morro. At the landing-place they were met by the Governor-General, who accompanied them up to the fort. There they found the garrison drawn up in two long lines to receive them, those wearing uniforms and with the best arms in the front rank. The Governor glanced along the lines.

"Heavens!" he whispered to the officer in command, "three of those in the second line are women."

"It could not be helped, your Excellency," said the officer; "three men got away and we had to clap in these women who were bringing yams to the fort. We put military caps on them, you see, and they each have a ramrod."

The garrison was counted and the number of prisoners found to be correct. But the three women were noticed.

"Hello!" cried the Cabotian Captain. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Your Excellency," said the Governor-General with a bow, "those are vivandieres, very necessary for the refreshment of the troops in this hot climate."

The Captain nodded. "All right," said he. "Hoist our flag over the fort, and then we will proceed to the town."

When the Captain and his party, with the Governor-General, were rowed to the town, they were joined by a file of marines from the ship, and all proceeded to the town hall. There the Cabotian flag was raised, a salute was fired, and the Captain, in the name of Cabotia, took possession of the town, the island and the neighboring islets.

"Now then," said he, when the cere-

monies had been concluded, "how about that inland battery you spoke of. Where is it?"

These words sent dismay to the heart of the Governor-General. He had been thinking about that battery and hoping that no present reference would be made to it. He had not visited it for a long time and knew very little about it except that it did not contain anything like a garrison of sixty men.

"Your Excellency," said he, "it is a long way up to that battery and I would suggest the postponing of the reception of its surrender until to-morrow morning. I hope that you and your officers will now accept the poor hospitality of my official residence, and I crave the honor of presenting you to my wife and daughters."

There was a gay time in the town that evening. There was a dinner and a dance at the Governor-General's house, and the example thus set by the official head of the colony was cheerfully followed by many of the citizens.

In the course of the evening the Governor-General withdrew himself from his company, and wrote a note to the officer in command of the castle and sent it by a fleet-footed messenger. It was to this effect:

"At daybreak to-morrow march sixty of your best-equipped men to the dell behind the inland battery. There they will await my orders."

"PROVENTURA Y TORADO."

Early the next morning the Governor-General walked up the hill and there he found the sixty men from the fort, smoking cigarettes at the place appointed. Leaving them, he repaired to the battery, where he was received with all due military etiquette by the officer in command. Major Cascaro, a true soldier of his mother-land, was a medium-sized man, very lean, very erect, very punctilious. He had a long nose with nostrils like wings, and under this nose was a mustache of such size and density that it looked as if it had been punched into place, a little at a time, until a great mass of it had been securely adjusted.

"Major," said the Governor-General,

"you must prepare, as rapidly as possible, to surrender this fortification with its garrison. Officers from the Cabotian man-of-war may arrive here at any moment."

The Major stared fixedly at the Governor-General. "Your Excellency," said he, "what have I to do with the officers of the Cabotian man-of-war?"

"You have to surrender to them," said the Governor-General, "and the quicker you prepare for it, the better."

The Major drew out the ends of his mustache and folded his arms.

"Your Excellency," said he, "I was appointed to command this fortification and thereby prevent the wild natives from intruding upon the town. It is true that all these natives have disappeared, but that makes no difference. The command has been entrusted to me by the crown of my mother-land. I shall hold it until that crown shall request me to give it up. I have heard the firings and the cannon-adings and I have seen the flag-raising, but all that is nothing to me. I have nothing to do with the forces of Cabotia, and I will not surrender to them."

"Well, then," impatiently cried the Governor-General, "surrender to me. It does not make any difference to whom you surrender."

"Your Excellency," said the Major, "I do not surrender to an enemy, still more firmly do I decline to surrender to a friend."

"Look here, Major," said the Governor-General, more impatiently, "we are spending too much time in talk. How many men have you in this battery?"

"Twelve," said the Major, "besides myself."

"Any officers under you?"

"Not at present," said the Major. "There were some assigned to this post, but I fill their positions myself."

"And draw their salaries?" asked the Governor-General.

"Of course," said the Major, "as I take their places."

"Now listen to me," said the Governor-General; "the whole colony has capitulated, including this battery with a garrison of sixty men. I have prepared for all emergencies. I have sixty soldiers from the castle, waiting down here in the dell. If

you choose you may have forty-eight of those men to add to your garrison and may surrender them as a whole. If you do not choose, I will pack your fellows off into the woods and I will surrender the fortification myself, with the men from the castle. There must be sixty men surrendered from this spot in less than half an hour. I now see a boat putting off from the ship."

The Major looked at the Governor-General. "Your Excellency," said he, "what are the terms of surrender?"

"Rations for all prisoners of war until a ship can be sent to take them to their native land."

"Pay for the officers during that time?" the Major asked.

"Certainly, that is understood, of course."

"What is the usual rank of officers commanding a fortress of Cabotia?" asked the Major.

"A colonel, I should say," was the answer; "surely no lower than that."

"With the usual officers under him?"

"Of course," said the Governor-General; "that goes without saying."

"Your Excellency," said Major Cascaro, "I will surrender. Will you kindly send me your forty-eight men."

That morning, when the Captain of the man-of-war went on deck he stretched himself and yawned.

"We were up pretty late last night, Mr. Mannerling," he said, "and I must say I don't want to go to receive the surrender of that little battery. Send the officers who were in charge of the vessel yesterday. It is fair that they also should have a little skip on shore."

The remainder of that day was spent in landing stores. As far as it was possible, clothing was humanely issued to the prisoners. The Governor-General spent most of his time on the deck of the man-of-war, for it was necessary for him to have frequent conferences with the Captain.

Among the things which might have been overlooked, had it not been for his thoughtful suggestion, was the necessity of leaving money for the pay of the officials who were to have charge of the prisoners and the captured town. There were other



things which were not forgotten by the prudent Governor-General. Among so many prisoners, medicine would probably be necessary, and he hinted that it would not be wise to leave an entire colony without any powder suitable for fowling-pieces and ordinary domestic defense. If there happened to be any powder left from the former generous gift, it was best suited for artillery and barely enough for the firing of a salute when the transport should arrive to take the garrison home.

All these suggestions were favorably received by the Captain; and he was so willing to be just as well as generous that when the Governor-General mentioned the case of an elderly female whose family residence had been destroyed by the bombardment on the previous day, and who was now obliged to live in the open air, the Captain ordered the paymaster to put into the hands of the Governor-General sufficient coin to enable this unfortunate sufferer to erect a moderate-sized dwelling, with kitchen and other desirable outbuildings.

Late in the afternoon the man-of-war weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor, and, as she passed over the bar, the man at the lead noticed that she drew considerably less water than when she went in.

It was many months after the occurrences above narrated that the Governor-General of Mañana stood on the edge of a forest in

the southern part of the island. It was a lovely day, but though the waters of the encircling Pacific were warm, the breezes which came over from the neighboring islet of Aribó were cool and odorous with the fragrance from many an aromatic tree and shrub. There were no inhabitants on the islet of Aribó and it seemed to exist solely for the purpose of furnishing fragrance to the island of Mañana when the winds blew from the southeast.

The soul of the Governor-General was sad; he had just fired his last charge of powder at a parrot and missed it, and his chromatic scale, although nearly finished, still needed two or three birds.

The rations left by the Cabotian Captain had long since been consumed. The money for the officials' salaries had all been paid out, no transport had entered the harbor of Ruta, and the people of the little colony believed that they had been forgotten.

The Governor-General felt assured that peace between his mother-land and Cabotia must have been completed, for no nation could stand up long before the valor of the people of his blood, but he feared that in the confusion and bustle of the necessary negotiations, his colony had been totally overlooked both by the victors and the vanquished.

He seated himself on a little rock and gazed out over the sea. His days of prosperity were past; like Alexander, he sighed; there were no other worlds to conquer him!





## THE STORY OF A WITCH AND SOME BEWITCHED.

BY O'NEILL LATHAM.

ONCE upon a time, in a hidden valley on the other side of the world, there lived a most bee-cautiful little Princess by the name of Rosepink.

The truth of the affair is (though her royal mamma never liked it mentioned—one can't be too reticent in such matters), the poor child was enchanted, and dwelt with a most terrifical old witch named Jane in a little house, made of a solid emerald, which stood in the middle of the valley.

The real name of the witch was never known, but the people of the country-side strongly suspected that the harmless name of Jane was merely a pseudonym, and her true title was, without doubt, something much more dreadful. Personally, I must confess, the old lady was a "sight"—she still wore a bustle, a false front and arctic overshoes (fancy it!), besides carrying any number of toads in her petticoat pocket, which receptacle she was seldom able to find when requiring a toad for any little matter, and so had to resort to conjuring to get it out. All of which peculiarities were in questionable taste, to say the least, and grated on Rosepink's sensibilities.

The witch had a young son whom she called Snilch (because of the general *snilchiness* of his disposition, the little Princess always said—but that's neither here nor there), and to this offspring, though he was far from interesting to the naked eye or reflecting mind, the enchantress was greatly attached, so much, indeed, that she frequently so far forgot herself as to bring him for his supper quite large plump children from the neighboring villages, although it must have been tedious to carry them.

As pressing business in the witchcraft line took her abroad a great deal of the time, it was necessary to leave Rosepink in the charge of this youth, and as that young lady was most fastidious and had from the cradle, as she often remarked, always been accustomed to the "best," one can easily see how bored she must have been with a companion who had neither good complexion nor any sense of decorum, whose efforts at conversation usually consisted in inopportune references to his

appetite, and abrupt announcements that he was ready and willing to eat anything that should come in sight, be it fish, flesh or canned goods.

Rosepink passed much of the time looking the other way and playing he wasn't there, though unfortunately he usually was, for, next to actual eating, Snilch liked to sit and look at the little Princess best of anything in the world. He had been heard to remark, with great respect and deep feeling, that he'd bet she would be extremely tender.

He followed her about all day long as she wandered up and down the valley, gazing at the great hills that confined her, upon the summits of which frightful dragons roared. And when she took a siesta upon a bank of violets with a view to improving her already exquisite complexion by repose, he would sit patiently by on a stone absently eating beetles from the garden walk, by way of filling in the time.

On the fine summer afternoon on which this history opens, he had been sitting thus for an hour, while the little Princess slept cosily curled up in the middle of a flower-bed, lulled by the singing of the enchanted birds, which not only gave the chirps and trills of every-day birds, but rendered all the latest dance airs and popular songs. Rosepink awoke with a sigh, and opening her dreamy eyes to the blue sky, murmured, "The Prince, ah me, where is the beautiful Prince!"

"What are you talking about?" said Snilch, folding up his napkin and putting his finger-bowl away in the lunch-basket he always carried. "There isn't any Prince."

"Why, certainly there is," retorted she, with ineffable scorn; "did you ever hear of an Enchanted Princess without there being a Prince somewhere about?"

"Well, maybe there is," assented he, glancing around with awakened interest and taking his napkin and salt cruet again from his basket.

"But, mon Dieu!" sighed Rosepink, with a pure though despairing Parisian accent, "why does he linger! How can I wait! I cannot."

"Oh, yes, I guess you can," interposed Snilch, in his vulgar way.

"And oh," continued she, raising her beautiful arms from the flowers where she lay and clasping her little hands; "oh, to think of my ten older sisters at home having all the latest gowns and bonnets while I, the fairest, languish here in the old pink China silk I've had two seasons! Dear me," she murmured, lifting a silver-mounted mirror that hung from her chate-laine. "When he comes he will find me a perfect *fright*—and yet"—added she, gazing carefully at her reflection—"not exactly."

At this the enchanted birds came down

from the trees and forming in a row along the garden walk, burst into song:

"When he comes in velvet dight,  
With his prancing charger white,  
All his golden harness bright  
(Gay and bonny),  
When he comes the witch to fight  
And release the Heart's Delight,  
He will think she is a fright  
(Not exactly)."

"Who is coming to fight the witch, if you will excuse me for interrupting?" sarcastically inquired that lady herself, alighting from her broomstick and tethering it to a little diamond-mounted hitching-post. "For goodness's sake, clear out of the path," she continued. "One would



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"WHEN HE COMES HE WILL FIND ME A PERFECT FRIGHT."

think you were a comic opera, and you know very well I consider the stage immoral. Go 'way!"

The crestfallen birds hopped to a little distance and stood about, each sadly winking one eye at the little Princess.

The witch produced a ham from her reticule and gave it to Snilch, who immediately put his napkin in his collar and taking two large slices of bread from his basket, made a sandwich and commenced his lunch. He did all this with a pleasant smile, for though he had few attractions for a person of Rosepink's cultivation, no one could deny that his was a cheerful disposition.

"Now if you'll be so good," his mother resumed, "tell me who it is that is coming to fight me."

The birds looked absent-minded and began to hum, as if to change the subject:

"Jiggledy, jaggledy, joogledy jum,  
Bless my soul but the Joodle's come.  
Come with his cane and high silk hat;  
But my, he's forgotten his pink cravat!"

"Dear me," said the witch, "you have no more sense than a rabbit. Sometimes I wish I'd never enchanted you. But who would have thought you'd take to poetry!" Her trembling voice showed how bitterly she was disappointed in their characters, and bursting into tears, she began feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief, but bringing out a toad instead, she remembered her duty as hostess, and suddenly becoming very polite, turned to the little Princess.

"Oh, Miss Rosepink, won't you have a toad salad with mayonnaise for your luncheon?"

"No, thank you ever so much," replied that young lady. "I'll take a little honeydew," and she began drinking the sweetness from the flower-cups.

"You have such odd tastes," commented the witch, disparagingly. "Now, I never could touch it—but then I'm so particular. No doubt you take it to reduce your flesh—and heaven knows you need it!" She glanced from Rosepink's rounded arm to her own little bone and added, "I was always of a rather spirituelle type."

Then, turning to her son, she remarked in a pleasant tone: "Do you know, Snilchy, I saw the funniest thing in the forest this morning—a fellow sitting on a stone,

writing poetry, and his feet were turned the wrong way. I nearly died laughing and was just on the point of enchanting him and bringing him home—he'd be so odd to have about—but I get so tired of enchanting—it's quite a strain on the nerves—and I thought, besides, he'd be dropping into poetry all over the place and it's so untidy—a stanza here and a couplet there until everything's littered up. It's bad enough to have the birds!"

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you bring him for me?" cried poor Snilch in plaintive tones. "I need a change of menu dreadfully!"

"My poor famished babe!" cried the tender-hearted witch, seized with remorse for her thoughtlessness and pressing him to her bosom. "To think that your heartless mother could have neglected you so!" Always of an emotional nature, she was now overcome with excess of feeling, and jumping up began whirling about like a top, her little petticoats standing out like a balloon and toads flying from her pockets at every turn, until her sympathetic son recalled her to herself with the delicate reminder that the holes in her stockings were apparent.

Upon this she instantly sat down beside him and, with fine composure, changed the subject.

"How would you like Rosepink fricasseed, pet?" she asked in tender maternal tones.

"Oh, mamma!" was all that he could utter.

"You shall have her to-morrow with green peas. It is your birthday, dear, and I have been saving her for that purpose. You may have a party and invite the Hobbledy-gobbledies of Gobbledyburg and your cousins, the Squink children, to dine with you."

She paused to let Snilch express his delight, but the gentle child appeared thoughtful, even depressed.

"If you don't mind, mamma," he said timidly, "I'll be the party myself. Rosepink is such a little girl!"

The witch broke into peals of merriment, removing her false front to laugh more without interference.

"Oh, you will be the death of me," she cried, "you clever little thing!"

Snilch glanced proudly toward Rosepink



Drawn by O'Neill Latham

"SHE BEGAN DRINKING THE SWEETNESS FROM THE FLOWER-CUPS."

to see if she too had appreciated his wit, but the poor little Princess was weeping, while the birds walked around her in a ring, chanting dolefully:

"Farewell, my pretty;  
Good-bye, little maid;  
Oh, what a pity  
To have her fricasseed"

Snilch was impressionable like his mother, and his lip trembled at this, but the witch, having no time for further sentiment, cheerfully readjusted her false front and tripped lightly to the broomstick, which had been pawing the turf impatiently. She mounted briskly and said: "I shan't be home till

morning, Snilchy, my pet, but you won't need any supper. Save your appetite for the party, you know."

She gave a merry wink as she departed, and her son, resuming his customary air of gentle gayety, began turning handsprings around the garden by way of working up a fine appetite for the morrow.

Little Rosepink could not sleep that night; the proposed birthday dinner weighed strangely on her mind, poor child; and while Snilch was dreaming she stole out to pace the garden sorrowfully, as the owls made their lonely cry and the moon floated calmly across its track regardless of her fate.

Three times she strove wildly to climb the hillside, but, as she had learned to anticipate from sad experience, the enchanted thicket closed in before her, barring the way, while on the crest of the ascent she heard the dragon hiss.

Holding her hands to her trembling heart after one of these rebuffs, she walked the length of the garden crying pitifully, her tears falling upon the gravel with mournful little thuds. When suddenly, at a turn in the path, she came upon a young person sitting on one of the benches and writing in a notebook by the light of the moon.

"Excuse me," she said politely, "but are you the Prince?"

Without interrupting his occupation or glancing up, the person drew his card from his pocket and handed it to her. On it was inscribed in large red letters:

"JOHNARIO SMITHINI,  
EXTRAORDINARY POET.  
Short Poems for Short People  
and Vice-versa.  
A Dozen Select Sonnets thrown in  
with Each Epic Sold."

"Oh, yes," said Rosepink, in an interested way, as she returned the card.

"Name and business, please," said the person, still without raising his eyes from his writing. "What's wanted? Rondel, sonnet, quatrain, triolet—Love, Spring, Sympathy, The Little Grave, To Flora? All at reduced prices. Well, what the Doodle *do* you want in the way of poetry, anyway?" He finished impatiently.

"I don't think I need any to-night, thank you," she said timidly. "I didn't come on business. I'm only a little Enchanted Princess."

"What!" he ejaculated, jumping up and looking at her through a pair of opera-glasses. "By the Breakfast of Immortal Jove, why didn't you say so at first! Sit down here a moment till I make an ode to you. I've been looking for a Princess all my life."

He lifted her onto the bench, and sitting down beside her began to write very rapidly, every now and again raising his opera-glasses to take notes on her appearance. When he had finished and was leaning back, rapturously reading his poem while he counted off the syllables on his fingers, Rosepink ventured to speak.

"Do you know where any princes are, Mr. Smithini?"

He shook his head, beating time to the verse with his hands and feet.

"I asked merely because I'm to be eaten to-morrow," she explained, "and if you happened to know of anybody who might have time to rescue me——"

Mr. Smithini put his notebook carefully away and consulted his watch.

"Why, yes," he said courteously. "I shouldn't mind doing it myself under the circumstances, if it wouldn't take too long. You see, I just came over here for a constitutional. I hope you wouldn't mind being written a little poetry to on the way."

"Oh, not at all," she said eagerly. "I'd be greatly obliged if you *would* rescue me—that is if it's convenient."

"Oh, you're quite welcome," said he, rising. "Have you anything to pack?"

She said "No," and he took her hand and led her toward the garden gate. As they walked, Rosepink could not help noticing that his feet were turned backward, but as he appeared to be quite a gentleman in other particulars, she tried to overlook it.

When they passed out to the edge of the wood that covered the hill she explained that it was enchanted so that the underbrush and vines closed in whenever she tried to pass.

"I'm afraid I'm a pretty hard person to rescue," she added, apologetically; "besides, there are dragons at the top."

"How odd," said her companion, very much interested. "I didn't happen to meet them on the way down. But I think I can manage all this for you."

Even as he spoke, the thicket made itself impassable before them—brambles twined themselves across the way, and all the vegetation knotted and intertwisted into a dense barrier. "Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the Poet, and sitting down on a stone with the little Princess beside him, he began to read one of his epics. At the second canto, to the astonishment and delight of poor Rosepink, the brambles were scurrying away as fast as they could for their tangles, young saplings and bushes were hopping off and quite large, dignified trees were



scampering away on their curly roots.

"There now," said the Poet; but he seemed offended at something. He sneered as he looked after the escaping forest and muttered, "Phœbus, what an uncultivated lot!"

Nevertheless, the whole hillside being now quite bare except for here and there a hurrying baby-tree that couldn't keep up with the rest, he took Rosepink's hand and they resumed their journey.

It was a steep, rocky hill, and hard to climb, but the little Princess skipped from stone to stone like a fairy and executed

yelephants, with ladies and gentlemen for entrées."

"Oh, Hyperion of the corkscrew curls!" groaned the Poet, "why did I ever go into the rescuing business? I never had any taste for this sort of thing!"

He sat thoughtfully down and wrote a farewell poem to the little Princess, and then patting her on the head said in a voice full of emotion: "Now, run back, little girl. I'll have to be going. You see, I can probably get out of this thing by myself, but I couldn't very well with you, as he's kept here especially to guard you,



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"LARGE AND DIGNIFIED TREES WERE SCAMPERING AWAY ON THEIR CURLY ROOTS."

joyful little jigs at every tenth step, and she was so charming that the Poet had to stop every now and then to write a sonnet on her.

As they approached the summit, however, her joy gave place to terror, for the howl of the dragon was distinctly audible. Her companion trembled so that the poems rattled in his pockets.

"Do you suppose he cares for poetry, your Highness?" he whispered.

"I'm afraid he prefers beef," she sighed. "I have heard he eats whole cows, and even

you know. And anyway, though I hesitated to mention it, it would hardly have been correct form for me to rescue a young *unchaperoned* lady. It would have been just a little odd, you understand."

"Oh, you're not going to leave me to be Snilch's birthday dinner!" And falling on her knees the poor little Princess began to sob convulsively. "Oh, my Prince, my beautiful Prince," she cried. "Where are you now—and how can you leave me to perish!" And so lovely did she look in her despair that the Poet was compelled to



jot down an ode before leaving her. This was unfortunate for him, because the dragon, attracted by the sound of Rosepink's weeping, came strolling from his lair with his scaly tail trailing a hundred feet behind him.

"For mercy's sake, what *is* the matter with you people!" he roared, in a very cross tone, and as they were unable to reply from fright, he howled, "Why don't you talk?"

"You're—you're so abrupt!" squeaked the Poet.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," replied the dragon ironically, and began to hum:

"Rumpity, tumpity, tumpity tound,  
A couple of fine fat pies I've found.  
I'll roast the young and boil the old,  
And serve one hot and serve one cold.  
Oh, all is mine on enchanted ground,  
Be it short or long or square or round,  
For this is the law I made one day  
In my genteel, off-handed way.  
Tumpity, tumpity tound.



Drawn by  
O'Neill Latham.

"CAME STROLLING FROM HIS LAIR WITH HIS SCALY TAIL TRAILING  
A HUNDRED FEET BEHIND."

"You see, I call all victuals 'pies,'" he explained, with a gigantic smile, as he finished.

"Oh, how lovely," cried the Poet. "Is there any more?"

"Any more *what*?" asked the dragon.

"Of the poetry—my spirit was transported!"

"Oh, that's nothing," the dragon replied, blushing in a pleased way. "I often do that when I don't think, you know. It's easy as eating with me—my uncle was that way, too."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Poet, "how delectable!" But he nudged the little Princess and sneered as if he did not think very highly of it, really. This was not noticed, however, by the dragon, who turned to Rosepink and asked her where she was going.

"I'm only an Enchanted Princess," she replied, diffidently, "and this gentleman was rescuing me when you met us. I hope you have no objection, sir."

"Oho, so you're Aunt Jane's Enchanted Princess, are you?" exclaimed the dragon.

"Why, the idea!"

"Is the witch your auntie, sir?" she asked.

"Oh, she's not kin, exactly, but she lets us call her Auntie for short, you know. Nice old lady—in her way—isn't she?"

"Y-e-s," replied Rosepink, somewhat doubtfully.

"Well," said he, looking cheerfully at the Poet, "come on to my den. I fancy you'll do if you boil long enough, though you certainly have a tough appearance, raw. The Princess can wait over there, too, till Aunt Jane comes to fetch her."

"Oh, Mr. Dragon," cried Rosepink, "please don't keep me till she comes—

please don't, 'cause she's going to let Snilch have me fricasseed for his birthday!"

"Dear, no," interposed the Poet—suavely, even in the face of his own dreadful fate. "I shouldn't let her be taken back if I were you. She's very *nice* for a Princess, and a first-rate inspiration for poetry."

"Oh, come on," said the dragon wearily; "I know my business, and she's got to go back. Dear me, what do you suppose Aunt Jane took the trouble to enchant her for, anyway! Besides, I don't need any inspiration for *my* poetry. It comes so easy for *me*, you know."

Upon which, he seized them in his great claw and carried them to his cave, where he set them down before a tremendous fire over which a good-sized cow, in an im-

menne pot, was boiling for his breakfast.

The two captives sat down on the rocky floor and wept.

"Oh, your Highness," lamented the Poet, shedding large tears on his heels.

"Oh, your Highness, why did I ever go in for rescuing! It's so out of my line!"

"There, don't feel so badly," said she kindly. "At least you will die nobly, striving to succor the oppressed."

"Why, that's so—I had overlooked that," he replied, quite delighted, and taking out a thick pad of tinted paper, he immediately began a beautiful eulogy upon himself, in blank verse, whistling gayly as he wrote.

When the dragon asked in thundering tones what he was doing there, he merely waved his hand for silence.

Poor little Rosepink rose and began to walk up and down the cave, the floor of which was strewn with bones of all sizes and shapes. Once or twice she tripped over a human skull. She wrung her little hands and cried, "Oh, my Prince—my beautiful Prince—come or I shall surely die." She repeated this several times in her despair, when suddenly her attention was arrested by a deep sigh which seemed to issue from a shadowy corner of the cave, and as she paused, listening, it came again, even more low and sorrowful.

She stole softly toward the place whence it arose and peered into the darkness, and as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she saw that a slender fawn was standing there, tied to the wall by a cord.

Realizing what must be its fate, she put her arms about its delicate neck and stroked it pityingly, leaning her cheek upon its brow. In an instant she started back astounded. The beautiful creature had murmured in her ear the name the enchanted birds had given her, "Heart's Delight."

Before she could recover from her surprise, the dragon commanded her to return to the fireside.

There the Poet, who had just finished his eulogy, was speaking haughtily to his captor.

"I trust," he said, "you will have my masterpieces published when I am gone. My poems on the little Princess, alone, are sufficient to make my fame more radiant than that of any poet of the century—in fact, of any century. Have them done in gold on pink paper, broad margins, rough edges, and my half-tone portrait in the front, please."

"Oh, certainly," said the dragon, quite overcome. "Might I ask—would you be so condescending as to read me one or two? It will be so nice to say I have heard them from your own lips when you—are—are gone, you know."



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"THE FAWN SPED ONWARD IN STRONG LEAPS."

Before he had half finished, the Poet had all his poems from his pockets and piled in a tall heap before him. He began in measured tones.

At the end of half an hour, the dragon's tail waved wearily to and fro while he concealed great yawns behind his claw, but he was a very polite dragon and would not interrupt his guest. Two tears of utter fatigue rolled down his patient though scaly cheeks, and when two hours had passed he lay sleeping like an innocent babe.

"Well," said the Poet, rising and glancing at his watch as he put his MS. away, "it's time I should be getting home to breakfast. Good-evening, your Highness, and thanks ever so much for letting me write all that poetry to you."

"Oh, please take me, Mr. Smithini," she begged, but the Poet blushed slightly. "If you *only* had a chaperon," he said in a voice full of regret, and dropping a tear he bowed and left the cave.

The little Princess hid her face in her hands and gave way to sobs. Suddenly she heard her name softly called. Springing up she ran lightly to the fawn. "At least you shall go free, my poor little friend," she whispered, and snipped the cord that held him, then leading him gently to the door of the cave, kissed him between the eyes and bade him fly for his life.

He did not stir, and she glanced back in terror at the sleeping dragon, then besought him again to go and save himself. He lifted his face to hers and whispered to her to mount upon his glossy back. She hesitated one moment in amazement, then obeyed him, and they were speeding down the farther slope of the hill, across far-stretching meadows, dim in the moonlight, through tangled reaches of flowers nodding in their drowse, before the little Princess could realize what had occurred.

The little feet of the fawn seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and the wind rushing by swept her robe out behind and carried her long hair back, sparkling with dew from the flowers that brushed it.

Far away they heard the roar of the awakened dragon, and glancing fearfully back, the little Princess saw two streams of flame from his nostrils illuminating the night. She clung only more closely to the

neck of the fawn until, when several miles were left behind, he slackened his speed to breathe, then she slipped to the ground and stroked him, chirping her joy and gratitude, while his great wistful eyes dwelt upon her in a strange, tender way.

Suddenly, they both glanced up with beating hearts.

Not a quarter of a mile away in the sky, now growing gray with dawn, was a peculiar dark object flying toward them with long swoops and shrieking as it came.

"The witch—the witch," wailed Rose-pink, and would have fainted as she resumed her seat had not the rushing of the wind revived her as the fawn sped onward in strong leaps.

Faster and faster came the dreadful pursuer in the air. The little Princess could see the broomstick and the dangling overshoes distinctly, and she knew that when they were overtaken they would instantly be enchanted out of their wits and driven back to death.

"No, no," she thought, "this little one must not suffer too," and leaning forward she whispered in the fawn's ear, as she caressed his panting throat:

"Let me down, dear friend, leave me. You can save yourself, for it is only me she seeks. Stop and leave me here." She was about to throw herself to the ground when he cried, in a voice that compelled her to obey:

"Lovely Princess, stay with me!  
I am not what I seem to be.  
I've spanned the mountains, crossed the sea,  
And lost my life for love of thee."

She had no time to wonder at the strangeness of these words, for the witch was not a hundred yards away as she buried her face on his neck and murmured:

"I'll cling to thee, come gain, come lose;  
But fly to a stream, for she cannot cross."

She dared not look up again, but lay silent and trembling, awaiting the dreadful spell their enemy was sure to throw upon them. In a moment, however, she heard the plashing of a brook around the feet of the fawn and then the baffled shriek of their enemy as she swooped to the ground too late, for as everybody knows, no witch can cross running water.

The little Princess did not dare look up until the opposite bank was reached, so she was spared the sight of the frightful creature rudely striking after them with her broomstick, though the poor child heard her horrible screams. No sooner were they safe on the farther shore, than her spirit quite returned, and springing lightly from the fawn's back, she called to the witch with a mischievous smile: "I'm afraid I can't attend Snilch's birthday party, Aunt Jane—so nice of you to invite me."

"Don't mention it," replied the old lady, concealing her rage while she hunted in her pocket for a toad to throw. "But la, Rosepink, I never thought you'd disappoint Snilchy like this—and he always thought so much of you, too."

"Well, I'm very sorry if he feels badly, but really——" stammered the tender-hearted little Princess.

"Yes, you're mighty sorry for the poor boy, ain't you?—you horrid, narrow-minded, selfish, little snip-perty-anoperty!"

After uttering these shocking words she looked cross-eyed and stuck out her tongue, then, without so much as a good-by, mounted her broomstick and disappeared in the sky.

Rosepink gave a merry little laugh, and turning to the fawn threw her arms around him, crying, "Oh, I love you with all my heart!" But no sooner had she done so than she gave a cry of alarm, for instead of a fawn, a tall young Prince stood before her.

"Oh, my goodness, excuse me, sir," she stammered,



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"KISSED HER TWO OR THREE TIMES, AT WHICH SHE SEEMED VERY MUCH ASTONISHED."

but he said, in the most charming of voices: "Don't be frightened, my little Heart's Delight. I have sought for you ever since leaving college (expelled, but that's neither here nor there), and when I was on the point of finding you, was cruelly enchanted by that same wicked old Aunt Jane, and handed over to the dragon for a sandwich. But little did she think when she told me I must remain a fawn until some young Princess should say 'I love you' in my ear,

"Oh, my Prince, my beautiful Prince!" and the Beautiful Prince lifted her little chin and kissed her two or three times, at which she was very much astonished.

And while this was going on, the Poet, Mr. Johnario Smithini, who had been hiding from the witch in a thicket near by, scrambled out with his pad in his hand, saying, "Olympian Jove! but you two need a chaperon! Nevertheless, please



Drawn by O'Neill Latham.

"RODE HOME TO HIS CASTLE."

that it would be her own little captive who was to say those magic words so sweetly and release me from my bondage."

"I don't believe I said any such thing!" said Rosepink, pretending to pout, upon which the Prince, who had learned a great many things at college, pretended to be very, very sad, and the tears came to Rosepink's eyes at that, so she put out her little hands saying:

don't move till I finish this sonnet on Young Love. You're a splendid inspiration."

And the Prince's great white horse, with his golden trappings, was still tied to the tree where his master had left him, and the Beautiful Prince took the Heart's Delight up behind him and rode home to his castle, where they lived happily ever after.





## THE NEW AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK.

PERHAPS the most characteristic trait of the typical American is a serene confidence in his own ability to get anything whatever that he wants and at the very moment when he wants it. This is a part of our national optimism. Other nations look forward with solemn misgivings to the requirements of the future; they try to discover just what these are going to be; they make elaborate arrangements for every possible contingency; they plan and potter and prepare. But the American, with a happy-go-lucky indifference to everything but the present, meets the needs of the moment only as they present themselves. He has a delightful conviction that when he really wants a thing he can get it, and he never borrows trouble from the future.

It may be, after all, that this is the truest wisdom on his part. At any rate, our history up to the present time seems more or less to justify him; for the American, in fact, *has* been remarkably successful in getting exactly what he wanted. There have been some very dark and dismal moments in the past when all the world stood waiting for the crash that was to knock our experimental Republic all to pieces; and sagacious heads have wagged and many a bucketful of crocodile tears has been shed by the dear English and by our candid Continental friends over the inevitable disasters that were just about to overtake us. Yet somehow or other, at the very moment when it was perfectly certain that we were in the very throes of bankruptcy or anarchy or dissolution, we have always had a fashion of coming out on top with a most cheerful grin, as though we had rather enjoyed the whole experience; and we have always stood forth stronger and richer and more prosperous even than before. It is this, indeed, that has so irritated those highly philosophic foreigners who know precisely both what can and what cannot be done in political affairs, and who are, therefore, justly angry with a nation whose picturesque performances have violated all the fundamental principles of statesmanship and have made

so many scientific governmental formulas appear inaccurate.

It is not alone in their national capacity and collectively that Americans display this interesting trait; but individually also, and in private life. Just as the state will not maintain an army, but merely keeps a little handful of officers and men dispersed in nooks and corners, expecting to get a real army ready-made whenever a warlike trumpet blast is blown; so in the pursuits of peace the same calm confidence in the ready-made prevails. If anything is wanted it can be had if only men are able to lay down the price. Mr. Yerkes, of Chicago, begins to take an interest in astronomy, and at once he orders the greatest telescope in the world to be constructed for him, and he seeks out and employs astronomers just as before he had been employing drivers for his horse-cars. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Stanford turn their minds to education, and immediately they secure two admirable ready-made universities with as little fuss as they would have experienced in erecting a new oil plant or in placing a contract for a lot of railway ties. The proprietor of the New York "Herald" thinks that contemporary literature is getting a little dull, and so he imports M. Paul Bourget and employs him to make things livelier; and he offers ten thousand dollars for a literary masterpiece to be sent him in a general competition, precisely as he would make a contract for a hundred tons of paper or an outfit of new types. This sort of thing has a certain simplicity and frankness about it that make it, in a way, sublime; and it is all intensely and characteristically American.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting illustration of this serene belief in the possibilities of the ready-made, is seen today in the social world about us. As we have ready-made statesmanship and ready-made soldiery, and ready-made science and ready-made education and ready-made literature, why should we not have also an aristocracy that is ready-made? And as the statesmanship and the soldiery are very good, and as the science and the



education and the literature are really not so very bad, may not an aristocracy that is ready-made be admirable too, or at any rate, worth going on with? For an American seldom looks for immediate perfection. And that is where his common sense comes in. He "fixes up" a sort of working-model for the moment and then elaborates it at his leisure.

This evolution of an aristocracy in a very democratic nation offers us an interesting study in contemporary life. It has its humorous side, of course, but in truth it ought to be regarded seriously, for it is of immense significance in itself, while the nice questions that are found to be involved in it are really very curious from both a social and a sociological point of view.

It may be set down as an axiom that no people ever reached a high degree of political power and national prosperity, without developing some form of class distinction. To find a civilized community where distinctions of the sort are quite unknown we must go to such minute and isolated entities as the republics of San Marino and Andorra; we shall not find it elsewhere. Our own country, though from the time of its colonial period it has always been politically democratic, has never wholly lost the aristocratic tradition which it got from England; only in different sections this tradition has been modified and altered by immediate conditions. In colonial New England, for example, there long prevailed a sort of theocratic aristocracy which gradually broadened until there was established a professional caste. In every town and every village, by a sort of general consent, the minister, the lawyer and the doctor were accepted as the social leaders of the simple world in which they lived; while in Boston, which has always had a sort of village tone about it, the merchant also was admitted to membership in the caste, provided always that he imported his own wares and sent forth ships and was a true mercator rather than a caupo. Nowhere can a better notion of the old-time social creed of Boston be gathered than in the tale by Mr. Howells called "A Woman's Reason," where the true Bostonian feeling about the esoteric aristocracy of the "India trade" is beauti-

fully realized. Throughout the Middle States and in the South, was found a closer approximation to the English theory. The rich patron with his manor house and vast estates, and the master of a great plantation who was served by slaves and rode to hounds, were indeed no bad representatives on American soil of the English squire, and they long kept alive the smoldering fires of feudalism. Both in the North and in the South, at any rate, the social line was very strictly drawn; and just as we find in Boston the old woman of Beacon Street sneering at Samuel Adams as "the cobbler's son," so in Virginia an unkempt genius such as Patrick Henry was rather tolerated than viewed with real respect.

Such as it was, however, the American aristocracy of those early days was a very simple affair. It went hand in hand with pure democracy and it shaded off into pure democracy by almost imperceptible gradations. The social life that it established was a modest one, a rather bourgeois one if judged by modern standards. It was, in the main, a life of two o'clock dinners and maidservants and quiet little teas and early hours—a sort of sherry-and-madeira life, with no champagne; and those who lived it were a simple folk. They had serious standards of duty and they took a serious view of their responsibilities, while the life they led gave them time to think of public questions and to perform their part in solving them. Hence it comes about that the early annals of the American Republic are filled with the names of men who represent this class—Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Calhoun and Pinckney in the South, and Hamilton and Adams and Jay and Livingston and Kent in the North. They were of different political parties and their public service lay in different spheres; but they were all Americans of a noble type—plain in their manner of living, serious in their manner of thinking, and with a certain Old World dignity and decorum in their deportment. Europe was very far away, and our populace was a very homogeneous one; so that it seemed for a time as though this democratic form of aristocracy—an aristocracy of intellect and of public service—would be definitely established and perpetuated.

It was the sudden expansion of our national territory and the enormous growth of immigration that made this more and more impossible. The opening up of the West after 1820 created, almost over night, new states and territories whose pioneer inhabitants, cut off from immediate contact with the East, made new traditions for themselves. They grew up in an isolation that left them largely to their own devices; and at the end of a single generation the half-horse-half-alligator type of American had been evolved—the type depicted with most unflattering fidelity by Mrs. Trollope. Hardy and efficient in their work as pioneers, they were rude and raw and semi-barbarous in their mingled ignorance and defiance of all the graces and refinements of an older civilization. They hooted at conventions; they respected no man; they put, so to speak, their cowhide boots upon the mantel and spat tobacco juice upon the floor, and their social atmosphere was an atmosphere of onions and raw whisky. "I'm as good as you" was the only social formula they recognized. Their standards of leadership were based upon preëminence in bar-room brawling, in trading horses and in sticking pigs. Their ideal was to be found in a sort of cross between Hannibal Chollop and Elijah Pogram.

When such a population as has been here described became so large as to be a serious factor in our national life, the doom of the early American aristocracy was sealed. To borrow Bishop Potter's famous phrase, Washingtonian dignity gave way at first to Jeffersonian simplicity, and in the end was swamped beneath Jacksonian vulgarity. When, on the day of Jackson's first inauguration, the yawping mob that came to see their idol placed in power broke into the halls of the White House to wipe their muddy boots upon the chairs, upset the tables, and fight and howl over the presidential punch, they had really celebrated the beginning of a new social, as well as of a new political epoch. The colonial traditions were dying fast; a transition period had begun. This was to witness the gradual elimination of the aristocratic element from our political life, the gradual isolation of all those who had represented it, and little by little their

practical extinction altogether as a class. The country grew and prospered. Its cattle and hogs increased. It bought and sold and traded, until Carlyle was moved to say that he always thought of our Atlantic coast-line as having one great counter stretched along its entire length. A greasy, prosperous smugness settled down upon the people in nearly every sphere of existence. They had lost the early simplicity and dignity, and they had not developed elegance; for there was as yet no art, no literature, no learning, no general knowledge of what life really means to cultivated men and women. It was the era of horse-hair furniture, of antimacassars, of "tidies," of illustrated annuals, of Barnum, of Amelia Welby, of Thomas Cole. In those days, when a distinguished foreigner visited New York, they gave him a dinner beginning with stewed oysters and ending with vanilla ice-cream, and he was taken to see Trinity Church, the Tombs and Greenwood Cemetery, with perhaps a flying visit to the penitentiary or a lunatic asylum. If he was a lion of the first rank, like the Prince of Wales, for instance, they gave a ball in his honor at the Academy of Music with Peter Cooper as the presiding genius; and the newspapers complacently commented on the emotion which the Prince had probably experienced at the overwhelming brilliancy of the affair.

In statesmanship also, the crude and the commonplace were becoming equally conspicuous. A few great historic figures like Clay and Webster and Calhoun remained, but every year gave greater prominence to other men of very different training. Some of them were very able, but they stood on a lower level altogether, and they represented perfectly the changed conditions in the nation. Perfervid rhetoricians like Tom Corwin, sly, foxy wire-pullers like Van Buren and nimble dodgers like Douglas all served to show that anything like true distinction was growing rarer all the time. The South maintained it nearly to the end, both because the South was conservative in spirit and because the wave of immigration had passed it by and left its population still unchanged. Hence in the South its leaders, as before, were taken from the feudal class, and they served it to the last with rare fidelity and

skill. But throughout the North and East, the class that represented aristocracy had ceased to be conspicuous. Its members gradually disappeared from public life. They ceased to be an influence in the nation. They simply stood aside and let things happen in their own despite. The sort of aristocracy which they had represented was now moribund and was soon to pass away and be forgotten.

The Civil War, which, like an earthquake, shook the nation to its center, swept away a host of lingering traditions. When it had ended, the social as well as the political fabric of the country had to be reconstructed under new and strange conditions. All the old landmarks had been blotted out. It was like the genesis of a new world. The day of small things had definitely ended, and the apotheosis of bigness had arrived. The war had created the American millionaire. Army contracts, bond issues, speculation in cotton, the sale of shoddy goods, the protective tariff, high prices—all these things had yielded untold wealth, and tossed enormous fortunes carelessly into expectant laps. From 1865 to 1875, the most striking figure in American life is the figure of the *nouveau riche*, the man who had risen at a leap from abject poverty to stupendous wealth. To philosophic minds he was a most pathetic sight. He was so conscious of his wealth; he was so anxious to spend it in an impressive way, to do something princely, magnificent and really "big," and he was so hopelessly and pitifully ignorant of how to do it. This was the time when chromos were first invented and admired, when a Rogers statuette was supposed to be a beautiful and chaste creation and when the President of the United States went in state to Boston in order to listen to the Anvil Chorus played by a hundred brass bands and accompanied by a thousand anvils more or less. It was the era of Offenbach and Lydia Thompson and Jim Fisk and Tweed and all the rest.

Well, these war-made millionaires all went about their search for splendor in pretty nearly the same way. They purchased city houses with "brown-stone fronts" and plate-glass windows. They procured horses and carriages and gorgeous harnesses. They stocked their cellars with

champagne. In the country they built for themselves enormous wooden mansions painted in many colors, surmounted by wooden cupolas and towers and battlements, and adorned with innumerable wooden pillars of every shape and size, and decorated with the most marvelously curly productions of the jig-saw. Their lawns were artistically supplied with cast-iron dogs painted to look like bronze. They seldom bought much land, for they liked to be near the street, partly because they wanted the magnificence of their domiciles to be seen of all men, and partly because they felt rather awed when left alone with their own splendor, and liked to be reassured by the sight of other mortals passing by.

But when the anxious millionaire had bought his "brown-stone front" and built his wooden pavilion, and secured his horses and his wines, he was still unsatisfied; for in the first place, the whole thing bored him, and in the second place he was conscious in a dimly wondering way that, after all, this was not exactly what he had intended it to be. He did not see what more he could possibly have done. He could not conceive of anything better, and yet . . . ? So he sat in the maze of his wooden pillars, under the complicated jig-saw scroll-work, and gazed ruefully out upon his stables and his lawns and his cast-iron dogs painted to look like bronze, and his soul was filled with discontent. So in the end he generally went back to money-making as the one and only thing that could give any zest to life.

Meanwhile, with every year more millionaires were being made. Railways and oil and silver and natural gas and iron and coal kept piling up tremendous fortunes. But the later millionaire was of a somewhat different type. He was the millionaire who traveled and who learned things. He visited England and the Continent, and to him Europe became a mighty educator. It taught him the absurdity of the wooden pavilion and the cast-iron dogs, and it discouraged the perpetuation of the chromo. And the immediate result was very good. It led to the encouragement at home of art and architecture and landscape gardening, and to a knowledge of all the true refinements of civilized existence. But more

far-reaching still was its effect upon the millionaire's immediate family. The young men and young women of the household saw far more than mere externals, and they gradually evolved some very definite ideas. Not in vain had they read the works of Ouida and Rhoda Broughton and the Duchess and Mrs. Alexander. Not in vain had they walked in the Row. Not in vain had they crossed back and forth upon the Cunard steamers. What they were bent upon securing was a thoroughly complete ensemble, one that should give them down to the very last detail the sort of life which they had read of and examined at a distance. What they wanted was, in fact, an aristocracy, with the manner of living that ought to accompany it—an aristocracy created after the English model, a ready-made immediate aristocracy. The young men and the young women were very keen about it—especially the young women; for it has been truly said that every woman is at heart an aristocrat, and the American woman more than any other. She believes most fully in a social patriciate, it being always understood that she is to be ranked among the very first of the patricians; and she approves intensely of precedence, it being always understood that her own name is to head the list.

The fancy was very pleasing, and, to employ the sordid phrase of commerce, there were dead loads of money back of it. So an aristocracy was created out of hand, composed of the aspiring young persons already mentioned and such scions of the ante-bellum social caste as were still possessed of money and ambition. The thing was done with great intelligence and with the minutest attention to the English model. The externals were reproduced at once with infinite care and patience. The members of our new-born aristocracy built for themselves town-houses of extreme magnificence with picture galleries and billiard-rooms and ball-rooms and smoking-rooms and conservatories and all the rest. They erected also country-houses on an elaborate scale with parks and plaissances and gardens and terraces, with the necessary peacocks to perch upon the balustrades. They imported English grooms and butlers, and they put coats-of-arms

upon the panels of their carriages. The young men got their clothes in London and each of them had a "man" to keep the creases in his trousers. They came to know the proper brand of Egyptian cigarettes; they shaved their faces smooth; they acquired the art of coaching; they learned to "tool a drag" in the Park; they rode to hounds after bags of aniseed, and they had hunting breakfasts and meets and things. The young women all had maids and played lawn-tennis. There were house-parties all through the season, and no breakfast table lacked its orange marmalade and muffins, while fowl and ham and a huge cold joint were always on the sideboard. Their toast was served in little racks most admirably adapted to keep it ventilated and to insure its being always nice and cold. They ate their eggs invariably from the shell, and had gooseberry tarts included among the sweets at dinner. All the household laboriously acquired an accent which if not precisely that which is familiar in the Row and on Pall Mall, would probably pass muster in Bermuda and in Canada; and they learned to speak the British language with idiomatic perfection.

In a still larger way they showed their thorough understanding of their model. They created colonies in the suburbs of the cities; they built club-houses and took up golf and yachting, and sometimes even hired moors in Scotland for the season's shooting. The young unmarried men established themselves in bachelor apartments and tried to imagine that they were living in chambers in the Temple. They went in for bric-a-brac and interesting bits collected everywhere, all reminiscent, as they darkly hinted, of curious and rather naughty episodes. A routine of life was gradually prescribed that had pretty nearly all the features of the British exemplar—a life of pleasure and pastime, of exquisite little dinners and theater-parties and clubs and shooting and coaching and yachting—a beautifully decorative life filled with glimpses of fair women and flowers and lights and love-making, and above everything else, a noble disregard of all expense.

The whole thing was very admirably carried out. In a few short years a new aristocracy had been evolved; its hetero-

geneous elements had been crystallized into a definite whole. A marvelous amount of zeal and patience and money went to the making of it. Those who are of it may well be proud of their achievement; for from a spectacular point of view the thing is really a remarkable success; and now that they have found in Mr. Richard Harding Davis a gifted writer to describe their millinery and their manners, and in Mr. Gibson an artist to depict their physical perfections, it must surely seem as though they ought to be content.

Unfortunately, there appears to be somewhere concealed a crumpled rose-leaf, a fatal fly within the ointment. The fact that is just now so terribly depressing to our ready-made patricians, is the lack of any general recognition from the common herd, a general refusal to take them at all seriously. And this is fatal to an aristocratic ideal. It is all very well to feel intensely that you are a most superior person and that you are better than most of those you meet, but if you can't get them to think so too, you will only half enjoy your lofty station; you will very often be made quite unhappy. When you go forth expecting to receive on every hand the deference due to your patrician rank and aristocratic manner, and find that nearly every one regards you simply as a joke, what is the use of being a patrician? If the comic papers make all manner of fun of you, and you are the subject of "gags" upon the stage; if coarse, unfeeling persons of the lower orders attract your attention by saying "Hey there!" and utterly forget to touch their hats and call you "sir," you might almost as well be just an ordinary plebeian; for the true joy of being an aristocrat comes from the recognition of the fact by others—from the admission by them of your superiority and of their own inferiority. This is what greatly troubles our new aristocracy. When its members are seated in the corner of a club smoking-room with deferential servants to minister to their wants, and with only their fellow aristocrats about them, then they can imagine for the moment that the thing is real, and they can feel something of the splendid high-bred nonchalance of a Strathmore or a Bertie Cecil; but when they chance to find themselves among a miscellaneous crowd

they have a most unhappy hunted look, as of a rabbit suddenly let loose in the middle of a roadway. This question of recognition is really the question on which the whole subject turns. You can with unlimited money create a sort of aristocracy. You can secure all the externals; you can accurately imitate the internal life. But how are you going to get the world at large to accept it and to give it a definite place in the national system? In other words, what are the conditions necessary to convert a ready-made and money-made aristocracy into one deserving to be perpetuated? This is really a most interesting question and one that is worthy of some serious reflection.

In the first place, there must exist in the public mind some definite understanding of what it is that gives to any person the aristocratic cachet, and also of what it is that makes it quite impossible for him to have it. In England this is beautifully simple, because the word "gentleman" has a legal definition there, and there exist the precedents of centuries now crystallized into a definite and systematic code. But in a democratic community certain difficulties arise at once. Of course there is always one element as to which there is never any doubt. Ancestry, a historic name, these are naturally accepted without question. The professions also are all favorably regarded here, or at least are not tabooed, this being a shade more liberal than the English usage, which looks a little askance at medicine. But after going thus far, some nice questions instantly arise. Money is indispensable, yet mere money is not enough; for, in spite of much newspaper talk, the American social ideal is not that of a mere plutocracy. The source of the money must always be considered very carefully. Our self-constituted chamberlains and heralds cannot imitate the English here. They cannot put a sweeping and consistent social ban on "trade"; for in a country such as ours, to do this would much more than decimate the ranks of the patriciate at once. Hence they are obliged to hedge and qualify and make distinctions. Who then may be let in, and who must be kept out? Precisely what the principle of selection is cannot be formulated very definitely, and can only be inferred quite vaguely from observing in



particular instances what the actual practice is. Thus, as in England, we find that banking is entirely respectable; and likewise stockbroking, though in England this is not the case. Railways are highly thought of, and so are iron and gas and coal; but pork and oil and "dry goods" require at least one generation to make them socially acceptable. Patent medicines are doubtful, and boots and shoes are quite impossible; but leather and soap have been let in, and tobacco is all right. You may publish books, and, for that matter, you may even write them. You may be a jeweler or a decorator or an agent for a foreign steamship line. You may tout for a new brand of champagne. In Chicago, you may keep a hotel and still entertain dukes and princes as your private guests; but in New York the case is different, for here hotel-keeping is ruled out. Yet if you have made a fortune from your hostelry and are then obliging enough to die, your widow may become a social leader and your children may marry any one they please.

It is obvious that this regulation of the social list involves some very subtle and minute distinctions whose basis can hardly be appreciated by the exoteric mind. The British theory is so much less complex. To the English, trade is trade and it makes no difference whether it is wholesale or retail, or whether it has to do with one or another kind of wares. In fact, to a dispassionate observer, this fine discrimination between soap and pork, between wine and patent medicines, suggests that code which is understood to prevail in most of our great shops, where some very delicate social distinctions are said to be drawn between a floorwalker and a salesman, and between a "saleslady" and a cash-girl. It brings to mind also, in an indefinable sort of way, the mental attitude of those rather dubious persons who are sometimes heard in public places declaiming, with a more or less defiant air, about what they are pleased to call their "social position."

There exists another condition also that is almost necessary to the complete establishment of an aristocracy; and this is that it should have compactness and homogeneity. In England these requisites are perfectly secured by the smallness of the country

and by the fact that London is a common meeting-ground for all the social elements. But in the United States the case is very different. Our country is so vast, our great cities are so numerous and so far apart, and the sections in which they are situated exhibit such differences of custom and tradition, as to make it very difficult for any set of persons to be more than local in their prominence. There is the New York set and there is the Chicago set, and that of New Orleans and Boston and St. Louis and San Francisco; and though these may establish a sort of general connection, they do not blend and thoroughly assimilate even in themselves, while the public at large can hardly be expected to keep the run of the social list of distant cities, especially when it contains few names that stand for anything but money, and when money is every year becoming less and less of a distinction.

And this suggests the third and really fundamental difficulty—the great and vital difference between an aristocracy that is ready-made like ours, and a great historic aristocracy. In order that they who compose it should be known and recognized throughout the entire country and not only in their own immediate environment but everywhere and by every one from high to low, in order that they should be treated with a very real deference, and in order that the name of "gentleman" should be perfectly defined and highly prized and universally respected, an aristocracy must not be just a set of luxurious pleasure-seekers nor a class of persons merely who live in stately magnificence surrounded by everything that money and taste can give them. It must be something more than this. It must represent to every one a mighty factor in the development of national greatness. Its history must be inseparably interwoven with the history of the nation. The names upon its roll must be written first in the records of every supreme achievement which the people have wrought out, alike in war and peace, in statesmanship, in diplomacy, in the evolution of law, and in the battle for political purity and constitutional freedom. It must do its share to preserve to our race its proud position as the guardian of human right and unsullied justice all over the



habitable world. And it must win this grand distinction, not through self-assertion nor by the ostentatious flaunting of its wealth, but by force of intellect and courage, and by a truly national spirit; and it must draw to itself in every generation the ablest and most illustrious of its country's sons, so as to be continually recruited from the soundest elements of the national life, and hence, as a class to be truly representative of the entire nation. The best type of the aristocrat, indeed, is found in one who always feels the great responsibilities that rest upon him, who holds himself at all times in readiness to serve the state in public life, and to use his wealth and influence for the public good. His parks, his pleasure-grounds, his mansions, his picture galleries—all that he has, in fact, he must hold as though it had been given him in trust for the benefit of the nation and not as the private possession of an individual. Only in this way can an aristocracy expect to be more than an artificial incongruity among a people where it exists; only in this way can it secure respect and recognition and the right to be perpetuated.

It will be long, perhaps, before our new American aristocracy can ask for recognition on such grounds as these. With some conspicuous and most honorable exceptions, the names upon its rolls tell nothing of the past, or else they tell what might much better be forgotten. The short inglorious branches of the family tree lead one sometimes to reminiscences that are far different from those which the ideal aristocracy suggests. Too often in the past the immediate ancestors of our ready-made patricians, instead of making laws and guiding the destinies of the nation, were rigging the market and shaving notes; instead of fighting battles, they were bribing legislatures; instead of building up new states, they were gutting railroads. But the contrast is more striking, and, in fact, is really painful, when one notes the view so often taken in this country as to the responsibilities attached to wealth and place. To build great pleasure-houses amid noble grounds, to cram them with pictures and exquisite statuary and all the triumphs of decorative art, and then to shut one's self up in them for mere personal

enjoyment, to eat and drink and plan amusement with no thought of any obligation to one's fellow-men or of any duty to the state—all this is so entirely removed from a true aristocratic ideal as to be almost swinish; and in a nation such as ours, so generous and so rich in opportunity, it is doubly base. No class, no set, can make of its pretensions anything beyond a flimsy sham unless these shall be found to have behind them at least a touch of that true nobility which does not end with self.

Fortunately there are indications that this truth is gradually winning recognition. To men of wealth and leisure the field of politics seems to have become of late far more attractive than it appeared some years ago, and the rough-and-tumble of partisan strife will do them good and give them an enlarged horizon. The outbreak of the recent war with Spain found many of the same class willing and even eager to see hard service at the front. There was at first much popular ridicule excited by this fact, and afterward there was much popular criticism of the way in which commissions in the army came so easily to certain of these individuals. But it was in reality a most encouraging and healthy sign. For if our "leisure class" would only cease to pose as misfit English and be frankly and sincerely national, they might in the end succeed to the place once occupied by the quasi-aristocracy of the early period of our history, and with far greater opportunities for good. No country in the world, in fact, could gain so much as ours could gain from the existence in it of an aristocracy in the best and highest meaning of the word. For such an aristocracy could give the state a class of public men disinterested, highly cultivated, and intelligent. Its wealth could foster art and learning, and establish noble charities that would be administered with honesty and wisdom; and its influence and example might gradually smooth away some of the angularities of our national character, impart a certain grace and dignity that are lacking now, teach us as a people the value of urbanity and courtesy, give a much higher tone to social life in general, and thus confer a lasting benefit upon the nation.

## LORD VENETIA.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

HE was a great financier. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice but that the world is so slow to understand.

In his excuse it must be said that he was a hereditary blackguard. His grandfather had developed that exceptional capacity for depriving other people of their money on a large scale which the world invariably rewards with coronets.

The world, then, approved of him, and of all his family, who were as rich as he was, or richer, and who made as good use of their money as he did, collecting curios, patronizing every form of expensive amusement and giving to the poor.

Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and everything. He was an English gentleman, as his father had been before him, and his—no. He had been educated at Eton and Christ-Church. He had traveled everywhere and seen all things worth seeing, and he knew about all things worth knowing about. He had the best collection of armor and old fans in the country, and the best cook, and he would have had the best conservatories but that his brother had better. He was very happy and enjoyed life, being barely forty and in perfect health. Of mornings he sat in his counting-house, making money without effort, hereditarily; the evenings he spent in society, entertaining princes, peers, priests, painters, poets—pooh!

He married a lovely woman, his cousin. He adored her. More than once, as he looked across to where she sat at the head of his table, wearing his mother's world-famous diamonds, his mild blue eyes had filled with tears.

He sat watching her thus tenderly on this bitter December evening, which they were spending together alone—an unusual thing!—in the boudoir of the great house in Berkeley Square. They had come up to town for a royal function, the opening of a vast home for decayed gentlewomen, which counted Lady Venetia amongst its most important patronesses. They were alone, then, in the exquisite boudoir, one of whose most trifling treasures would have been a year's annuity to a gentlewoman,

and he sat considering, contentedly, how, after four years of marriage, she still was as handsome, and he still as fond of her, as when first their disconcerting alliance had been announced to a horde of suitors, male and female.

All through dinner she had been silent. He would have fancied the function had tired her, had she not seemed tired before it began. She sat looking into the fire, fair, delicate, too transparent against the unadorned white silk of her dress. These listless moods were growing upon her; he must make another effort to induce her to consult Sir Henry Parsons: often of late she had seemed like a woman whose thoughts were far away and very sad.

"What is the matter?" he said, uselessly questioning, restless in his arm-chair.

"Nothing," she answered, motionless.

"But you always say that," he continued, "and I do not believe you. Nobody would. Probably you do not know yourself. I do wish you would consult—"

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. He paused. A thick silence sank between them, unruffled but for an occasional crackle from the fire.

Presently he tried, aloud, to alter the current of their thoughts. "You have absolutely no jewels at all to-night," he said; "nothing but your wedding-ring."

"No," she acquiesced reflectively, and looked down at her hand. "Nothing but my wedding-ring."

"It seems to me you wear them less and less."

"Yes."

"If you are tired of the old ones"—he laughed—"I must try and get you some new."

She did not answer. A moment later, with a swift gesture, she pointed to the evening paper, which had dropped against his feet.

"That is a miserable letter," she said.

"What letter? Dearest, you are ill! Let me—"

"Sit down. I am not ill. That letter in the 'St. James's' from a 'Decayed Gentlewoman,' relating how all her savings went to a bogus company."

"What bogus company?"

"I don't know. Does it matter?"

"No. That sort of thing happens daily. It is lamentable. Such people ought to stick to consols. What does she write to the papers about?"

"Decayed gentlewomen."

"Yes, yea, of course. She is grateful. Very natural. It is an admirable work."

"Grateful!" There was scorn, but there was also deep wretchedness, in Lady Venetia's voice. "She says it is right that the Homes should be built by the people who provide occupants for them."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"She means me."

"You? Angela, you are talking in riddles. Does the letter-writer talk in riddles too?"

"Oh, no, she is lucid enough. Her clearness leaves nothing to be desired. Her father, she says, lost almost everything he had, not through speculation, but by unfortunate investments in South American securities, and such-like. Her savings after twenty years of governessship have all gone in the failure of the bank."

"You said a bogus company."

"Did I? It was a bank."

"What bank?"

"She doesn't say. Does it matter?"

"Of course not."

"Why did you ask?"

"Professional curiosity. But I assure you I do not care."

"Nor do I—much. The South American loans were, of course—ours. The ruin of the bank was—ours."

"Ours?"

"The destruction of the whole family," she went on without heeding him—"ours."

"Does she say so?—the liar!"

She rose from the chair, facing him.

"Liar? Would to God she was!"

Suddenly he realized that a great sorrow threatened, was already upon him, the first, the supreme disaster of his life. It struck him through the one being he passionately loved. His wife's mind was giving way. She was ill indeed, and though, possibly, Sir Henry—

"Hush!" he exclaimed, with a ring of anxiety in his voice. "Hush, dear, you are too soft-hearted, too readily sympathetic.

And you confuse things. The woman's accusation is outrageous on the face of it. You and I are in no wise responsible for her imprudent investments. Everybody who has lost money invariably lays the blame on the bankers. You, as a wife and daughter, should know better than to listen to such trash."

She sank back in her chair, not answering.

"We are rich," he continued, studying to keep his voice from irritation, "you will have hard work indeed before you silence all detractors."

"Hard work, indeed," she said, whiter still.

"Especially if no charge is too idiotic for you to heed it."

Again she looked at him, full in the eyes. "This charge," she said slowly, "this most idiotic of all, I have ceaselessly pondered since, some months ago, I first made it—to myself."

"Had you told me——"

"Would you have helped me to come to my conclusion——"

"Yes, indeed."

"That it is true?"

"Angela!"

"No, not some months ago! It is years since the idea first occurred to me, transitorily: it has come back from time to time, like a cold shadow across the sunshine of my life. I put it from me at first successfully, as an absurdity—as you do—I felt it to be an extravagance, I, a young girl, with all my home and family traditions, my father's authority, your example, the whole world's approving admiration——" she stopped, gasping for breath.

"Well, have these all changed?"

"But last spring the thing returned to me, and remained; it stopped me, standing right across my path, and would not be put aside. I recognized it at once, and I saw that, this time, all evasion was fruitless. I have faced it, I have studied its features—merciful God, I know it by heart!"

"This, then, accounts for your moodiness, your fits of depression! You have been worrying your poor little brain about problems you could not possibly understand!"

"Until I understood them."

"Folly! You assume too much, Angela—"

She rose up before him, superb. "I assume," she said, "to myself the right of continuing to suffer—the right of listening to a voice whose tormentings no effort of mine can still."

He quailed before her, his heart full of fondness, and in tones of entreaty: "Dearest," he said, "let us talk this matter over together. Let me help you. What is it that troubles you? What do you want?"

She threw herself down beside him in a torrent of tears. "Oh, help me!" she cried, "let us help each other!" She caught at one of his hands and kissed it. "We shall want each other's help. Morris, I cannot go on living like this. I cannot, I cannot. The food I eat chokes me. The jewels I wear strangle me. The gold that I seem to tread on burns beneath my feet. Hush, hush; I *will* be calm. I am quite well, as sane as you are. Do not flatter yourself, I entreat you, that this is any mental or nervous disorder a doctor could cure. I have thought it all out a hundred times, over and over again. Morris, we are thieves, plunderers, brigands. Oh, don't look at me like that! I'm not a Socialist, or a Communist, or a Radical. I haven't dabbled in politics. I know nothing about them, or the Social Question. I don't know what that means. I understand perfectly that there must be rich and poor always, that there is righteous wealth and honest trading. But not ours—not ours—the church is right!"

"Ah," he burst out, "I might have thought that some proselytizing fanatic—"

"No," she said—"what have you and I to do with churches? But the other day, by chance, in the midst of my perplexities, I came across this statement, that the Christian church has, through all the ages, refused to admit the trade in money as a legitimate means of gain. I understand. The papacy, you have always told me, is very careful as to what it condemns or approves. Have you not always told me that?"

"Yes, but—"

"It has condemned, through all the ages, our financing as dishonest, as a trade

that no Christian should follow. What is that to us? you say. True, it is nothing to us. It is but an argument that I clutched at in passing. I don't need it as an argument. My arguments are *here!*" She struck her breast, lying against his knees, her hands and her eyes one appeal!

"Let me hear them," he said desperately, looking away.

"I know there must be a certain amount of money-lending and changing, credit, and deposit, and bills of exchange, and that sort of thing. Am I not a Rialto as well as yourself? I have been brought up amongst these matters, I know. But not our way!"

He turned on her. "Our way is that of the Rialtos," he exclaimed; "we never had another way. Am I not one of the partners? What on earth do you mean? You know nothing about it. Nothing at all."

"Yes, our way is the way of the Rialtos," she said. She rose to her feet. "It is *that* I complain of. Ours is not the decent trade—hardly honorable perhaps, yet scarcely dishonorable either—of the legitimate banker, the inevitable go-between—we, the great money-lords, the monopolists of capital, the manipulators of millions—I don't know whether I am saying it right."

"Oh, quite right," he said, "go on!"

"You know what we do—oh, you know! Under false names we start companies all the world over, companies that we never expect to pay—or, better still, we ruin the undertakings that others have started, and when they are ruined, we buy them up. They pay then! They pay then!"

"Is that your entire conception of our business?"

"No. Would that it were! 'Never consider any capitalist too small to be worth crushing!' How often have I not heard my father say that at home! You, Morris, do you not say it—?" She paused.

"It is a maxim of the house," he replied, uncomfortably, "a rule of business, not a personal opinion at all. Finance is war: it is a question of hereditary tactics toward a traditional end. You talk as if a general were an assassin because he burnt an enemy's town."

"War!" she cried. "No! war has its

code of honor, at least it had when kings, and not money-lenders, made it. War? No, ours is brigandage—no, not brigandage—that is open and honest—a risk for a risk. Ours is safe pillage, protected by the laws that have built up Snobbery on self-interest, sure plucking of pigeons and plundering of bees' nests, by slow force and swift fraud. You yourself remember how you told me, only a fortnight ago, that the head of a business you had smashed had applied for a clerkship in ours."

"We gave it him."

"You gave it him! And his daughter wrote me a letter and told me that she would not eat our bread. She had left her father's house and got a situation as a servant."

"She was young. Her father was the wiser of the two."

She drew back from him.

"What would you have?" he cried fiercely, brought to bay. "These things are inevitable. I tell you—they are part of the game. If we talked like this, we should have to stop business altogether. One man can't gain without another man's losing. *You* can't have the biggest diamond in the world and the Duchess of Sangrail have it too."

She drew still farther away from him.

"No, no," she said, wearily, putting her hand to her tired eyes, "one man *can* gain without another's losing. It isn't the same, I feel it isn't, though I can't explain as I wish I could. An India merchant, for instance, or a cloth manufacturer, or the inventor of a new process—these have a right to their thousands. But we—we, with our millions—our trade is money-getting only—we, to make profits—by libels and lies of all sorts, and Stock Exchange rumors, and political wire-pullings, we must ruin other men that we may step into their shoes. Our trade is the ruining of other men! The ruining of other men—nothing else!"

"It isn't true," he said; "our trade is the fecundation of capital."

"For others?" she laughed. "You very rarely speak to me about the business, Morris, but you gave me to understand once yourself, last winter, that you had paid a South American Minister one million francs to make a false statement in his Parliament,

and that you had cleared three millions by the transaction."

"I could cut out my tongue," he said. As he spoke, a domestic, an old butler, came into the room with a tray. Lord Venetia broke out angrily, ordering him to be gone.

"I will ring, Collins," said Lady Venetia gently. She went across and, lifting the drapery, made sure that the door had closed behind the retreating servant. Then she came back to the fire and almost in a whisper—

"In the south of China," she said, "when those terrible massacres were taking place—we could have stopped them with a word."

He did not answer.

"How much did we make by not stopping them?"

"Angela! Oh, my God, Angela, I love you! I love you so!"

She threw out her arms to him, wide open, waiting.

"Thank God," she cried, "thank God for that! We can bear everything together—can we not? Even the worst."

"Surely," he said, uncertain.

"See! the other day—no, it was this morning—it seems so long ago; it was this morning—as we were going into the Homes—I had stepped back a moment; you had passed on without noticing—a workingman in the crowd said: 'That's Venetia! Don't I wish I was him!'"

"Of course. Did I not tell you so? You are surrounded by an inevitable circle of envy. If you are going to pay attention to it, and to every slander it utters—"

"His companion said: 'Not I. I'd rather be dying of starvation than eat that man's blood-stained bread.'"

"Pah!" he exclaimed, paling.

"It was the companion had the better face. I don't know what more they said."

"Well, it's only Chinese blood!" he cried, maddened, not thinking his own words.

He hardened her immediately. "Even that statement is incorrect," she said coldly. "Our daily bread is daily soaked with blood and tears from every quarter of the globe."

"I wonder you can eat it," he exclaimed.

In a low voice, whose every tone rang clear,



she answered, "I cannot." Nothing stirred. A piece of wood rolled forward on the fender with a crash. Then the silence held its breath.

"It is this that is killing me," continued Lady Venetia. "Morris, I can't live by theft any longer; I must eat honest food."

In the pause that followed she shrieked aloud. "Morris, you will go with me! Say you will go with me, my husband! We will escape from this wretchedness and wickedness! We will break away from it together! Morris, I, too, I love you—you know it—more than anything else on earth!"

"If you love me, Angela—as I know you do—you will listen to me, you will allow yourself to be influenced by reason. You will believe me when I tell you that you cannot understand about these matters. And you will at last consent to see Sir Henry Parsons."

"And take pills," said Lady Venetia scornfully. "There is but one pill would cure me, Morris. I shall never take it, or I should have taken it long ago. I do not know what has brought out all this talk to-night. I am so glad, so glad. There is rest at last, comparatively, in having spoken. The worst is over now! What can the rest matter? You will go away with me somewhere, will you not?"

"Anywhere you like, Angela. We will take the yacht——"

"Away from it all, I mean. We can stay in London, if you prefer, as long as we only get away from it. But some other place would surely be better, outside Europe, where nobody knows us. As long as we get away. I will do anything you like, Morris—anything. I am strong. I can work. I will never complain of any hardship, as long as we only get away."

"From *what?* d—— it!"

She drew herself up—before the first oath she had ever heard him utter. "From the money," she said, and stood still.

He laughed.

"We must understand each other," she continued: "I cannot eat it any longer, this bread that is earned by crime."

He laughed again, the tears in his eyes.

"Cake," he said, bitterly, "cake."

"I want to do whatever I can," she pleaded, her words falling soft as falling

snow. "I will do anything: I repeat it. Anything you wish me to do. But, only, don't expect me to stay among this"—her hand swept round the splendors of the boudoir—"for I *can't*."

"And how about staying with me?" he said.

She understood, in that moment, the hopelessness of her struggle. "You will come with me," she stammered, tottering, pale to the lips.

"I will go wherever you wish; I will do whatever you like."

"We will go out from here as honest beggars to earn an honest livelihood." He was silent. "My God, you will do right!" she gasped, hoarse with the passion of her yearning. "My husband, my husband! I did wrong to distrust you. You understand now. You had never thought of it before. We will expiate our long crime before God. In time, perhaps, he will pardon us the massacred thousands of China, the wrecked homes here in Europe, in America—the suicides which were murder, the broken hearts——" She stopped and, sobbing, covered her face with her hands.

"I will do anything you like," he repeated, "but you must give me time. These things are not done in a day. And first you must recover your normal health. You must go through some course of medical treatment, and if, after that, your resolve remains the same——"

"You would lock me up in an asylum!" she cried.

"No, by heaven!" and now his voice faltered. "Angela, have we wandered apart as far as this?"

"I suppose so," she said sadly, putting back the wet hair from her cheeks. "Morris, the explanation has come. Let us at least, in all the misery, be grateful for that. I am going. Now that I have spoken what is in my heart, I could not remain another night under this roof. You would scorn me for doing so. The beds that we lie on—the breakfast they will bring us to-morrow morning—these have been paid for with money that was stolen! Once I have said this, you would despise me for touching them!"

"You have touched them long enough," he replied faintly.



"That is a very natural gibe, or rather, from your lips let me deem it a reproof. Hundreds will repeat it as an insult. Long enough, indeed! Morris, did I not love you more—more than I ought to, I"—she halted—"I should not have taken so long."

"Love me!" he exclaimed angrily. "This is an insult! Do not dare to speak of love, you, who abandon your husband, your home, your kindred, everything you ought to honor—abandon them, insult them, revile them! Love!"

She held out both her hands. "Come!" she said.

"Will you tell the whole world what you think of us?"

"Come!" she said.

"You know a good deal: are you not one of us—a Rialto? Tell about the Brazilian Finance Minister and about the Chinese massacres. Faugh, these are trifles!" In his rage and despair he turned upon himself and rent his own bosom. "As you say, I have seldom spoken to you about the business. I could tell you a great deal more—a great deal more—for you to tell the world!"

"Come," she said.

He threw himself back in his chair, staring at her.

She dropped her arms. "I shall tell nothing," she said, and her voice, still very low, had entirely changed its tone. "I shall go somewhere and hide myself. I don't know where. It has all come so

suddenly. For weeks I knew it must come, yet I never thought it would. Don't trouble about me, Morris. I shall go right away where nobody knows me. I feel sure I can teach music and singing. I shall wait for you, Morris, and some day you will come out to me, out of the slough of treachery and robbery, with hands that, like mine at this moment, are empty and clean!" She turned and walked with a slow step toward the door.

From under the chair she had deserted, her little dog, a King Charles, rushed out and ran after her. She paused to gather it in her arms, and, still fixing one last, long, lingering look on her husband, slowly drew away into the distance, and, with the dog at her bosom, went forth.

As the door clicked slowly into its lock, Lord Venetia cried out amid the stillness: "The dog!" Then silence deepened upon the empty room. The fire had burnt itself nearly out with sluggish glow; the steady lamps shone dull.

The master of the house sat silent through the silence. He sat immovable, gazing into the dying fire. Then, all at once, he realized that his solitude was broken in upon: that the door gaped wide open, that the butler stood before him, fluttered, in great perturbation—

"My Lord—his Royal Highness!"

Lord Venetia sprang to his feet, and, before the servant's horrified amazement—

"Tell him to go to the devil!" he cried.

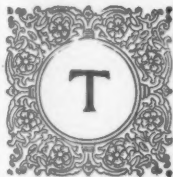


## THE American versus the English Notion of a Gentleman.

—Probably no juster or keener analysis has ever been made of existing American society and its evolution than that which Professor Peck makes in his article in this number. But he has failed to bring out this one question, which has for some time been asked, not concerning aristocracy but concerning gentlemen, and is destined to receive each year greater attention: "*Is not the man or woman essentially vulgar who deliberately seeks elevation above his or her fellows?*" Should the aim of the true gentleman go further than to desire a life of usefulness, or a life of refinement amid genial and intellectual surroundings? Is not the first essential of a gentleman that manliness which is content to be taken for what it really is and does not desire to surround itself with a fictitious importance? Is there any essential difference in the vulgarity of the Jim Fisk driving his coach on Broadway and the Englishman seeking to exalt himself by some of the numerous devices known to a certain highly reckoned English society? The American idea of the true gentleman was illustrated by Commodore Philip, who went so far as to decline promotion because it would raise him above the officers who were his friends and associates, but had not had his chance in the war to win distinction.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IN THE WORLD  
OF  
ART AND LETTERS.



**THE Month in England.**—Mr. Whistler, in the catalogue of that International Exhibition of which he has been the presiding spirit, and which has outdone the Academy in interest, frankly reveals his conception of the art of portraiture by entitling his portraits "Gold and Brown," "Rose and Silver," "Blue and Coral," etc. In other words, the color-scheme is his primary concern, and his subjects interest him less as character than for their subtle affinities with shades of the spectrum.

If I might borrow this nomenclature for describing the writings of Thomas A. Janvier, or such of them as I have read, I should say they are studies in gray or perhaps silver. There is the same exquisite feeling for style, the same dignified reticence, as in a Whistler. I know few short stories more charming, for instance, than "San Antonio of the Gardens," one of the "Stories of Old New Spain." But there are themes which are not to be treated in silver paint, subjects in which strength is more of the essence than delicacy. Hence, when Whistler tried to apply to Carlyle the same treatment as to his mother, he partially failed. The rugged Scot was bigger than Whistler, he could not be used as a mere illustration of Whistler's technique, as a delicate color-scheme. Analogously Mr. Janvier should not have chosen a subject like "In the Sargasso Sea," that dread ocean tangled with the weed and the drifted wrecks of the centuries, which obviously calls for Kipling.



Not that Mr. Janvier has not written graphically and vividly in places, only one feels that the subject demands more thrills to the square yard than he gives us. This "desolate sea-city," or sea-graveyard, of strange ancient ships, mixed with modern, from one to another of which the hero leaps in his more than Crusoe-solitude, is a piece of praiseworthy invention and affords pages of admirable writing. In "Umbandine, a Romance of Swaziland," by Alexander Davis, a new writer, we have, on the contrary, too much blood and too little style. But the novel appeals less as art than as information anent the Kaffirs of South Africa. Mr. Davis was an eye-witness of many of the savage scenes he describes, which certainly throw much light upon the vices and virtues of the native tribes which Cecil Rhodes is sweeping away. Mr. Davis is not devoid of dramatic power, and there is humor in Mozai's account of the European. "I shrank

back from contact with his horrible white skin." One is sorry to learn that "civilization" has marred the native charm and simple life without implanting the moral codes of Europe in its place. Tolstoi would find a new text for his sermon in this almost universal degeneration of the "savage" after contact with the "civilized." And yet, since in his latest challenge to civilization—"What Is Art?"—he ranges himself with primitive man, and declares that the peasant's soul is the test of Art, one might ask him, why draw the line at the peasant? Why should we not accept the lowest common denominator of humanity—the cannibal? Tolstoi's long aspiration after the Christianization of life has naturally led him to seek to convert Art also to Christianity. But Art must ever remain outside any religious creed or theory of the universe, though it may be and has been allied to all, and has served them all. Tolstoi would confine the function of Art to uniting all mankind, but Art already does this, so far as mankind is ready to be united; music, poems and pictures touch all the souls that are capable of being touched by them, quite apart from all questions of religion or nationality. It is, as Zola has said somewhere, the over-realm which transcends the pettiness of sects and politics. But with Tolstoi the wish is father to the thought, and all the actual inhabitants of this planet, of whatever grades of intelligence and feeling, are conceived by him as capable of rallying to the call of Art, so that no Art is worthy of the name which does not appeal to the bed-rock of humanity, the Peasant. It is strange that Tolstoi, the subtle novelist, should argue as if the world was peopled by a thousand millions of an abstract entity, called "man." Still, it is a noble voice that is crying in the wilderness, and I agree with it more than I say. With his definition of Art as a vehicle for the transmission of emotion from artist to perceiver I have, indeed, no quarrel at all, since it is one for which I have long contended in many forms and places. It enables him to pour delicious satire on the schools of manufactured Art. But his theory of the limitation of Art to moral purposes has brought him into the strange company of Nordau, and there are pages of "What Is Art?" which might have come straight out of "Degeneration." Mr. G. H. Perris, in his brilliant study of "Leo Tolstoi, the Grand Mujik," rebukes the Master for his narrow, puritanic denunciation of much modern Art. "Art is the incarnation of the Absolute in playful labor," he reminds him. Mr. Perris's study of Tolstoi should be missed by no one interested in contemporary problems, and able to receive pleasure from the play of a subtle modern mind around them. How Mr. Anthony Hope can have had the courage to write a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," I cannot understand. For even if "Rupert of Hentzau" were superior to its predecessor, it would get no credit for it. If I were ever to write a sequel, I should arrange to publish it before its companion, or perhaps even write it first.

I. ZANGWILL.



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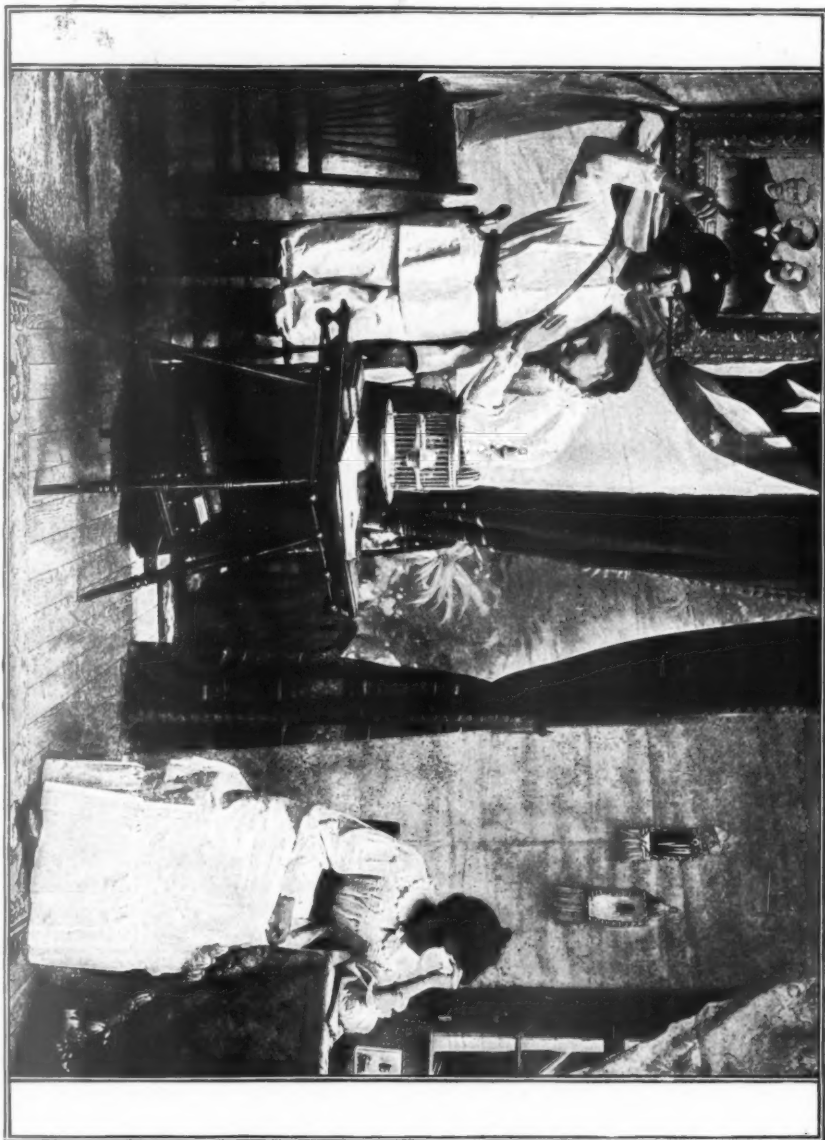
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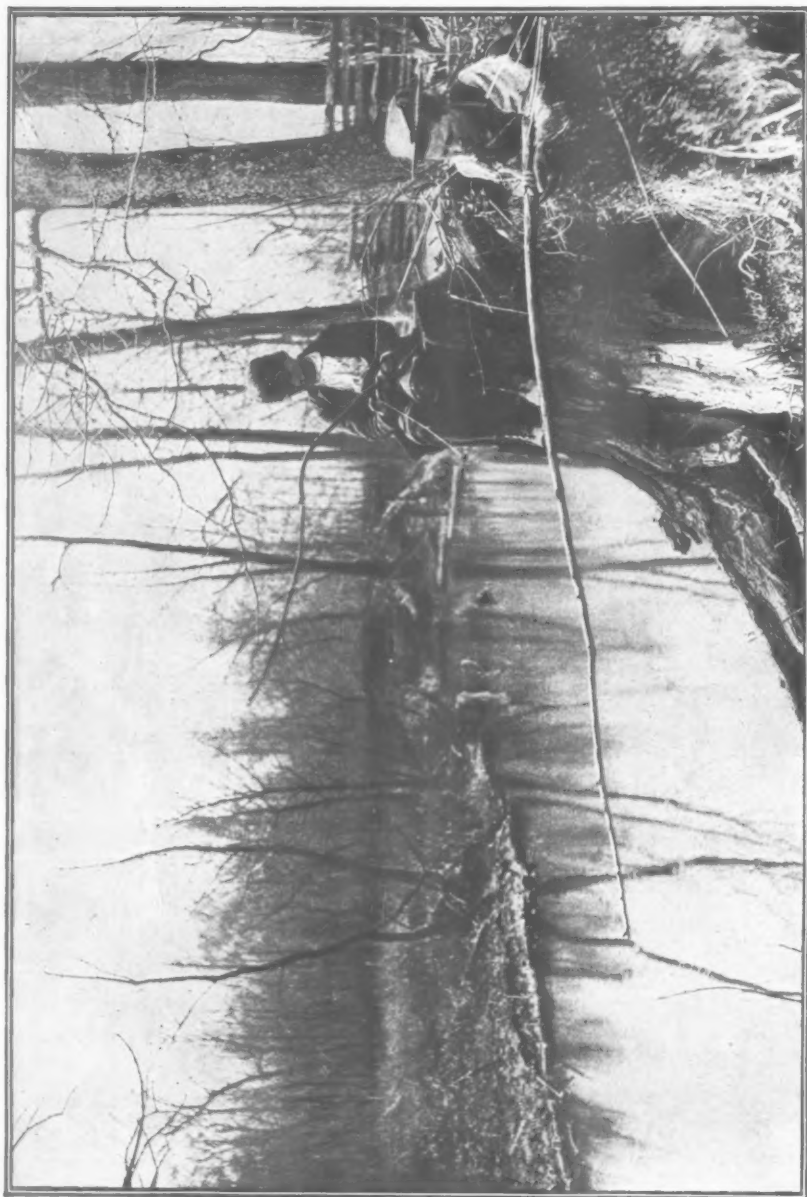
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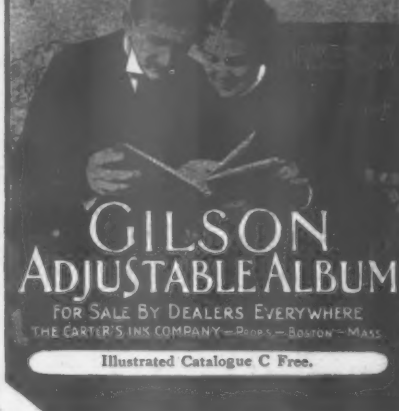
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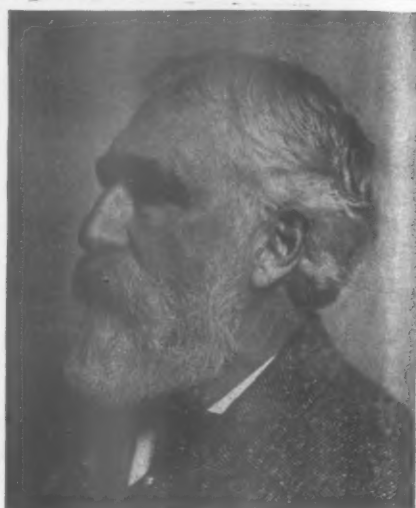
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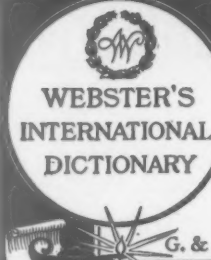
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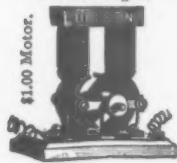
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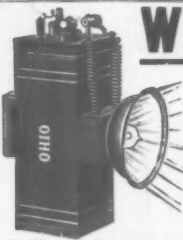
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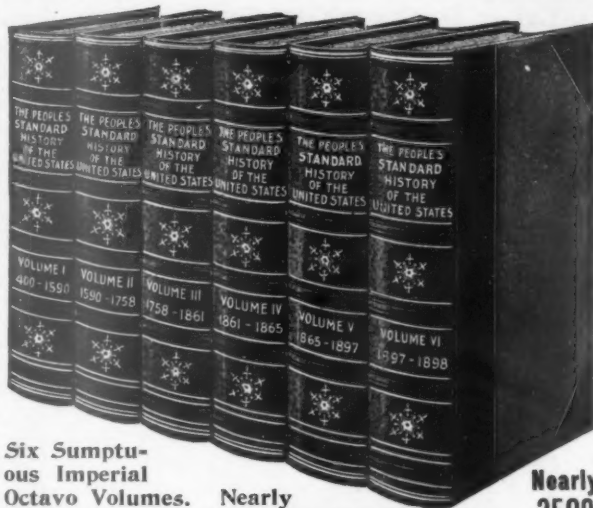
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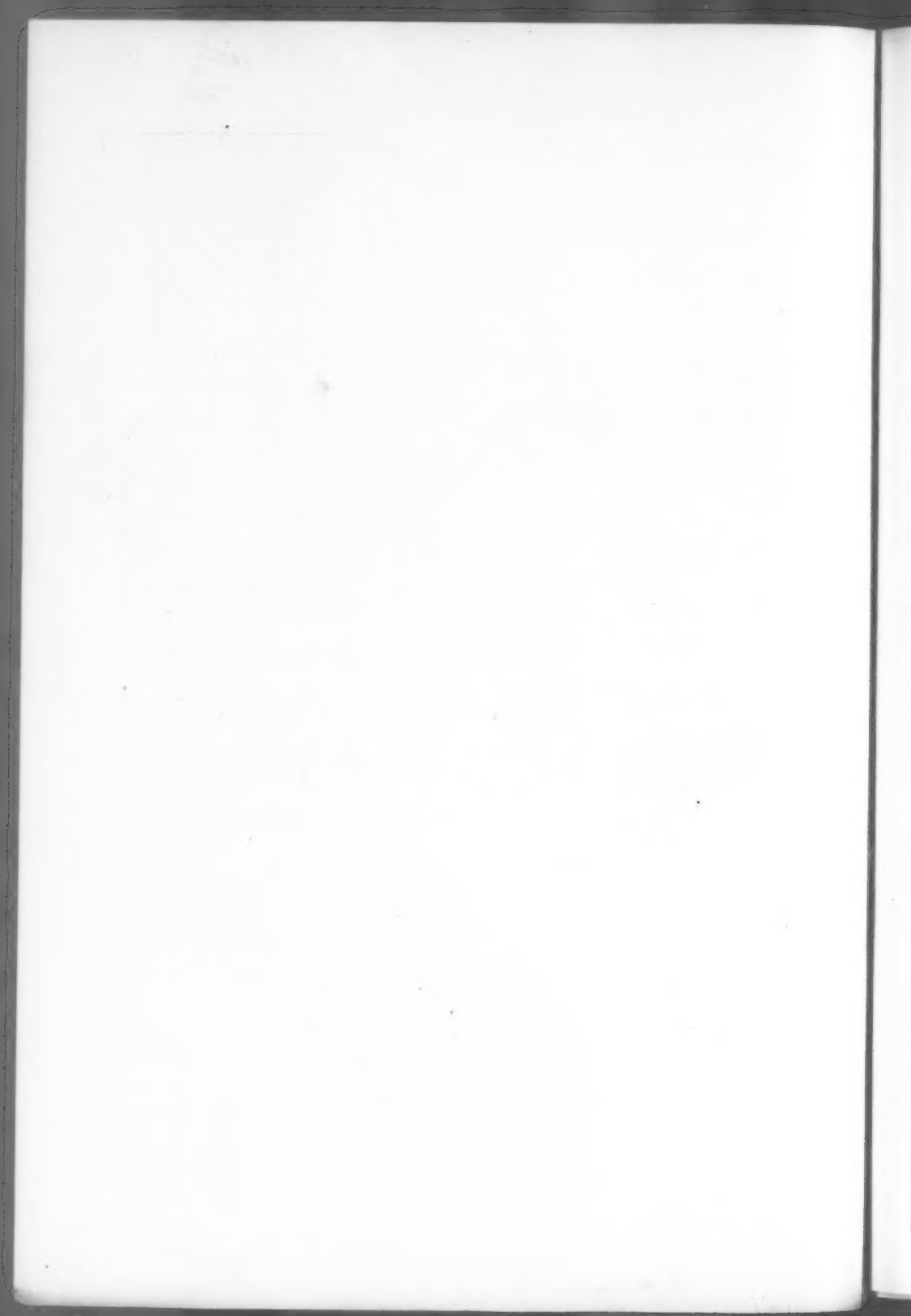
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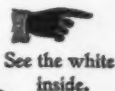


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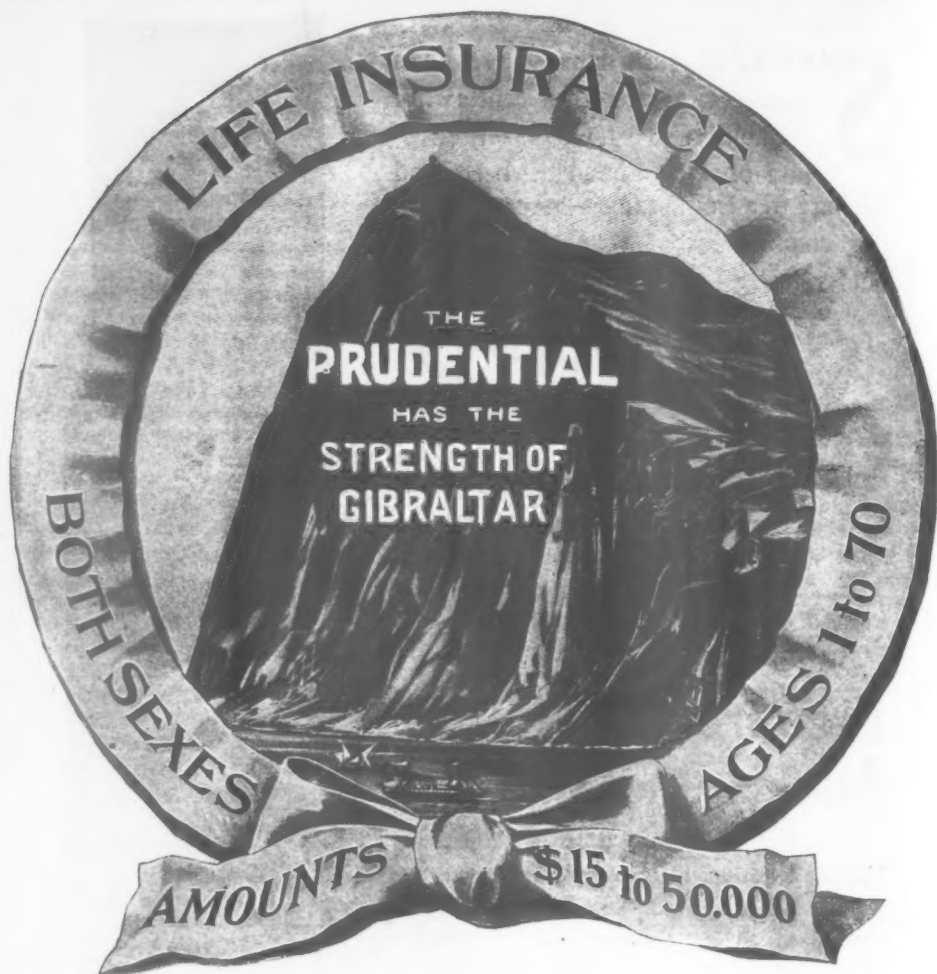


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gle or double  
Capes from  
**\$10.00 up.**

Child's circular  
made of same  
material as Dress  
Skirt and cape 36 inches and under  
Larger sizes extra.

**\$2.50**



**LADIES' SUPPLY COMPANY,**

3118 FOREST AVE.,

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CHICAGO, ILLS.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, good wages can  
be made as our unique garments are in demand and give entire satisfaction.

Write for Catalogue, It's Free.



## A Well-Kept Shoe

is a comfort and credit to the wearer. A  
soft, pliable, comfort-giving shoe looks  
better and wears better than one that's  
stiff and unyielding.

## VICI Leather Dressing

will not only polish your shoes but make  
them soft. It's a medicine for leather.  
The ingredients of Vici Leather Dressing  
are used in finishing the most famous shoe  
leather in the world—Vici Kid. That's a  
little secret you didn't know before.

There's a book full of just such secrets about shoes  
and their care, that you can have if you will send us  
your name and address.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

# Suits and Cloaks, \$5.

If you wish something new in a dress or cloak and entirely different from the ready-made garments which you find in every store, write for our Catalogue and Samples. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and cloaks, but we are the only house making fashionable garments to order at moderate prices.

Our Catalogue illustrates an exquisite line of Ladies' Costumes and Cloaks selected from the newest Paris models. Our designs are exclusive, and the fabrics from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties.

**Charming Costumes and Tailor-made Suits, faultless in cut and finish, \$5 up.**

**Handsome Jackets, lined throughout, entirely different from the ready-made ones, \$5 up.**

**Jaunty Capes, \$3 up. Fur Collarettes, \$5 up.**

**A splendid line of new Skirts, cut according to the latest Paris models, \$4 up.**

**Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Bicycle Suits, etc.**

*We pay express charges to any part of the world.*

If when writing to us, you will state whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, we will be able to send you a full line of exactly what you desire. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning.

Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples; you will get them by return mail. They will be sent free to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.



**THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.**

## "Holeproof" Sox

**Men's Sock Wear is the Hardest in Winter**

and makes more darning. Save time and trouble. Make your men folks buy, or buy for them, Holeproof Sox, the kind that outlasts six ordinary pairs and makes 50c. Sox cost only 5c. Wear determines sock values.

**Cheap at 50c. a pair**



A ticket attached to every pair guarantees that "four pairs of Holeproof Sox will need no darning if worn six months alternately; if they do, send us, or your dealer, the worn pair and the guarantee ticket and you will get a new pair." Our guarantee is good. Ask any banker. Specially prepared Sanitary, unshrinking yarn, soft as silk, excellent for tender feet. Black, natural and all solid fast colors. All sizes.

**Ask your dealer for Holeproof Sox**

**Trade-Mark on every sock.** If he doesn't keep them, don't let him sell you any others, none as cheap at any price, but send us 50 cents (better, \$1.00 bill for two pair), send size, we will fill your order prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Convincing booklet free.

**KALAMAZOO KNITTING CO., Dept. D, Milwaukee, Wis.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

## CASH PRIZES

FOR

### Embroiderers

To Secure a Prize

**Save Your Old Holders**



Nearly all embroiderers now insist on having **BRainerd & Armstrong's Silks** put up the new way, each skein in a separate paper **HOLDER**. By purchasing your Silks in "HOLDERS," you will have no difficulty with snarls or tangled threads. **INSIST on having BRainerd & Armstrong's Silks in "HOLDERS."** They cost no more.

Our new book for 1899, "EMBROIDERY LESSONS with COLORED STUDIES," contains 15 beautiful colored studies in Embroidery, with full directions for working, and 100 illustrations. Also tells all about the prizes. Sent for 10c.

**THE BRainerd & ARMSTRONG CO.**  
63 Union Street, New London, Conn.

# HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER



If it were as easy to grow hair as to show hair, in a picture, who would go through life with scanty locks? It is almost as easy to grow hair as to show it, if you use Hall's Hair Renewer. It cleanses the scalp, removes the conditions which cause decay, and gives health and vitality so that the hair grows anew, fine, glossy and abundant.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., and they will send you a full-size bottle, carriage paid.

# FEDER'S POMPADOUR SKIRT PROTECTOR

IS  
A  
PLEASANT  
SURPRISE



## \$2.55 Hand-Sewed

By mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States for \$2.75. State size and width, enclose \$2.75, and we will mail you the shoes, and if you don't find them equal to any advertised \$2.50 shoe, we will refund your money.

This is a strictly high-grade Vici Kid hand-sewed welt shoe, made over our latest style coin toe last, with straight kid tip. Write for free shoe catalogue of everything in foot wear. Address, Sears, Roebuck & Co. Inc., FULTON, DESPLAINES and WAYMAN STS., CHICAGO, ILL.



## A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

# \$5<sup>95</sup>

EXPRESS  
PREPAID



This \$9.00 Cape, made of the finest seal plush, heavily braided with Soutach braid, deep box pleats, trimmed with the best Thibet fur around storm collar and front, lined with fancy or black sateen, 20 inches long and 110 inches sweep, by express prepaid, for only

# \$5.<sup>95</sup>

OUR  
NEW  
ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE  
SENT FREE.

Give bust and neck measure.

Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address, The Program Tailoring Co., 46 Madison Temple, Chicago.

# Most people are satisfied to sleep on a Hair Mattress, BECAUSE

Compressing the felt.  
Binding and  
closing the  
tick by  
hand.



TRADE  
MARK.

they do not know there is a better, a cheaper, and a cleaner mattress made. **The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.** is perfection. It couldn't be more—it is nothing less. It pleases and satisfies 999 out of every thousand persons who try it. Our guarantee proves this.

**GUARANTEE:** Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you hoped for in the way of a mattress, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—no questions asked.

**PATENT ELASTIC FELT** consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and never mats, loses shape or gets lumpy. Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed vermin-proof. Tick may be removed for washing without trouble. Softer and purer than hair can be; no re-picking or re-stuffing necessary.

Size 4 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 3 inches, or any other size you desire. Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. **Express charges prepaid anywhere.** Wretched imitations are offered by unscrupulous dealers—our name and guarantee is on every mattress.

**Not for sale by DEPARTMENT STORES, or any other stores anywhere.**

Send for our free illustrated book, "The Test of Time," which tells about Patent Elastic Felt.

**OSTERMOOR & CO., 111 Elizabeth Street, New York City.**

*We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."*

Try them, and "for the first time in your life you will know what it means to wear comfortable clothing"; everybody says so. **See Catalogue.**

## YOU CAN TELL AT ONCE



by looking at Elizabethan style of dress whether you like it or not, **but you cannot tell** by looking at a Union Suit whether it will fit you comfortably or not. Cheap, pieced Union Suits look like the best, but will not fit comfortably; but

## Lewis Union Suits

**the best**—tailor trimmed, unequalled in quality of material, giving double wear for men, women and children, whether wool, silk, balbriggan or mixed (costing no more than pull-apart, two-piece suits of the same quality), are extra-fashioned in reality—not in name only; knit to fit with absolute certainty. The Lewis Elastic Voke keeps the garment in perfect shape, prevents dragging from the shoulders, and insures a feeling of comfort impossible in any other garment. The same qualities apply to the Lewis spliced seat. **2-cent stamp brings new illustrated (from life) catalogue, sample fabrics and testimonials that prove all our claims.**

*Ask your dealer for these suits. If he doesn't keep them don't risk your comfort by accepting any substitute he may offer you for his profit. **but investigate.***



**LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY, 202 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

# SOROSIS

## The New Shoe For Women...



Made in all  
Fashionable Leathers  
and in 27 Styles.

The illustration of the shoe is from a  
direct photograph of one of our "mannish"  
shapes.



Trade-mark branded  
into sole of every  
Sorosis Shoe.

A revelation in footwear, and  
to-day the standard of the world.  
The exquisite style, fine material, and  
nicety of finish delight the eye, and  
the artistic modeling affords an ease in  
walking never before possible. Certain  
peculiarities in construction prevent that  
common trouble, the flattening of the arch  
of the foot.

*Sorosis Shoes always support the instep.*

**\$3.50**  
PER PAIR.

*You cannot purchase as satisfactory shoes at any price.*

**"SOROSIS" is on every shoe.**

If possible, get them of your dealer; if he has only a substitute to offer, we will send them express paid at the above price. State size, width, and style desired, and whether button, lace, or Oxford. Our beautifully illustrated catalogue, with unsolicited testimonials from prominent women, mailed free.

**CAUTION!**—There are imitations that will result in disappointment to the purchaser.

**A. E. LITTLE & CO., 92 Blake Street, Lynn, Mass.**



# Chas. A. Stevens & Bros.

109-115 STATE ST. CHICAGO

## THERE ARE NO CLOAKS LIKE STEVENS' CLOAKS

Over 100,000 sold last year by mail. Think of that record! Send for Catalogue.

SEND YOUR NAME

And address on a postal card for our new

### FALL CATALOGUE

Partly printed in color—the best GUIDE TO CLOAK BUYING ever published.

LOWEST WHOLESALE :: PRICES ::

Govern the selling of our garments—if you

buy of **STEVENS,**

Quality, economy and style go hand in hand. You want a Catalogue ::

### Our New Fall CATALOGUE

Delineates the coming styles in perfect harmony with fashion's most exacting demands. The coming styles are actually more beautiful than ever. Send your address on postal card for catalogue of

# STEVENS' CLOAKS





### Does Your Child "Toe In"?

Many children do just as soon as they begin to walk.

*Our Little Shoe* to prevent it is giving the greatest satisfaction.

Correcting habit in the child, prevents deformity in adult,  
\$2.00 to \$2.75.

There are very many good things for children at the "Children's Store." Our catalogue tells about the others—sent for 4 cts. postage.

60-62 West 23d St., New York.

Patented

## RED STAR BRAND Hygienic Underwear

is constructed on the theory that two or more light but closely knitted fabrics, with the air confined between, are warmer than a single thick, heavy garment, and the inter-air-space prevents colds and relieves rheumatism. This constituting the true principle of hygiene or health in underclothing.

Over eleven hundred physicians, representing every state and territory in the Union, have united in testifying to the sanitary excellence of the HARDERFOLD system of underclothing. Two or more, this fabric is lighter, warmer and in every way better than heavy single fabrics.

For illustrated catalogue, address  
HARDERFOLD FABRIC COMPANY, TROY, N. Y.



### \$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT.

A REGULAR \$5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH FOR \$2.75.

**Send no Money.** Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your **Height and Weight**, state number of inches around body at **Breast** taken over vest under coat close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express **C. O. D.**, subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of and equal to any coat you can buy for \$5.00, pay the express agent our special offer price, **\$2.75, and express charges.**

**THIS MACKINTOSH** is latest 1899 style, made from **heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth**, extra long, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for both **rain or overcoat**, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. **For Free Cloth Samples** of Men's Mackintoshes up to \$5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from \$5.00 to \$50.00, write for **Free Book No. 801B.** Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

## For \$10 We'll Make You Measure A Beautiful Dress Suit

of rich black fine ribbed pure wool worsted. This is not a ready made suit, but expert tailors will make it to order for you individually, trim it with best high grade materials, pipe it with fine satin and sew it with pure silk and linen thread. In quality, style and beauty it is equal to your tailors \$20 and \$35 suits.

**SEND NO MONEY** but mention this magazine. Send chest, waist and crotch measure, height and weight and state if round or square cut sack or frock style is wanted. We'll make the suit, express it C. O. D. and allow you to try it on before you pay one cent. If a perfect fit and just as represented then pay \$10 and expressage and take the suit, if not pay nothing and it will be returned at our expense. We make other suits from \$12.50 up. All new weaves and designs—all big bargains. **Write for free samples.**

**THE B. LOUIS VEHON COMPANY,**  
155-157 West Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.



## We refund your money any time within 60 days.

This will enable you, **without risk**, to test

### THE "PRACTICAL" TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS.

A device which keeps Trousers "Smooth as if ironed," and enables a closet arrangement which gives maximum convenience and two-fold capacity. Each garment separately get-at-able.

Our 32-page descriptive booklet (free on request) tells you what other people think of our device. It contains **facsimile** reproductions of letters from customers sending us **duplicate orders**—the strongest kind of endorsement—and the names of over 1500 well-known gentlemen who have in use one or more of our \$5.00 sets.

**The Five Dollar Set** consists of 6 Practical Trousers Hangers and 3 Practical Closet Rods—sent express prepaid on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a \$5.00 set. It meets the average requirements. Single Hangers, trousers, 75c. each. Single Rods, price, 25c. For \$1.00 we will send, prepaid, one Hanger and one Rod, and afterward, if wanted, the remainder of the set for \$4.00.

**PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 425 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."





# WRIGHTS

## GENUINE HEALTH UNDERWEAR



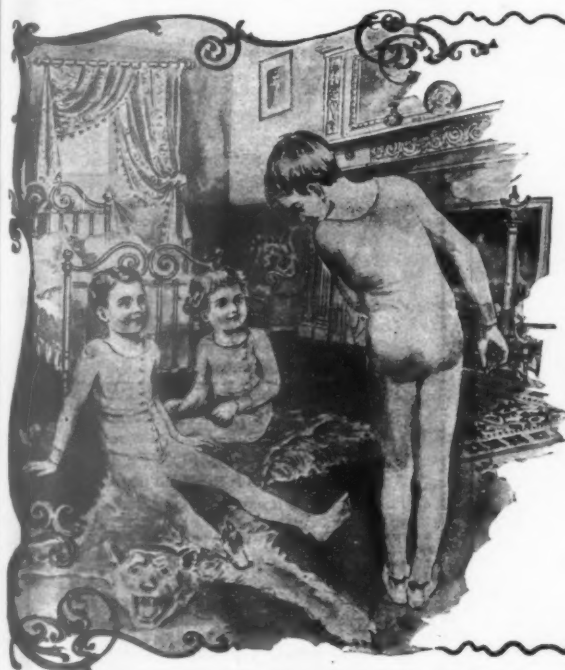


*Wright's Health Underwear*

denoting the genuine garment.

**WRIGHTS UNDERWEAR CO.**  
New York City

Constructed on the hygienic principle of maintaining an equable temperature whether the body is at rest or during violent exercise. This result is obtained by having a quantity of air stored next to the skin, which is made possible by having the wool, which comes in contact with the skin, fastened to the outer fabric in tiny loops—each separate—thus providing air space. This also prevents shrinking or felting in washing. All the Genuine Wrights garments are constructed on this principle. Send for our booklet, mailed free if you mention this magazine. In purchasing, look for this trade ticket.



## Do You Know What "Full-Fashioned" Underwear Means?

It means that the garments are knit from a pattern shaped to the form. As a result they **feel more comfortable, look better, and wear longer**, and are consequently **more economical** than any other underwear. Our goods have stood the test of time for over forty years, and are for sale by all first-class dealers.

### ASK FOR THEM.

WRITE US for our book (free). It is instructive and interesting. Address

**NORFOLK AND NEW BRUNSWICK  
HOSIERY CO.**

New Brunswick, N. J.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

There is no more need for enduring feet that ache, corns and callouses—or stiff-soled shoes and rubbers—than there is for toothache.

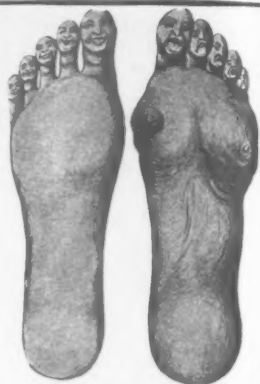
## Dolge Felt Insole Shoes

are soft to the tread, flexible, and proof against dampness.

*A Twenty-Third Street shoe dealer with a fifty-year record of knowing his business declares that he would not think of making his own shoes without Dolge innersoles.*



60 styles  
for  
men and  
women.



Here's the difference.

Write us to-day for  
"ON A FELT FOOTING"  
It tells the whole story.

**Daniel Green, Felt Shoes**  
119 West 23d Street, New York

It has a truly  
woman trait,  
For with a splendid  
contradiction,  
It clings in  
lively or sedate  
And holds in pleasure  
or affliction.

See that

# hump?



**The DeLong  
Hook and Eye**

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Mfrs.,  
Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.



[NOTE LINN IN CENTRE.]  
**Underwear**

World-renowned as  
**HYGIENICALLY PERFECT**

Made in **STUTTGART**, Germany  
of the finest Australian Sheep's Wool, into  
**HEALTH AND COMFORT-GIVING**  
Garments, suitable in all climates for

**Men, Women and Children.**

At leading Dry Goods Stores and Men's Outfitters  
everywhere. Illustrated catalogue, samples of materials and prices sent free.

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depot **A. N. LOEB & CO.**  
Sole Manufacturers and Importers.

**576 & 578 Broadway, New York.**  
**The T. Eaton Co., Toronto, Agts. in Canada.**

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# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE BEST & NO SHIRT IN THE WORLD



**WHITE LAUNDERED SHIRTS**

LONG BOSOMS  
SHORT BOSOMS  
OPEN BACK  
OPEN BACK AND FRONT  
COAT SHIRTS  
FANCY BOSOMS  
AND CUFFS

**Price \$1.00 each**  
IN ALL STYLES

Sold by first-class dealers throughout the United States. If you cannot buy these shirts of your furnisher, the manufacturers

**Cutter & Crossette**  
CHICAGO

Will deliver free of expense to any address in the United States, Six Shirts on receipt of Six Dollars.  
SEND SIZE NECK-BAND AND SLEEVE. ALSO STYLE BOSOM DESIRED.

## BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.

PATTERNS for 26 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, &c., or 10 patterns for short clothes, either set sent postpaid for only 25 cents. A pamphlet Knowledge for Expectant Mothers and a copy of my paper True Motherhood sent free with every order. Send silver or stamps. Address

MRS. C. H. ATSMAN, Bayonne, New Jersey.

## A Fountain of Fragrance.

**BOUQUET** . . . in which to use your choice of perfumes. Two styles. Just the thing for the dressing table, desk or mantel. Postpaid for \$1.00. Circulars for the asking.

**BOUQUET FIXTURE CO.**, Battle Creek, Mich.

**The Cosmopolitan** . . . One Year, \$1.00  
post-paid.

**\$2.95**



**OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH**

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$2.95** and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of BLACK or BLUE genuine KANGLEY double texture, waterproof SERGE CLOTH, with fancy plate lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free Sample Book No. 88.

ADDRESS,  
**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.),**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE **Valley Grip** CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

Is GUARANTEED to the Dealer and User against imperfections. Look for the Name on every Loop.

This Guaranty Goes With Every Pair

THE **Valley Grip** CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS. No Stitching in the Elastic OF ALL DEALERS.

Sample Pair by Mail 25 cents.




Catalogue Free.

**George Frost Co., Makers, 551 Tremont St., Boston**

THERE'S ONLY ONE BEST

**Wilbur's** TRADE MARK **DOUBLE WEAR**



3 1/2" High 25¢ FIVE FOLD

Highest Possible Grade **Sovereign**

THE BEST DEALERS CAN SUPPLY YOU. IF THEY WILL NOT, WE WILL.

**WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

# “THE ONEITA”

PAT. APR. 25<sup>th</sup> 1893.



**L**IEUT. PEARY, of the U. S. Navy, is the most experienced of all living men in Arctic exploration. Before embarking on his present expedition, and after a thorough investigation of the subject, he equipped his force with a supply of Oneita Combination Suits in a suitable weight. The advantage of these garments, from a purely scientific and practical point of view, the distinguished explorer found to be, that, while retaining the heat of the body, they do not encumber the movements of active men. In short, they liberate man from the



“curse of clothes,” leaving him as free for unhampered agility as the leopard in his velvet skin.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

**ONEITA KNITTING MILLS,**

Address Dept. F.

Office: No. 1 Greene Street, New York.



*"Flin" Stone Oak" Sole leather  
used exclusively in all Regal Shoes.*

# THE REGAL SHOE

*The Regal-English-Calf-Lined.*

*For Fall and Winter Wear.*

*Made in lace of Russet or Black*

*"KING CALF" and Black Wax Calf.*

*Leather Lined: Russet or Black*

*"KING CALF" and Black Wax Calf*

*Cloth Lined.*

*Also imported English Enamel.*

*Patent Calf lace and Patent Calf*

*and Enamel button, Single Soles.*

**SEND POSTAL FOR NEW**

**FALL CATALOGUE K.**

**AND BOOK "THE CARE OF SHOES."**

**L.C. Bliss & Co.**

**MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT,**

**109 Summer St., Boston.**

**STORES**

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PROVIDENCE. PHILADELPHIA. PITTSBURG. CHICAGO.  
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ST. LOUIS. DENVER.  
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CINCINNATI.  
WALLA WALLA WASH.

FACTORY  
WHITMAN, MASS.



**\$3.50**

**PER PAIR**

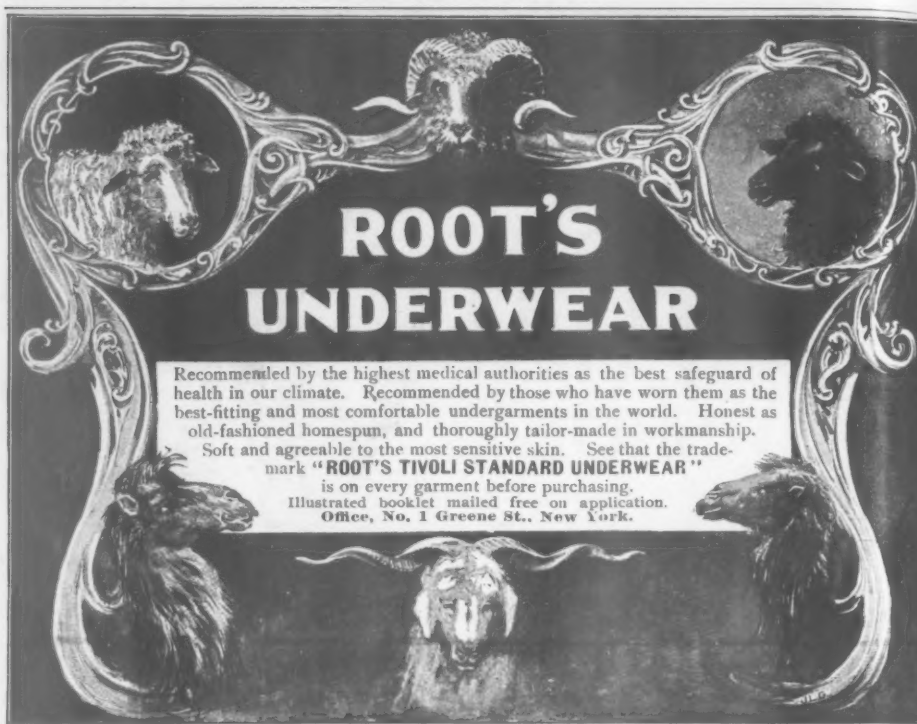
**DELIVERED PREPAID**

**TO ANY ADDRESS**

**IN U.S. RECEIPT OF**

**\$3.75.**





# ROOT'S UNDERWEAR

Recommended by the highest medical authorities as the best safeguard of health in our climate. Recommended by those who have worn them as the best-fitting and most comfortable undergarments in the world. Honest as old-fashioned homespun, and thoroughly tailor-made in workmanship. Soft and agreeable to the most sensitive skin. See that the trademark "ROOT'S TIVOLI STANDARD UNDERWEAR" is on every garment before purchasing. Illustrated booklet mailed free on application. Office, No. 1 Greene St., New York.

NO MORE  
DARNING

## Racine Feet

[COPYRIGHTED]

10 cents.

Our booklet, "The Stockinette Stitch," describes an invisible method of attaching new feet to the legs of your old hosiery, easier than darning and makes your hosiery as good as new.

### Racine Feet

run in sizes from 5 to 11, cotton, black or white, 10 cents per pair, six pairs for 50 cents. Agents wanted.

H. S. BLAKE & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,  
Racine Knitting Co.

Dept. 11. Racine, Wis.



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EASY WALKING,  
INCREASED HEIGHT,  
ARCHED INSTEP,  
EASE AND COMFORT.

By wearing Gilbert's Heel Cushions. Weight 1 oz. Do not require larger shoes.  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. high, 25c.;  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. Ladies' or men's.

**READ** Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial. Gilbert Mfg. Co., 66 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

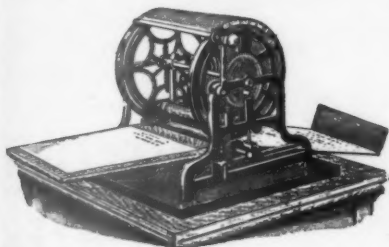



Tho' love be cold  
Do not despair—  
There's Ypsilanti  
Underwear.

## YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

is made in all sizes and all weights. Fits the form perfectly. Helps clothes fit. Sold in cities and larger towns. Booklet free. HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

# THE ROTARY... NEOSTYLE DUPLICATOR.



THE latest and best on the market; takes five copies while other machines take one. Worked by crank or electricity. Any boy can produce 5,000 copies from one original writing or typewriting.

References to hundreds of leading firms and corporations in every city using and indorsing the Rotary.

Send for full particulars.

"It does the work of ten mimeographs."—C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent Lake Erie & Western Railroad.

"No one can distinguish the work from actual typewriting."—LIBERTY CYCLE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

**NEOSTYLE CO.,**

96-102 Church Street, - - New York.



**DID YOU EVER ENJOY A MEAL IN BED?**

Not unless the meal was served upon a table so arranged as to extend over the bed, and still not touch it. Most convenient in the sick room. Excellent sewing, cutting and reading table. Various kinds of wood. Beautifully finished. Write for circulars and testimonials.

**NO AGENTS.**  
Size of Top, 18 x 36 inches.  
**INVALIDS TABLE COMPANY,**  
210 OUYAHOGA BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

ADJUSTABLE UTILITY TABLE.



## FIRST AND LAST COMFORT

Heats parlor, bed-room, etc., at no expense and saves

**HALF YOUR FUEL.**

Can be attached to any smoke pipe. Write for particulars.

**EXCELSIOR STOVE & MFG. CO., QUINCY, ILL.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

This "name competition" advt. will not appear again. Better answer it. You use Shoe dressing.



This box will be filled with the newest and best Shoe Dressing, suitable for all kinds of shoes worn by men, women and children.

This Dressing is the best because it will clean, polish, brighten, freshen and preserve kid, russet, tan, patent leathers, box calf and every kind of leather better than any other.

We want the best name for the best dressing, hence, we offer for a name to go on this box, 201 premiums, a total of

## Five Hundred Dollars.

1st Premium, for name selected.....	\$100.00
50 Premiums, \$5 each, for 50 next best.....	250.00
150 Premiums, \$1 each, for 150 next best.....	150.00
201 Premiums amounting to.....	\$500.00

### The Conditions for Name Competition are

1st. Each contestant must first send 10c. (silver) for which we will mail postpaid a full size, 10c. box of our Shoe Dressing. This requirement is to insure from you a trial of our Shoe Dressing, as by so doing you will better appreciate its superiority over all others and so be more likely to hit upon an appropriate name. A name, one word or compounded, descriptive of the quality you find in it, is most desired. Only those recorded as purchasers having sent us 10c. will be entitled to submit a name for the box.

2nd. With the name, you must also send the name of the publication in which you saw the advertisement, your name and address, and name and address of your shoe dealer, clearly and distinctly written. Any inquiry requiring an answer must be accompanied by stamp for reply.

3rd. All letters must be mailed on or before November 1st, 1898—the sooner the better. Names first received will be given preference in case of ties.

4th. Three judges—gentlemen experienced in such matters and not connected with our firm—will decide the awards, which will be sent to successful contestants immediately after decisions are made (which will be about December 1st.) List of Prize Winners mailed to all contestants.

The Dressing will be on sale by dealers everywhere after January 1st, 1899.

Address "Name Competition," Dept. L.

**BARRON, BOYLE & CO., CINCINNATI, O.**



## Hart, Schaffner & Marx Top Coats

Of English Covert Cloth or Whipcord; heavy satin sleeve linings, welt seams, horn buttons, richly tailored and finished, or handsome overcoats of the new Herringbone fabrics, tan, gray or brown, serge lining, satin sleeve lining, silk velvet collar, horn buttons. Every coat guaranteed.

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Others **\$10, \$12, \$15** up to **\$25.**

Precisely the same goods and styles now being cut by the swell custom tailors.



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& Marx.

Be sure to look  
for this trade-mark




inside the collar of  
the coat.

Sold only through the dealer. Ask for "Hart, Schaffner & Marx Guaranteed Clothing." If your dealer does not keep it, write to us for the address of one who does. Send to-day for our

New "Style Book C,"

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Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men



Get  
Your  
New  
**HEELS**  
Shod  
With

## PERFECTION CIRCLETTES

Save a dollar in repairs on every pair of shoes. Easily inserted, and cost but a trifle. When you buy shoes be sure they contain good luck, horseshoe shaped **PERFECTION CIRCLETTES**; if not, get your dealer to put them in for you.

Samples sent on receipt of 10c.

**SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
4 HIGH STREET BOSTON MASS.

**LADY AGENTS**  
WANTED

to sell our Paris Petticoats, dress skirts and other novelties for women. Outfit free. Exclusive territory. Canvasser make \$20 to \$60 a week.

**THE GILLETTE SKIRT CO.,**  
12 Clinton Ave., Portland, N. Y.



## University Shoe

(Trade Mark.)  
**\$7**  
Heaviest oily grain leather, tan colored. Watertight construction. Comfortable and nearly indestructible. Send for pamphlet.

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## SPECIAL \$2.75

**EXAMINATION FREE.** Put this ad out and send to any **SEND NO MONEY.** State your **HEIGHT** and **WEIGHT**, number of inches around body at **Bust** and **Neck**, whether **Black** or **Blue** is wanted, and we will send you this cape by express **C. O. D.**, subject to examination. You can examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented, and the best value you ever saw or heard of, and far cheaper than any other house can offer, pay the express agent our special price, **\$2.75** and express charges.

**THIS CAPE** is the very latest style for Fall and Winter, made of **Black** or **Blue** all-wool genuine Clayton Heaver Cloth, 28 inches long, very full sweep, 12-inch upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully edged with fine **Black Hattie Seal**, trimmed with one row wide and two rows narrow Mohair braid. This garment is fine tailor-made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double our price. Write for our free **Cloak Catalogue** of everything in women's and children's wear.

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.)**  
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When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

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OPEN FRONT  
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LONG OR SHORT BOSOM

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QUALITY AND FIT GUARANTEED  
H.C. CURTIS & Co. TROY, N.Y.

*"Cluett"* BRAND 25¢

WASTIC  
A FASHIONABLE SHAPE



Coon Brand  
THREE FOR 50¢

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PERFECT IN FIT, STYLE & FINISH  
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For 1899. Just Out.

**Tells How To Embroider** Center-pieces, Doilies, Tea Cloths, Sofa Cushions, Photo Frames, etc., in new designs. Shows just how to make all the different embroidery stitches. Gives valuable lessons in shading flowers and leaves. Contains 25 entirely new Colored Plates, 4 of double roses.

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are not always companions, but the soft, velvety moss-green, bark-brown and silver-gray effects produced by

## Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

add more to the picturesque beauty of shingled houses than anything else can, and they are cheap—50 per cent. cheaper than paint, and 100 per cent. more artistic.

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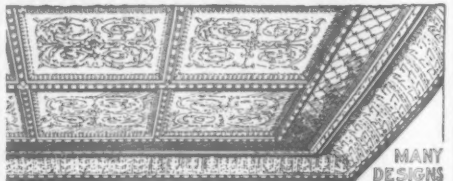
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Send for catalogue, and give diagram and description of room for estimate.  
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BOSTON OFFICE: EQUITABLE BUILDING.



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That is all it costs. How can you get more comfort for the money? This is furnished by the

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THE VICTOR occupies but little space and is always ready for use. It will furnish you with hot water day or night in a few seconds.

For bathing, shaving, in case of sickness or wherever hot water is required instantly, the Victor is what you need.

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One thousand styles and sizes.  
For cooking and heating.  
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Best Cookers. Strongest Heaters.  
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comes in the winter when eggs are scarce. Green Cut Bone prepared by Mann's New Bone Cutter makes hens lay at any time. It doubles the egg product. Mann's Granite Crystal Grit, Clover Cutter and Swinging Feed Tray mean hen comfort and hen profit. Write for free Catalogue. F. W. MANN CO., Box 48, MILFORD, MASS.

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**IT'S ALL IN THE CAMERA!!**

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IN  
TYPEWRITER QUALITY AND EQUIPMENT



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*New Century*  
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*By way of introduction*

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*Beautiful work  
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## THE Williams Typewriter

was selected for merit, in competition, and used by commanding officers at the front in our advance on land and sea. Examine it without prejudice and you will use it too. The reasons are like its writing, in plain sight.

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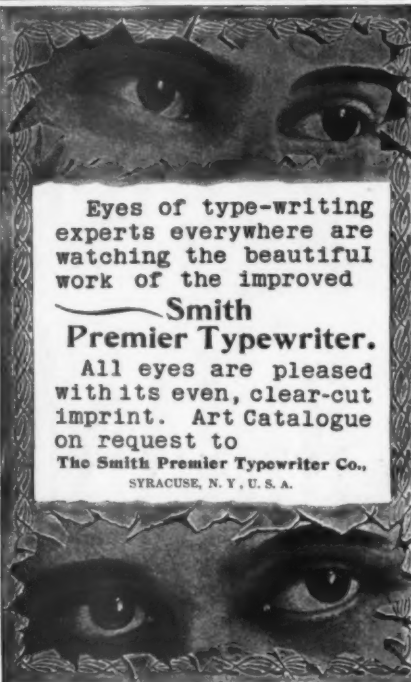
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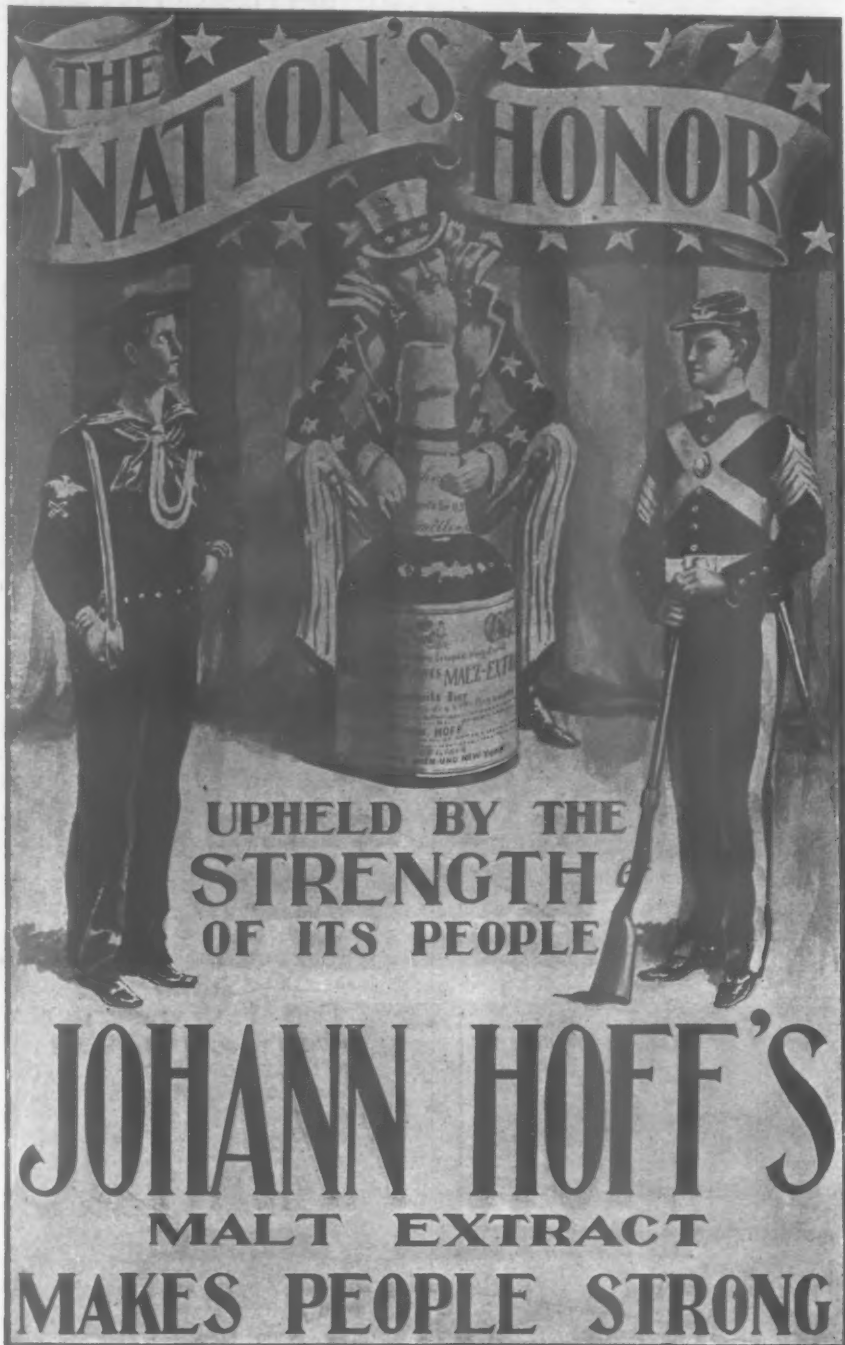


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All eyes are pleased with its even, clear-cut imprint. Art Catalogue on request to

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THE NATION'S HONOR

UPHELD BY THE  
STRENGTH  
OF ITS PEOPLE

JOHANN HOFF'S  
MALT EXTRACT  
MAKES PEOPLE STRONG




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It is tiresome to see the quantity of cheap, worthless stuff offered to the public as something "just as good as Rubifoam." Do not be imposed upon. Be wide awake, and insist upon having Rubifoam. It is the one perfect liquid dentifrice — deliciously flavored. Popular price, 25 cents.

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TRADE MARK  
TOOTH POWDER  
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE THE BREATH SWEET  
AND THE GUMS HEALTHY  
CONTAINS NO GRIT, NO ACID  
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DIRECTIONS.  
DIP THE BRUSH IN WATER, SPRINKLE ORATEM  
DIP IN RUBIFOAM AND DRY IN THE VIGOR HAMMER  
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is wick perfection, insuring a steady, brilliant flame. Used by the leading lamp, stove and heater manufacturers, and made for every kind of burner known.

The Standard Oil Co. say: "We have made a number of careful and exhaustive tests of your wick, and feel that we cannot speak too highly of its qualities."

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All makes and models, must be closed out at once. New '97 models, guaranteed, \$9.75 to \$18; shopworn and used wheels, \$5 to \$12; well '98 models, \$15 to \$25. Great factory clearing sale. Shipped to any one on approval without advance deposit. Handsome souvenir book free.

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quickly corrodes the galvanized iron lining of the ordinary range boiler. A coating of rust forms that collects filth and sediment which finds its way into your food and bath. Brown Brothers' Seamless Copper House Range Boilers are heavily tinned inside, giving a smooth surface which cannot rust and always insures

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NEVER DID A PLYING OF THE BEAUTY OF A SPECTACLED EYE OR INDITE  
 A SONNET TO "MY ADORABLE LADY WITH THE EYEGLASSES."



**SIGHT RESTORED  
 Spectacles Useless**

AVOID HEADACHE OR SURGI-  
 CAL OPERATION. READ "ILLUS-  
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 EYE. IMPAIRED VISION, WEAK,  
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 OPIA, MYOPIA, CATARACT, AND THE WORST DISORDERS  
 OF THE EYE." MAILED FREE. SAVE YOUR EYES.

THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.**

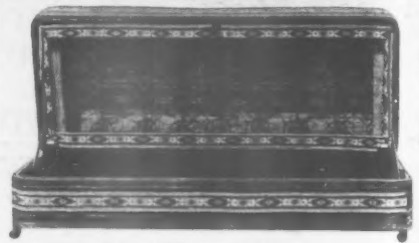


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 Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling  
 1/4 doz. Packages of Blaine at 10 cents each.  
 Send your full address by return mail and  
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10 to 20 ft. \$150 and up.  
 14 foot Fishing Launch. Stationary and  
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A step in advance of anything  
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 Fitted with the Independent  
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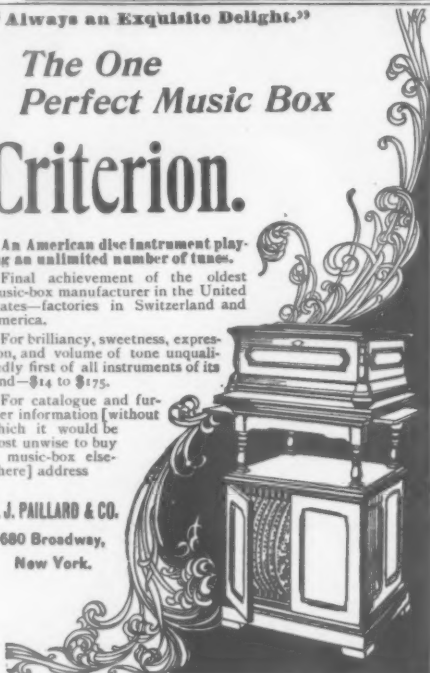
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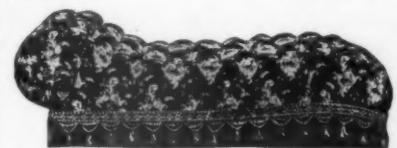
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**HALL CHEMICAL CO., V. A. Box, St. Louis, Mo.**

### Are you too stout?

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken without success, we have a simple treatment that will reduce weight as thousands can testify. The following are a few of the thousands who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

	Reduced
Mrs. W. A. Pollock,	50 lbs.
Hartington, Neb.,	
Mrs. M. M. Cummins,	28 "
Ottawa, Ill.,	
Miss M. Holsington,	50 "
Lake View, Mich.,	
Miss M. Nollies,	54 "
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Mrs. M. Cheek,	74 "
Valley Mills, Texas,	



**NEW IMPROVED**  
**Folding Thermal Vapor Bath Cabinet.**  
With or without Face Steaming Attachment, (protected by patent.) Hot Air, Vapor, Medicated or Turkish Baths at home. Has no equal for its curative properties and general bathing purposes. Entirely renovates the system. Cures Colds, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Female Complaints, all Blood, Skin, Nerve and Kidney Diseases. Reduces surplus flesh. Beautifies the complexion. Size Six ft. in. folded, eight ft. in. unfolded. It is not a clock or rack but a Cabinet supported by a galvanized frame. Descriptive Book Free. Price Low. Agents Wanted DE. **BOLLENKOPF & McCREARY, Toledo, Ohio.**

## Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** has been used **FIFTY YEARS** by **MILLIONS** of **MOTHERS** for their **CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING**, with **PERFECT SUCCESS**. It **SOOTHES** the **CHILD**, **SOFTENS** the **GUMS**, **ALLAYS** all **PAIN**, **CURES** **WIND COLIC**, and is the best remedy for **DIARRHEA**. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**The Cosmopolitan, One Year, \$1**  
Postpaid,



**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for  
**PRICKLY HEAT,  
CHAFING, and  
STUBBORN**  
and all affections of the skin.  
"A little higher in price than  
worthless substitutes, but  
a reason for it."

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after-shaving. Sold everywhere. Sample Free. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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## THE ONLY ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER.

Patented in United States, England, France, Canada and Germany.  
 Ready for Use at all Times.  
 No Charging. Will last Forever.  
 Silver, \$3.00 each.  
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 Mail or Office.

**A Perfect Complexion Beautifier.**  
 Will remove Wrinkles and all Facial Blemishes—Positive.

Most effective in Muscle and Tissue building; also for Reduction of Corpulency. Will develop or reduce any part of the body. For Rheumatism and all Circulatory and Nervous Diseases a specific. The reputation and professional standing of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past 15 yrs.) with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. Circular upon application.  
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"It is most effective in building up tissues, as well as reducing unsightly corpulence. Its work is not confined to the face alone, but will do good to any part of the body, developing or reducing as desired. It is a very pretty addition to the toilet table."—Chicago Tribune.  
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Copyright. "Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on."—New York Sun, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat."

**No Dieting. No Hard Work.**  
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 Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. \$2.00 a box. Three for \$5.00. One month's treatment. Mail, or office, 952 Broadway, New York.  
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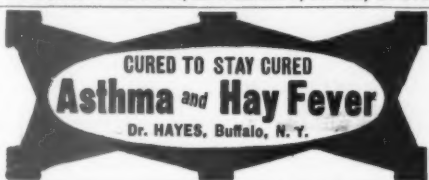
## PROF. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

For Beautifying the Complexion.  
 Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP TOLEDO, O.

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We can positively cure them. For particulars address  
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## Is Curable.

Our treatment is taken at home without the publicity and expense of an institute treatment. No Hypodermic Injections with their evil effects. It cures; not temporarily relieves. The expense is much less than the institute treatments. It braces the nerves, tones the stomach and leaves the patient in good condition. Consultation and correspondence free and confidential. Write for our book on Alcoholism and narcotic diseases mailed free in plain envelope.

We are successfully treating hundreds of patients by mail every month. Under our system of correspondence each patient receives individual care and instruction.

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## THE BARTLETT CURE CO.,

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**Disfiguring, Torturing**

**COE'S ECZEMA CURE**

is the standard cure of the world for Eczema and all other RUPTIVE SKIN DISEASES. Doctors call it a medical wonder! they use it to cure themselves and their patients. It has no equal. One box is worth more than trips to Europe, sanitariums or mineral springs. The cure cures; the trips may not. It is a specific for Acne, Hives, Itching Piles, Pimples, Blackheads, Burns, Cold Sores, Chapping, Chafing, Bandsores, Boils, etc. Pure and safe; a perfect complexion restorer.

At druggists or by mail, \$1.00. Testimonials free. If your druggists do not have it, they will get it for you; take no substitute. Small trial box (sold only by us) 10c.

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**ECZEMA**

COE'S ECZEMA CURE is the standard cure of the world for Eczema and all other RUPTIVE SKIN DISEASES. Doctors call it a medical wonder! they use it to cure themselves and their patients. It has no equal. One box is worth more than trips to Europe, sanitariums or mineral springs. The cure cures; the trips may not. It is a specific for Acne, Hives, Itching Piles, Pimples, Blackheads, Burns, Cold Sores, Chapping, Chafing, Bandsores, Boils, etc. Pure and safe; a perfect complexion restorer.

At druggists or by mail, \$1.00. Testimonials free. If your druggists do not have it, they will get it for you; take no substitute. Small trial box (sold only by us) 10c.

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 Walter's Park, Wernersville, Pa., in Southeastern Pennsylvania, is unequalled as a RESORT for invalids. All modern conveniences. Country life with city comforts. Catalogue free.  
 Address, ROBERT WALTER, M. D.



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*Natural mineral water. Known for centuries and recommended by the greatest medical authorities for Stomach disorders, Liver complaints, Gout, and Dyspepsia.*

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**NOVEL MEXICAN DELICACY.**

Minced chicken, highly seasoned with Mexican spices and wrapped in corn husks. Unique, delightful.

At grocers, or ½ pound can mailed for 18¢ in stamps. Booklet sent on request.

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Box 269. The Great American Tea Co.,  
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Either sex. No canvassing. Position permanent. Distance no objection. Rare chance. **Write at once for work**

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And Chain by selling 50 lbs. **BAKER'S TEAS, Etc.,** or sell 25 lbs. for a Ladies' Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Waltham or Elgin Gold Watch and Chain (Ladies' or Gent's); 10 lbs. for Crescent Camera; 50 lbs. for a Baker Folding Camera or a Dinner Set of 12 pieces; 75 lbs. for a Boys' or Girls' Bicycle; 100-150 lbs. for Ladies' or Gents' Bicycle. Express free. Write for Catalogue and Particulars.

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What You Can Buy for 25 cts. postpaid.

5 Hyacinths, all different colors, beautiful,	25c.
20 Tulips, a fine assortment, all colors,	25c.
10 Choicest Varieties Narcissus, all colors,	25c.
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2 Chinese Sacred Lilies, or Josa Flower,	25c.
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15 Oxalis, all colors, including Buttercups,	25c.
6 Choice Winterblooming Roses, all colors,	25c.
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You may select 3 complete sets for 60 cts. any 6 sets for \$1. Get your neighbor to club with you and get yours **Free.** Catalogue free; order today.

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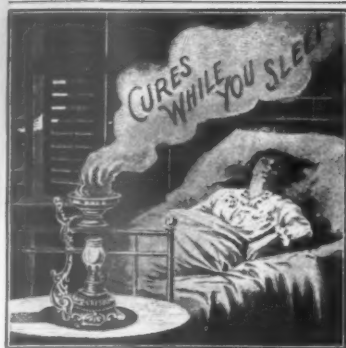
## Malt-Nutrine

**A PURE, STRENGTHENING TONIC.**

Malt-Nutrine is unlike the many other preparations with similar names. It is a pure, strengthening, palatable tonic, while others are, in most cases, simply a strong, dark beer. Malt-Nutrine is concentrated nutriment—it builds up the entire system, insures a gain of flesh of from one to two pounds a week. Doctors agree that Malt-Nutrine is invaluable for the nourishing of convalescents. It is prepared by the celebrated Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, which fact guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

An interesting Booklet mailed for the asking.  
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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## Vapo-Cresolene

**Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping-Cough, Croup.**

Don't dose the stomach to cure a cough or cold. Vapo-Cresolene vaporized in the room while you sleep will be inhaled with every breath and will cure you, as it has thousands during the past twenty years. Cresolene is infallible in the treatment of Whooping-Cough and Croup. Descriptive booklet, with testimonials, free. All druggists. Vaporizer with Cresolene, \$1.50. Cresolene, small bottle, 25 cents, large bottle, 50 cents.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.  
Schiefelin & Co., U. S. Agents.

**THE GREAT SKIN CURE**  
**FOUR DROPS**  
**BLOOD AND**  
**OF**  
**SULPHUME**  
IN A GLASS OF WATER MAKES AN INVIGORATING AND HEALTHFUL  
DRINK OF SULPHUR WATER  
NATURE'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.  
**USE SULPHUME SOAP**  
**RHEUMATISM**  
**WEAK KIDNEYS**  
**CURED**

**MOTHER'S OLD RELIABLE**  
IN A NEW AND VALUABLE FORM.

**WRITE FOR OUR BOOK**  
SENT FREE.

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## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

**PERMANENTLY REMOVED.**



I suffered for years with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the true secret for permanent removal of hair, and for six years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of thousands of ladies.

I assert, and will prove to you, that my depilatory treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise permanently remove the hair forever. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

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**HELEN K. MARKOE, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.**

## Beauty

of FACE and FORM can be gained by my treatment; improvement will

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## BALDNESS CURED.

**A FORTUNE COULD NOT BUY THIS VERDICT.**

MILBANK, S. Dakota, May 17, 1898.

MR. CHAS. A. DREFS—I bought a bottle of your Hair Restorer and have used it about two months. My hair is growing nicely. I have been nearly bald on the top of my head for 10 years. I think two more bottles will restore my hair. You will find M. O. for \$2.00 enclosed for two bottles. Ship by express to JONAS JOHNSTONE.

**PRICE, \$1.00. FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES.**

**CHAS. A. DREFS, Manufacturing Chemist, 280 Broadway, BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
**OVER 20,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN 1897.**

A Beautiful Waterproof Hair Brush will be given FREE providing you mention the name of this magazine when you send for a bottle of DREFS' HAIR RESTORER.

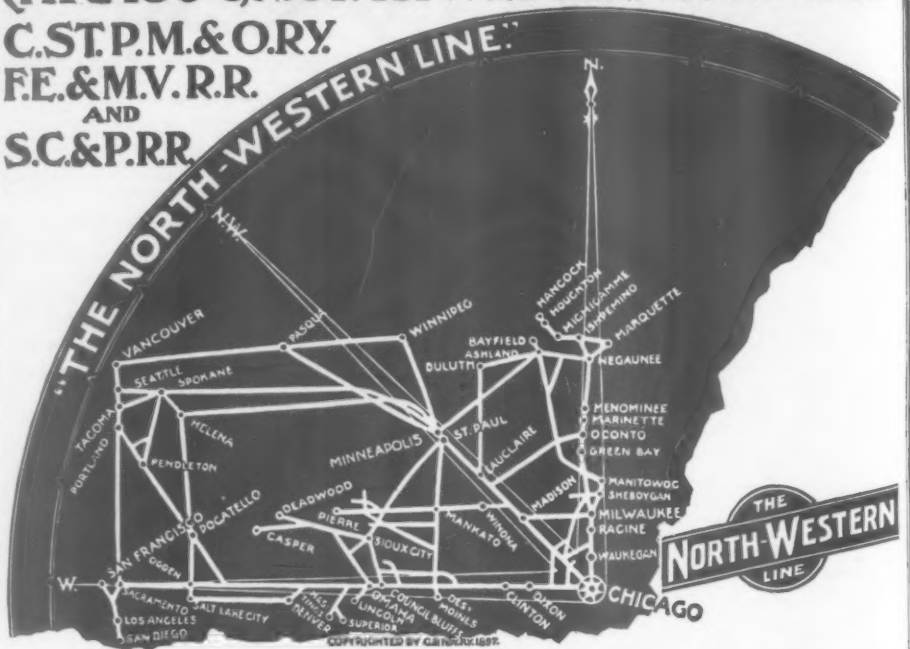
WANTED—A live saleslady in every town to take the agency for Drefs' Hair Restorer.

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**DREFS' HAIR RESTORER**  
AND  
PRODUCES  
A NEW GROWTH OF HAIR.

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The 30 Days  
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The Whole Family supplied with Laundry and Toilet Soaps for a year at Half Price. Sent Subject to Approval and Payment after Thirty Days' Trial.

IT IS WISE ECONOMY TO USE GOOD SOAP. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with our guarantee of purity. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE THEM, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity. Ask us for your neighbors' testimonials.

## The Larkin Plan

saves you half the retail cost of your soaps, and doubles the purchasing value of this 50 per cent. saving in a premium bought for you below usual cost of making. One premium is **A White Enameled Steel, Brass-Trimmed, Bow-Foot Bed.** Metallic beds add beauty and cheerfulness to the chamber, while they convey a delightful feeling of cleanliness that invites repose. They harmonize perfectly with furniture of any wood or style. Brass top rod at head and foot, and heavy brass, gold-lacquered trimmings. Malleable castings that never break. Detachable ball-bearing casters,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet long. Head,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Foot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Corner posts, 1 inch in diameter. Very strong and will last a lifetime.

AFTER THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL if the purchaser finds all the Soaps, etc., of excellent quality and the premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit \$10.00; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order. We make no charge for what you have used.

If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the BOX or PREMIUM disappoints. Safe delivery guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied.

Many youths and maidens easily earn a Chautauqua Desk or other premium free by dividing the contents of a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the \$10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the young folk the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating  
15 Premiums sent on request.

THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Estab. 1875. Incor. 1892. Capital, \$500,000.

READ NOTES BELOW.

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Enough to last an Average Family one Full Year.  
This List of Contents Changed as Desired.

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP	..	\$5.00
For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.		
10 BARS WHITE WOOLLEN SOAP	..	.70
A perfect soap for Hannels.		
12 Pkgs. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER (full lb.)	..	1.20
An unequalled laundry luxury.		
4 BARS HONOR BRIGHT SCOURING SOAP	..	.50
1-4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP	..	.60
Perfume exquisite. A matchless beautifier.		
1-4 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTLE SOAP	..	.30
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1-4 DOZ. ELITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP	..	.25
1-4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP	..	.30
Unequalled for washing the hair.		
1-4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP	..	.30
1 BOTTLE, 1 oz., MODJESKA PERFUME	..	.30
Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.		
1 JAR, 2 oz., MODJESKA COLD CREAM	..	.25
Soothing. Cures chapped hands.		
1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER	..	.25
Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.		
1 STICK WITCH HAZEL SHAVING SOAP	..	.10
THE CONTENTS, Bought at Retail, Cost	..	\$10.00
THE PREMIUM, worth at Retail	..	10.00
All for \$10. (You get the Premium you select, gratis.)	..	\$20

NOTE.—The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. make our readers a wonderful offer. Not only do they give you a box of excellent laundry soap and toilet articles of great value, but they also give each purchaser a valuable premium, and we personally know they carry out what they promise.—The Independent, New York

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Russet and Black Leather      Paste not necessary

We have manufactured and retailed shoes for a quarter of a century and are cleaning and polishing thousands of pairs of shoes daily in our stores. We know the value of a good dressing, also the harmful effects of poor polish.

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Delicious Concentrated

## TOMATO SOUP

is always uniform, always good. No guess work about it. As cheap as home made, too, when you can get eight servings for 10 cents. Send 6c in stamps for sample can.

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**PETTICHOHN'S**

THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT  
EXTREMELY DELICATE  
DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING  
UNEQUALLED FOR CHILDREN

At all Grocers. Cut of Beaton over. Packets

# Breakfast Food

FEEDS THE BODY AND THE BRAIN

THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO. CHICAGO

**Pepsalt**

**Pepsalt**



**Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him**

That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt**.  
It cures and prevents indigestion.

**PEPSALT** is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,

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**PEPSALT CURES AND  
PREVENTS INDIGESTION**

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Conditions sometimes arise which compel the artificial feeding of an infant from the first day or two after birth. Mellin's Food is a perfect substitute for mother's milk, and a baby a few days old can be placed on it with perfect safety and surety of beneficial results. It is adapted to every child and to every age. The problem of artificial feeding is never a cause of anxiety to the parents who bring up their babies on Mellin's Food.

I send a photograph of our baby, Herbert Leaman Shontz, seven months old, which will better testify as to the excellence of Mellin's Food, than any amount of words.

MRS. H. E. SHONTZ,  
2539 No. 33d St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Drop us a postal for a free sample  
of Mellin's Food.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.



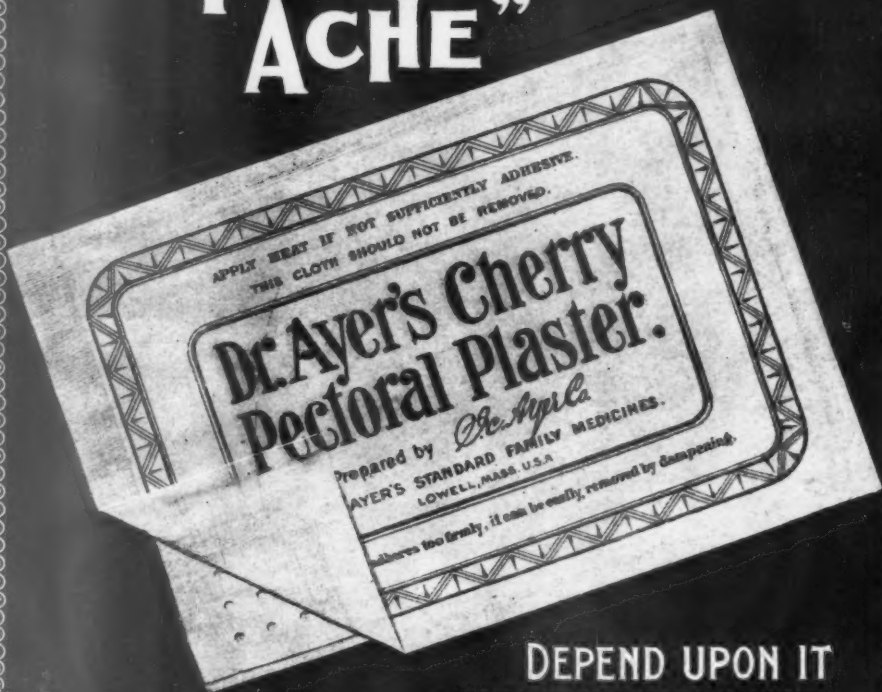
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You feel its drawing, soothing, strengthening power at once.

# "IT TAKES THE ACHE"

Dr. Ayer's Cherry  
Pectoral  
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PUT THE PLASTER  
OVER THE PAIN.

DEPEND UPON IT

TO DRAW OUT INFLAMMATION  
TO STRENGTHEN A WEAK BACK  
TO QUIET PAIN, CONTROL CONGESTION  
TO TAKE AWAY SORENESS IN THE CHEST.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 CENTS.  
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25 cents in  
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"JUST THE NICEST."

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The highest attainment in confections. World-famous for their delicious quality and delightful variety.

Sample Package 10 cts. in Stamps.

When not to be had of dealers, we will send on receipt of price: 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, \$1.20; 3-lb. box, \$1.80; 5-lb. box, \$3. Delivered free in the United States. Address correspondence to

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Every piece a delicacy, done up in tempting style. Ask for them.

**WHITMAN'S**  
**INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**  
is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.  
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THE ORIGINAL  
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CURES  
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**COCOA AND CHOCOLATES**  
Quality & Flavor Unexcelled  
SOLD AT OUR STORES & BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE  
Ask for *Huyler's* - Take no other.





*Celebrated for their Purity, Strength, and Delicate Flavor.*

## Japan and Formosa Teas

possess all the invigorating qualities of coffee, yet one pound of the former will go further than twelve pounds of the latter. These teas are grown in soils and climates peculiarly adapted to producing the tenderest leaves, of which all superior teas are made.

Every pound is inspected by Government officials before being exported. Two-thirds of all the teas consumed in the United States and Canada are grown in Japan and Formosa. Sold by all Grocers.

### How to Make Japan and Formosa Tea. (OFFICIAL RECIPE.)

Use a small, dry, and thoroughly clean porcelain or porcelain-lined tea-pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea-leaves for each cup desired. Pour on required quantity of freshly boiled water, and let stand from two to three minutes with closed lid. Never boil the leaves. Tea-leaves should be kept in tight can or jar, free from moisture.

HOW DELICIOUSLY  
SWEET! WHAT DE-  
LIGHTFUL AROMA  
AND FLAVOR JAPAN  
TEA POSSESSES!



## A Fin de Siècle All Hallow-e'en Sprite

On "Hallow-e'en" our Mothers tell  
How they peeped into the dark 'old well  
Their lover's face to see,  
But now the Maiden up-to-date  
Prefers to look upon her fate  
In a cup of hot Beef Tea.

*Armour's*  
Extract of **BEEF**

—"Has that rich, beefy flavor"—

After the Opera, or  
at any time, a cup of  
Bouillon or Beef  
Tea recuperates and  
refreshes one. Its  
making a matter of a  
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salt, hot water and  
a quarter teaspoonful  
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A perfect "stock"  
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 Look for colored Lithograph of little Clinton Pin Girl at your dealer's.  
 Made in Nickel Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, and Sterling Silver.  
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
 Send Six Cents in stamps for 12 Clinton Safety Pins (assorted sizes) and a card of our new Sovereign Pins. Their use will prove their value.  
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### Don't Shed Hairpins

but buy "HOLDFAST" Aluminum Hairpins. The only hairpins that stay where you put them, and will neither fall out, warp, split, break nor rust. It is the shape of the top that makes them hold fast.



THIS IS A "HOLDFAST" HAIRPIN.

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Size, 2 3/4 inches; polished or with black tops. Also 3 1/4 and 4 1/4 inches, with heavy prongs for braid or bonnet use.

If your dealer will not supply you send to cents in stamps for sample of six small or one large. Mention whether your hair is heavy or light.

MADE IN NICKEL AND JET BLACK.

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